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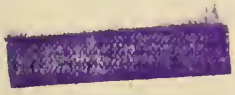

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LA LITTÉRATURE RUSSE

Par Le Vte E. M. de Vogué de L'Académie Française

Les Grandes Années et les Grands Romanciers, 1840-1880

L'entrée conquérante du génie russe dans la littérature européenne est un des phénomènes historiques les plus notables de ce dernier quart de siècle. Façonné naguère encore par la vieille Europe, dont il recevait docilement les idées et les formules littéraires, ce génie a pris enfin pleine conscience de lui-même : il a franchi ses frontières nationales, il nous rend aujourd'hui ce qu'il avait reçu de nous ; il nous apporte des conceptions et des formes renouvelées. Indépendante chez elle, reconnue et comptée au dehors, la littérature russe, cette vassale d'hier, a pris rang parmi les grandes puissances ; et, semblable en cela à plus d'un état, elle est arrivée à cette haute fortune par le roman.

Au siècle dernier, le mouvement intellectuel ne dépassait guère la cour de l'impératrice Catherine ; l'esprit français régnait, avec le roi Voltaire, sur ce salon qui n'était qu'une annexe des salons philosophiques de Paris, une serre-chaude où l'on acclimatait de frêles boutures d'art et de poésie, dérobées aux jardins français. Notre goût classique dictait ses lois aux hommes qui créaient alors la langue littéraire de la Russie, un Lomonosoff, un Von-Vizine, un Derjavine. L'avénement d'Alexandre Ier, inaugurant le nouveau siècle, marqua le point de départ des idées qui allaient transformer la Russie moderne et autonome. Déjà, avec l'historien Karamsine, la conscience nationale s'éveille ; ce gentilhomme traditionaliste est le véritable fondateur de l'école politique, philosophique et littéraire qui s'appellera plus tard slavophile, moscovite, panslaviste. Le romantisme émancipe en partie la poésie russe

des influences françaises : orientée d'abord par Joukovsky vers l'Allemagne de Schiller et de Goethe, cette poésie reçoit ensuite son inspiration de lord Byron, avec Pouchkine, Lermontoff et leurs émules. Les Russes n'admettent pas volontiers qu'on discute l'originalité de leur grand poète Pouchkine ; j'admire sincèrement ce merveilleux virtuose : je lui reconnais le mérite d'avoir créé sa langue poétique, d'avoir donné une couleur russe aux idées et aux sentiments qu'il exprimait. Mais le fond même de cette imagination est purement byronien ; le chantre de *Childe Harold* l'a éveillée à la vie, lui a imposé ses directions, ses façons de sentir. L'âme passionnée du lyrique russe semblait coulée dans le même moule que celle de son maître anglais ; les aventures d'une vie errante et les révélations du ciel d'Orient complétèrent la similitude entre ces deux génies fraternels. Similitude plus sensible encore chez le fougueux Lermontoff : ses magnifiques peintures du Caucase, ses cris de passion, les plus frémissants qu'un poète ait jamais poussés, tout cela n'existerait pas si Byron n'avait fourni le modèle d'après lequel un barde romantique doit aimer, souffrir, admirer la nature et se désespérer en elle.

Pour trouver une individualité absolument russe, une physionomie caractéristique et qui ne doit plus rien aux influences occidentales, il faut arriver au premier en date des grands romanciers, à celui qui fût l'excitateur de tous les autres, Nicolas Gogol.

Né en 1809 dans la petite Russie, Gogol fut d'abord un de ces modestes et malheureux fonctionnaires qu'il devait peindre d'une touche si juste et si mordante. Fils de Cosaques, l'esprit aventureux de sa race se révolta contre la platitude de l'existence que le sort lui avait faite ; il quitta l'administration, se mit à écrire. Il débuta par une sorte de poème en prose, *Tarass Boulba*, où il célébrait la vie libre et les hauts faits des Cosaques ses ancêtres. Œuvre débordante de lyrisme, illuminée par le sens de l'histoire, pénétrée d'un sentiment de la nature russe que nul n'avait encore traduit avec une pareille intensité : l'auteur est littéralement enivré par ces horizons infinis de la steppe où il laisse courir son imagination. On a pu dire de *Tarass Boulba* que c'est le seul poème vraiment épique composé par un moderne.

Pourtant le jeune Gogol ne devait pas persévérer dans cette voie. Il y avait en lui un Dickens, un réaliste et un satirique aussi ému, plus âpre que le romancier anglais. Je rapproche ces deux noms parce qu'il y a une étroite parenté d'intelligence et de sensibilité entre les deux écrivains ; mais la comparaison des dates ne permet pas de croire que Gogol ait jamais lu Dickens, qui débutait au même moment et n'était pas encore traduit. Le poète de *Tarass Boulba* fût ramené à l'étude de la vie contemporaine et à l'observation des humbles existences par les encouragements du critique Biélinsky. Dès 1840, Biélinsky proclamait l'agonie du romantisme, la nécessité d'un retour au réalisme, et il voulait qu'on en cherchât les éléments dans la vie du peuple russe. Ce grand agitateur d'idées a exercé une influence prépondérante sur toute la génération qu'on appelle en Russie "les hommes des années quarante." Gogol, soumis plus que tout autre à cette influence, a réalisé le programme conçu par le critique, qui voyait clairement ce qu'il fallait faire et manquait du don créateur pour le faire lui-même.

Ce monde des petits fonctionnaires qu'il connaissait par une triste expérience, l'écrivain le mit en scène dans une série de nouvelles dont la plus typique est *Le Manteau*. "Nous sommes tous sortis du *Manteau* de Gogol," me disait un des grands romanciers de la génération suivante. L'humble et pitoyable héros de cette histoire, Akaky Akakiévitch, est le père d'une innombrable lignée de commis et de scribes formés à sa ressemblance. Mais ce fut surtout dans sa célèbre comédie, *le Revisor*, que Gogol fit éclater sa verve satirique ; le public vit bafouer en plein théâtre les vices de l'administration, le péculat qui gangrenait l'Empire.

Ces tableaux fragmentaires n'étaient qu'une préparation au chef d'œuvre qui immortalisera le nom de Gogol, *les Ames Mortes*. Je n'hésite pas à mettre ce livre tout près du *Don Quichotte*, sinon sur le même rang ; même mélange de satire et de tendresse cachée pour les personnages que l'on raille, même compréhension totale d'un grand pays, dans ces deux épopées comiques où le lecteur retrouve toute l'Espagne et toute la Russie. Celle de Gogol n'a pas et n'aura pas de longtemps à l'étranger la popularité qui a

consacré le roman de Cervantes; les peintures des *Ames Mortes* sont trop exclusivement nationales, et la vie populaire russe nous est moins familière que celle de l'Espagne historique. Mais chaque personnage, chaque trait de mœurs observé par l'écrivain est passé en proverbe, dans le pays où Tchitchikoff faisait son singulier commerce; on sait qu'il consistait à acheter les serfs décédés, pour emprunter ensuite de l'argent sur ces listes macabres; leur propriétaire se donnait pour un riche seigneur, maître de ces vassaux fictifs.

Dans les nombreux tableaux de la vie provinciale que ce cadre commode permettait de juxtaposer, la Russie moyenne et populaire apparassait tout entière, avec ses misères, ses difformités, ses ridicules; avec sa bonhomie aussi, et son endurance héroïque. On sentait, dans le regard aigu de l'humoriste, un fond de pitié infinie pour le modèle; des explosions de lyrisme éclataient à chaque instant au travers de cette raillerie joviale. Les figures évoquées par Gogol palpitaient d'une vie intense; comme elles étaient presque toutes chétives et laides, le miroir qui les montrait divertit d'abord, puis il fit réfléchir profondément le lecteur sur l'état social de sa patrie. "L'homme russe s'est effrayé de voir son néant," écrivait l'auteur dans une de ses lettres. Et il ajoutait: "Ceux qui ont disséqué mes facultés d'écrivain n'ont pas su discerner le trait essentiel de ma nature. Ce trait n'a été aperçu que du seul Pouchkine. Il disait toujours que nul n'a été doué comme moi pour mettre en relief la trivialité de la vie, pour décrire toute la platitude d'un homme médiocre, pour faire apercevoir à tous les yeux les infiniment petits qui échappent à la vue. Voilà ma faculté maîtresse." On ne saurait se mieux juger. Mais n'est-ce point cette même faculté que nous retrouverons chez Tolstoï? Et les sentiments de fraternité évangélique, de pitié pour les souffrants qui animent toute l'œuvre de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevsky, Gogol les analyse déjà, il les vante en connaissance de cause. Il écrit dans une autre de ses lettres: "La pitié pour la créature tombée est le trait russe par excellence."

Malade et morose avant l'âge, Nicolas Vassiliévitch ne put achever la dernière partie de ses *Ames Mortes*. Les facultés

productrices étaient ruinées chez lui à trente trois ans; il s'éteignit obscurément à quarante trois ans, en 1852, dans une de ces crises de mysticisme qui semblent la fin naturelle de tous les écrivains russes. Son œuvre géniale avait ouvert à ses successeurs les routes nouvelles où ils allaient se précipiter. Plus heureux que lui, ils ont imposé leur mérite à l'attention de l'Europe: mais ils ont dit eux-mêmes, et la justice commande de répéter, que nous devons admirer surtout chez eux l'héritage de leur maître et de leur initiateur, Nicolas Gogol.

Magnifique éclosion, bien rare dans l'histoire littéraire! Ils étaient tous du même âge, ils commencèrent tous d'écrire pendant les quelques années qui précédèrent et suivirent la secousse européenne de 1848, ces hommes qui allaient faire parler la silencieuse Russie. Elle s'est transformée durant le quart de siècle qu'ils ont rempli, elle est devenue un des foyers les plus actifs de production intellectuelle et artistique. La plupart de ces esprits étaient nourris de l'hégélianisme germanique, soit qu'ils l'eussent reçu directement dans les universités allemandes, comme Tourguéneff, soit qu'ils l'eussent emprunté au propagateur de cette doctrine, le critique Biélinsky. Le mouvement révolutionnaire et socialiste de 1848, comprimé dans l'empire du tsar Nicolas, s'y métamorphosa en une éruption de talents littéraires. Les conditions faites à la société russe interdisaient toute manifestation de ces talents dans les études historiques ou philosophiques, dans l'éloquence politique et le journalisme; un seul mode d'expression leur était permis: la fiction romanesque. Ils s'appliquèrent tous au roman national et réaliste; ils élargirent l'unique forme où ils pouvaient verser leur pensée, ils y firent entrer toutes leurs idées, toutes leurs aspirations, tous leurs rêves. C'est ainsi que le roman russe devint le grand fleuve où confluaient toutes les sources qui alimentent dans les sociétés plus libres les divers courants de l'activité humaine. Il a été pour la Russie moderne ce que furent pour notre moyen âge les chansons de geste et les fabliaux; il a remplacé la tribune et la chaire, le théâtre et le journal. Il a contenu toute l'âme nationale. On ne comprendrait pas son importance sociale et sa puissance extraordinaire, si l'on perdait de vue cette explication:

création indirecte de l'absolutisme politique, seule résultante immédiate du bouillonnement de 1848, il a été l'organe qui grossit et se nourrit aux dépens de tous les autres dans un corps paralysé. Il a absorbé toutes les forces qui naissaient au même instant dans les cerveaux d'un Gontcharoff, d'un Pissemsky, d'un Tourguéneff, d'un Dostoïevsky, d'un Tolstoï.

Au début du règne d'Alexandre II (1855) Gontcharoff et Pissemsky semblaient destinés à recueillir la plus large part dans la succession de Gogol. L'*Oblomoff* du premier incarnait dans un type devenu proverbial certains défauts du caractère russe: la paresse, le laisser-aller, l'insouciance fataliste. Par l'observation exacte des milieux et par l'analyse psychologique, ce livre annonçait une nouvelle façon de regarder le monde. Ivan Gontcharoff garda les mêmes qualités dans ses autres ouvrages, *Simple Histoire*, *le Précipice*; mais le grand succès d'*Oblomoff* ne se retrouva plus; le romancier péchait par une couleur trop pâle et trop uniforme, par une certaine monotonie dans l'accumulation des détails. Pissemsky traduisait mieux le désarroi de la société; au lendemain du règne de Nicolas Ier, il rendit plus vivement les incertitudes de la conscience russe. Le *Tourbillon*, *Mille Ames*, *Les Faiseurs*, sont les meilleures peintures qu'on ait faites de la classe moyenne. Il manquait à Pissemsky, trop semblable en cela aux réalistes français, le don de sympathie communicative qu'on allait trouver chez d'autres, la vue large et supérieure de l'humanité qu'il étudiait. Des romanciers plus émus et plus philosophes s'emparèrent du premier rang.

D'abord Tourguéneff, déjà classé hors de pair par ses *Récits d'un Chasseur*. Ce recueil de petits tableaux de la vie paysanne, publié au lendemain de 1848, a plus fait pour l'émancipation des serfs que toutes les discussions politiques et philosophiques; il fut pour l'abolition du servage ce que *la Case de l'Oncle Tom* a été pour la suppression de l'esclavage des noirs. Les récits de Tourguéneff ne sont qu'un chant de la terre russe et un murmure de quelques pauvres âmes, directement entendus par nous: l'écrivain nous a portés au cœur de son pays natal, il s'efface et nous laisse en tête-à-tête avec ce pays. Pourquoi les ressorts de la vie étaient-ils

brisés chez tous les personnages du livre? D'où venait cette malaria sur la campagne russe?—L'auteur s'en remettait au lecteur du soin de répondre, et de juger. La Russie du servage se regarda avec épouvante dans ces images fidèles; un long frémissement la secoua; du jour au lendemain, Tourguéneff fut célèbre, et la cause qu'il plaidait à moitié gagnée.

Il acheva de s'insinuer dans les cœurs avec d'exquises petites nouvelles du même genre, avec des romans sentimentaux comme *la Nichée de gentilshommes*, dont le charme reste toujours jeune pour nous, grâce à la discrétion, à la sobriété des moyens qui le produisent. Il intéressa les esprits en démêlant le chaos d'idées confuses qui brouillaient les cervelles russes, après la secousse de l'émancipation. Dans *Rudine*, il analysait le manque de volonté, l'absence de personnalité morale qu'il reprochait à les compatriotes, plaisamment et trop sévèrement, quand il disait: "Nous n'avons rien donné au monde, sauf le samovar; et encore n'est-il pas sûr que nous l'ayons inventé."—Dans *Pères et Fils*, il sondait le fossé infranchissable qui s'était creusé entre la génération du servage et celle d'après 1860; le premier, il diagnostiquait et baptisait le mal qui allait ronger les nouveaux venus, le nihilisme. Il en suivit les progrès croissants dans *Fumée;* il en décrivit les manifestations violentes dans *Terres Vierges.*

Tourguéneff n'a pas poussé aussi loin que Tolstoï la connaissance et la domination de l'âme humaine; mais il ne le cède à personne pour la divination des nuances de sentiment dans la passion; il demeure supérieur à tous ses rivaux par la force du génie plastique. Instruit à notre discipline intellectuelle par la longue fréquentation de nos écrivains, il est le seul styliste russe qui satisfasse pleinement les exigences d'un goût délicat; il est l'artiste par excellence. Les courts récits de cet inimitable prosateur faisaient dire à M. Taine que, depuis les Grecs, nul n'a taillé un camée littéraire avec autant de relief, avec une aussi rigoureuse perfection de forme. C'était aussi l'opinion de quelques critiques anglais, si je m'en rapporte au jugement que je lisais dans l'*Athenæum*, au lendemain de la mort du romancier (1883): "Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourguenef the first rank in contemporary literature."

Cependant la renommée d'Ivan Tourguéneff a subi une éclipse durant ces vingt dernières années. On le lit moins en Russie ; il a été écrasé par la vogue de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevsky. Il a souffert du mouvement ombrageux et exclusif de l'esprit russe, qui se repliait sur lui-même pendant cette période, s'enorgueillissait de découvrir sa propre force, repoussait tout alliage étranger. Les nouvelles générations traitaient d'"Occidental" l'écrivain qui restait fidèle à nos procédés classiques de composition. Fixé en France, loin de son pays, il ne connaissait plus ce pays, disait-on. Pourtant ses derniers écrits respirent l'adoration de la terre natale ; mais on ne leur pardonnait pas des critiques mordantes contre les slavophiles, dont il ne fut jamais. On lui en voulait de quelques plaisanteries spirituelles sur "la littérature en cuir de Russie," sur cette infatuation de patriotisme moscovite qu'il caractérisait ainsi : "Chez nous, deux et deux font quatre, mais avec plus de hardiesse qu'ailleurs." Quand il revenait de loin en loin à Pétersbourg ou à Moscou, il n'y retrouvait plus les ovations enthousiastes d'une jeunesse accaparée par ses rivaux. Il ressentait cruellement cet abandon. J'ai vu le grand vieillard s'éteindre près de nous, à Paris ; toute la vie avait reflué dans la tête, superbe sous le désordre de ses cheveux blancs, secouée avec des fiertés de lion blessé. Par une lugubre ironie du sort, il achevait alors sa dernière production, sous ce titre : *Désespoir*. Il y disait son dernier mot sur cette âme russe qu'il fouillait depuis quarante ans.—L'éclipse sera passagère. En Russie comme en Occident, il remontera au premier rang dans l'admiration de la postérité, le romancier qui sait trouver si sûrement le chemin de notre cœur, l'artiste parfait qui satisfait l'intelligence par l'eurythmie attique de ses chefs-d'œuvre, qui enchante les oreilles russes par la musique de sa prose.

Rien de semblable chez Dostoïevsky, nul art appris : une fougue naturelle du tempérament et une intensité maladive de la pensée qui terrassent le lecteur. Compromis à vingt ans, en 1848, dans la conspiration de Pétrachevsky, le jeune homme fut déporté en Sibérie, il y passa quatre années dans la société des forçats. Quand l'amnistie le tira du bagne, il en rapporta une

description navrante, *la Maison des Morts*, rendue plus tragique par l'accent de résignation et de douceur qui anime ces étranges mémoires. Les romans qui suivirent, *Humiliés et Offensés*, *Crime et Châtiment*, *l'Idiot*, ce sont les chapitres d'un Evangile mystique et fraternel, où l'observateur attendri glorifie les misérables jusque dans leurs vices et leurs troubles d'esprit; non point, comme nos romantiques, parce que le vice et la misère sont pittoresques, mais parce que " la religion de la souffrance humaine " a des indulgences pour toutes les laideurs. Il étudia le nihilisme, lui aussi, avec *les Possédés* et *les Frères Karamazoff;* il le vit dans un cauchemar de son imagination, surmenée par l'épilepsie. Il s'empara des âmes par des hallucinations de terreur et de pitié, toujours circonscrites dans le cadre de l'exacte réalité. Sa puissance est faite de ce singulier contraste: un débordement de douceur apitoyée chez le plus cruel des hommes qui aient jamais tenu une plume. Je l'appelle cruel parce que tel de ses livres, *Crime et Châtiment*, par exemple, inflige au lecteur une torture comparable au jeu d'un bourreau du Saint Office, qui eût tendrement embrassé son patient en lui plantant des pointes de fer rouge dans le dos.

Des chats! Des chats! Des chats avec des âmes vertueuses et philosophiques, emprisonnées par quelque magicien dans les nerfs de ces étranges bêtes, tels nous apparaissent tous les personnages créés par Dostoïevsky à sa propre ressemblance. Pour arriver à les comprendre, pour se représenter matériellement leurs conversations, leurs attitudes, leurs regards, leurs colères et leurs amours, il faut observer sur un toit la vie électrique de la gent féline: allures d'ombres, approches sournoises, fuites sans motifs, caresses cauteleuses, rêveries et paresses inquiétantes de l'animal toujours ramassé pour bondir. Ainsi se comportent, dans les chambres d'étudiants, de conspirateurs et de filles perdues où nous introduit le romancier, ces démoniaques réunis pour s'entr'aimer ou s'entre-haïr, sans qu'on puisse savoir au juste lequel des deux sentiments les martyrise: d'habitude, tous deux en même temps. Ouvrez au hasard *Krotkaïa*, *les Possédés*, *les Frères Karamazoff*, lisez une page: le héros de l'action est éperdu de tendresse et de pitié pour ses semblables, avec un besoin instinctif de leur tirer du

sang, de les faire souffrir dans leur propre intérêt. Dans les livres de ce russe, on dépense plus de vertu et de sensibilité que dans tous les romans du XVIIIe siècle, on y commet plus de crimes et de plus odieux que dans tout le répertoire du théâtre tragique; mais tandis qu'au théâtre les bons et les méchants se font symétriquement vis-à-vis, ici crimes et vertus logent de compagnie dans les mêmes cœurs. C'est une exagération d'un autre genre; elle est peut-être plus près de la vérité que celle des classiques.

A quelques exceptions près, les récits de Dostoïevsky ne sont point de la littérature fantastique; le fou n'est pas fantastique, au sens exact du mot, il est tragique et très réel; or, la plupart de ces personnages passeraient pour fous en Occident, ils sont en train de le devenir, même en Russie. Personne n'est aussi logique qu'un fou, on le voit bien aux discours si fortement liés que tiennent ceux de Dostoïevsky, à leur application sur une idée fixe; mais le fou est logique dans une seule direction, et jusqu'au bout.

Ai-je besoin d'ajouter qu'il y a au moins un épileptique dans chacun de ces romans, et que l'auteur fait de lui son héros de prédilection? Dostoïevsky était sujet au terrible mal, il le devait sans doute aux épouvantes de sa jeunesse, aux épreuves subies dans le bagne sibérien. Ce mal explique toute son œuvre, toute sa vie. Je n'ai jamais connu un être plus nerveux que ce petit homme aux yeux brillants, une figure plus douloureuse que cette face convulsée où tremblaient perpétuellement des tics inquiétants. Quand il s'animait de colère sur une idée, on eût juré qu'on avait déjà vu cette tête sur les bancs d'une cour criminelle, ou parmi les vagabonds qui mendient en Russie aux portes des prisons. A d'autres moments, elle avait la mansuétude triste des vieux saints sur les images slavonnes. Tout était peuple dans cet homme, avec l'inexprimable mélange de grossièreté, de finesse et de douceur qu'ont fréquemment les paysans grands-russiens.

C'est pourquoi le peuple l'a adopté, l'a aimé avec frénésie. Je ne dis point le peuple des paysans, qui ne lit pas, en Russie, ou ne lit que des almanachs et des livres de piété; mais tout ce petit monde besogneux de la bourgeoisie commençante qui s'éveille à

la vie intellectuelle, commis, scribes, fonctionnaires, institutrices, étudiants et étudiantes. Le 10 février 1881, j'ai vu cette clientèle passionnée se ruer dans la chambre où le romancier venait d'expirer, s'étouffer pour approcher de son cercueil, arracher comme des reliques les fleurs mortuaires que d'autres admirateurs avaient entassées sur cette bière. Le surlendemain, j'ai vu cette même foule amassée en grandes vagues tristes, derrière le char de l'écrivain à qui elle faisait des funérailles de triomphateur. Elle se reconnaissait dans ce cœur troublé, dans ce cerveau fumeux qui avait donné une vie surabondante à des types ordinaires en Russie, exceptionnels partout ailleurs; elle le remerciait d'avoir formulé dans tant de pages l'ascétisme maladif et la fraternité touchante qui sont au fond de la plupart de ces natures; une dernière fois, la foule russe se prosternait avec lui "devant toute la souffrance de l'humanité."

J'ai gardé pour la fin de cette étude le comte Léon Tolstoï; d'abord parce qu'il est de quelques années plus jeune que les autres grands romanciers auxquels il survit seul; ensuite parce que la fortune prodigieuse et méritée de son œuvre a fait de lui le représentant universel de la pensée russe, et plus encore: le Napoléon littéraire dont la souveraineté est reconnue aujourd'hui dans les deux hémisphères. Voici tout juste vingt ans que je portai mon premier article sur *Guerre et Paix* au directeur d'une grande revue française. Ce directeur me dit: "Nous imprimerons cela pour vous faire plaisir; mais qui s'imposera jamais l'ennui de lire le fatras de ce russe?" A part quelques amis de Tourguéneff, persuadés par l'admiration chaleureuse qu'il témoignait à son compatriote, on n'eut pas trouvé alors dans Paris vingt personnes qui connussent le nom de Tolstoï. Ce nom a fait depuis un beau chemin autour de la planète.

Il y aura bientôt un demi-siècle que le public russe apprit à l'estimer. Le jeune officier d'artillerie, furieusement adonné aux cartes, avait perdu une forte somme qu'il ne possédait pas. Pour se mettre en mesure de payer sa dette de jeu, il offrit à l'éditeur d'un périodique de Moscou le roman qu'il avait composé au Caucase, durant les loisirs des grand'gardes sur le Térek. C'était

les Cosaques, le chef-d'œuvre de poésie et de philosophie mélancolique où la nature et les âmes de l'orient, fardées jusqu'alors par l'imagination des romantiques, étaient vues pour la première fois dans leur simplicité, dans leur vérité intime. Né en 1828, âgé à ce jour de soixante et onze ans, Léon Nikolaiévitch, comte Tolstoï, a vécu toutes les formes de la vie. Il n'a pas vécu pour écrire, ni écrit pour vivre. Comme il regardait attentivement autour de lui et en lui-même, les fortes images des spectacles qu'il voyait se sont naturellement projetées sur le papier; tel un médecin qui dessine des planches d'anatomie, non pour dessiner, mais pour mieux apprendre l'homme et ses maladies. Chaque fois qu'il a pris la plume, c'était pour éclaircir à ses propres yeux la grande question: Pourquoi Léon Tolstoï n'est-il pas heureux? Pourquoi les autres ne le sont-ils pas davantage? Et quel serait le moyen qu'ils fussent plus heureux?

Tout jeune, le comte a fait la guerre, au Caucase, en Crimée. Il en a rapporté *les Cosaques*, et ces merveilleux *Tableaux du Siège de Sébastopol*, procès-verbaux exacts comme ceux d'un major de tranchée qui aurait du génie, avec une aversion raisonnée pour le métier triste et noble qu'il fait héroïquement. Tout jeune, l'observateur s'est regardé vivre à la lumière de la conscience, il a commencé d'étudier sa formation intérieure. De ce premier examen de soi-même est sorti l'impitoyable traité d'auto-psychologie: *Enfance, Adolescence, Jeunesse.* Démissionnaire de bonne heure, l'ex-officier alla tenir son rang dans la société élégante de Pétersbourg. Il vit la cour et le monde; il passa par tous les emportements où ses pareils dépensaient la fougue de l'activité russe, à l'époque où elle n'avait d'autre emploi que le plaisir. On peut tout dire d'un homme qui se confesse si ouvertement, avec un si âpre besoin de se montrer tel qu'il est. La vin, le jeu, les femmes, il épuisa toutes les ivresses; avec la frénésie qu'elles avaient dans le pays et dans le temps où quelques milliers de privilégiés possédaient des milliers de serfs, tuaient les chevaux pour se griser d'une folie de vitesse, la nuit, sur la neige, en allant entendre les bohémiennes râler leurs chants de passion, et revenaient demander des émotions plus fortes à la carte sur laquelle ils jouaient une

fortune, et cherchaient enfin l'étourdissement en noyant dans l'alcool l'insupportable raison ; "la coquine de raison," comme dit encore Tolstoï vieux et apôtre ; l'ennemie et l'angoisse constante de ces cœurs indomptés qu'elle prétend limiter.

Ce viveur forcené demeurait d'ailleurs l'observateur froid et clairvoyant que je disais tout à l'heure. Conciliez ces contradictions, si vous le pouvez, et vous aurez expliqué le génie de Tolstoï, le génie de la race dont il est la figure représentative. Les critiques y perdent leur latin, peut-être parce que le latin n'a rien à voir dans l'âme du jeune russe qui écrivait : "Je comprends très bien les crimes les plus atroces, commis sans but, sans désir de nuire, *comme cela*, par curiosité, par besoin inconscient d'action. Il y a des minutes où l'avenir se présente à l'homme sous des couleurs si sombres, que l'esprit craint d'arrêter son regard sur cet avenir, qu'il suspend totalement en lui-même l'exercice de la raison et s'efforce de se persuader qu'il n'y aura pas d'avenir et qu'il n'y a pas eu de passé."

Entre temps, Tolstoï acquérait, par des lectures variées dans toutes les langues, un savoir encyclopédique. Rien où l'on sente le travail de cabinet, dans cette acquisition aisée d'une culture universelle, un peu superficielle. On la rencontre fréquemment chez ces prodigieux assimilateurs que sont les russes ; on ne sait d'où ils l'ont prise, en se jouant. Ayant vu les hommes de toute condition et lu leurs livres, il écrivit *Guerre et Paix*.

L'œuvre est trop connue pour que je m'y attarde. Ce qu'avait été la Russie dans le moment où elle prenait conscience d'elle-même, au début du siècle, de quels éléments elle s'était formée, vers quel idéal elle s'acheminait à tâtons,—autant de problèmes qui tentaient l'esprit philosophique de Tolstoï. Ces idées abstraites, il les fit naturellement vivre dans des êtres de chair et de sang, toujours en action, révélateurs de toute une société par chacun de leurs gestes, par chacune de leurs paroles. Sa puissance de vision nous montra plus que la Russie : toute une large part d'humanité, avec les ressorts secrets et les mouvements généraux qui la font agir en tout pays, en tout temps. Roman ou épopée, comme on voudra l'appeler, *Guerre et Paix* est le plus vaste et le plus fidèle

miroir qu'on ait jamais présenté à chacun de nous pour y reconnaître ses semblables et s'y retrouver soi-même.

Après cette évocation du passé, la société contemporaine vint témoigner à son tour : *Anna Karénine* la fit comparaître devant le Juge :—c'est le mot qui monte spontanément aux lèvres, quand on considère Tolstoï en force des hommes qu'il interroge. Des deux grands romans où toute la vie russe est enclose, le second embrasse moins d'idées et de faits que le premier ; il sonde plus avant dans les plaies du cœur ; il décrit les troubles de la passion, les troubles philosophiques de la conscience russe durant cette ébullition des esprits qui caractérisa le règne d'Alexandre II. Commencée vers 1865, la publication de l'ouvrage souffrit de longs arrêts : Tolstoï l'abandonnait, s'y reprenait, faisait attendre pendant des années les chapitres du livre, qui ne parut au complet qu'en 1877.

Et c'est alors, au moment où le succès d'*Anna Karénine* consacre définitivement la domination de l'écrivain dans son pays, à la veille des jours où son influence et sa renommée vont se répandre sur les autres nations, c'est au zénith de la force et de la gloire que la capricieuse comète change de ciel, plonge dans la nuit, va se perdre entre les nébuleuses. Léon Nikolaiévitch dit adieu à son art qu'il couvre d'anathèmes. Depuis lors, depuis vingt ans, il ne prend la plume que pour accumuler les réquisitoires contre cet art, contre la civilisation dont il fait partie, contre l'amour, la guerre, la science, l'Eglise établie. Les traités théologico-rationalistes se succèdent sans relâche : *Ma Confession*, *Ma Religion*, *Commentaires sur l'Evangile*. Ce forçat de la pensée, dont il voudrait rejeter le boulet, s'acharne à fouiller son âme pour la simplifier ; il tourne laborieusement dans un cercle de complications, toujours les mêmes. Il ne sait pas bien ce qu'il veut, mais il le veut vigoureusement, et surtout il ne veut rien de ce qui existe. Il donne fréquemment des illustrations de sa doctrine plus claires que le texte, avec de courtes paraboles, des contes moraux à l'usage du peuple. L'art est un démon qu'on n'exorcise pas facilement : quelques-uns de ces contes sont des chefs-d'œuvre d'un nouveau genre, comme *Maître et Serviteur*, *De quoi vivent les*

hommes, ou comme ce drame émouvant et révoltant de la vie paysanne : *la Puissance des Ténèbres.*

La méthode instinctive du grand réaliste triomphe et nous subjugue dans l'exposition de ses thèses, soit qu'il dévoile les méfaits de l'amour dans la *Sonate à Kreutzer* ; soit qu'il dénonce le charlatanisme de l'art, dans sa dernière entreprise de démolition : *Qu'est-ce que l'Art ?* Méthode dont l'essence est de déshabiller le fait réel du verbiage traditionnel sous lequel il nous apparait, et de nous montrer ce fait simple, nu, vivant. Cette vision directe communique une force incomparable aux prémisses critiques de notre démolisseur ; nous nous rendons à l'évidence, nous convenons avec lui du pauvre rien qu'on trouve sous les apparences. Mais nous nous dérobons, par instinct de vie et horreur du vide, à ses conclusions qui nous mènent à l'absurde, au néant.

Tolstoï s'y dérobe lui-même, car le voici qui donne un éclatant démenti à ses blasphèmes contre son art. Il revient à cet art. A soixante-dix ans, le vigoureux vieillard a écrit de nouveau un grand roman. La publication de *Résurrection* commence seulement dans un journal russe ; je n'ai lu que les premières pages de l'œuvre ; si l'on en juge par ces fragments, elle promet d'égaler *Anna Karénine* et *Guerre et Paix* ; elle accroîtra encore l'admiration du monde pour l'écrivain qui ne fut jamais plus fort, plus émouvant, plus maître de la vie qu'il emprisonne dans des tableaux inoubliables.

Retiré dans sa propriété de Yasnaïa-Poliana, près de Toula, *régénéré* sous le caftan du moujick, l'apôtre compliqué de la vie simple ne consacre que quelques heures à ses nombreux écrits. La meilleure partie de son temps appartient aux œuvres philanthropiques, aux directions d'écoles, aux comités de secours pour les victimes des disettes, aux entretiens avec les sectaires et les illuminés qui viennent de toute la Russie paysanne visiter leur grand confrère. On sait que le comte s'impose en outre des travaux manuels : le labourage, la confection de ces bottes qui trouveront moins de clients, je le crains, que les romans ne trouvent de lecteurs. Je me suis laissé dire que Tolstoï ayant voulu un jour prendre son tour pour conduire les troupeaux de la

commune au pâturage, les villageois de Yasnaïa-Poliana lui firent doucement entendre qu'ils préféraient un berger de métier, et que leurs vaches seraient mieux gardées.

Est-ce donc qu'il y eut depuis vingt ans changement, rupture d'unité dans la pensée et dans l'œuvre de Tolstoï? Nullement; et qui jugerait ainsi aurait bien mal lu cette œuvre. Dans un volume d'articles pédagogiques fort anciens, l'écrivain résumait son idéal en quelques mots: "Je veux apprendre aux enfants du peuple à penser et à écrire; c'est moi qui devrais apprendre à leur école à écrire et à penser. Nous cherchons notre idéal devant nous, tandis qu'il est derrière nous. Le développement de l'homme n'est pas le moyen de réaliser cet idéal d'harmonie que nous portons en nous, c'est au contraire un obstacle à sa réalisation. Un enfant bien portant est plus près des créatures non pensantes, de l'animal, de la plante, de la nature, qui est le type éternel de vérité, de beauté et de bonté."

Le jeune héros des *Cosaques*, Olénine, aspirait déjà à dépouiller son âme de civilisé, pour se rapprocher de la petite asiatique Marianne, plus heureuse, plus proche de la nature. Dans *Guerre et Paix*, le comte Bézouchoff a fait le tour de toutes les idées; un pauvre soldat à l'intelligence obscure, à peine pensante, Platon Karataïeff, opère avec quelques paroles naïves la révolution morale d'où Bézouchoff sortira humilié, apaisé, éclairé. De même, dans *Anna Karénine*, la raison tourmentée de Lévine trouve son salut par l'abdication dans les enseignements et les exemples du moujick Fédor.

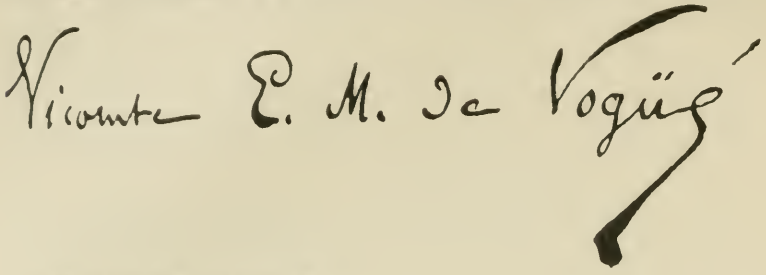
Tous les fils de l'imagination de Tolstoï ont eu les mêmes aspirations, tous l'ont précédé dans la voie où il les imita plus tard, quand il se mit à l'école des paysans; quand il rapprit ou crut rapprendre à cette école la science essentielle, qui est de peu savoir, de peu penser, de chercher le règne de Dieu sur la terre sans inquiétude de l'au-delà, de le réaliser sur cette terre par la douceur, par l'abolition des guerres, des justices, des industries, par le retour à la vie pastorale. Mais le Rousseau de notre siècle,—car c'est Rousseau qui reparaît, sous l'habit russe, à cent ans d'intervalle,—ne va pas plus que l'autre jusqu'à l'aboutissement

logique de son désir. Pour se libérer complètement de la dépravation de penser, il faudrait rentrer dans l'animal, dans la plante, dans la pierre ; il faudrait s'abîmer dans le *nirvâna ;* et si nihiliste, si bouddhiste qu'il soit parfois, ce disciple de Çakia-Mouni, qui croit commenter la doctrine de Jésus-Christ, n'ose pas pousser jusqu'aux révélations dernières de son vrai maître. C'est pourtant là, dans le vieux monde de l'Inde, que nous devons chercher le pôle d'attraction qui agit le plus fortement sur cet esprit, sur tous les esprits russes qu'il représente.

Avec ses dons magnifiques, ses aspirations chimériques, ses excès de négation absurdes pour notre occident, Tolstoï demeure le grand homme qui a exprimé le premier toute l'âme de sa race. Léon Nikolaiévitch n'est que de chez lui ; il a tout vu, tout dit de son pays ; confusément, parce que l'objet est confus ; grandement, parce que l'objet est grand. Il n'est que de chez lui, et cependant il déborde sur l'humanité : par delà les particularités de la race, il atteint les caractères spécifiques communs à tous les hommes.

Par lui, par les autres romanciers qui l'ont précédé et qui le complètent, la Russie s'est enfin manifestée dans une image littéraire. C'est ce que j'ai tâché de montrer dans ces pages : je me suis attaché au principal, j'ai négligé les essais plus chétifs des philosophes, des historiens, des poètes récents ; à l'exception de l'âpre et puissant poète socialiste Nékrassoff, ils offrent peu d'intérêt. Pendant les quarante années qui se sont écoulées entre la publication des *Ames Mortes* et celle d'*Anna Karénine*, depuis Gogol jusqu'à la disparition de Dostoïevsky, de Gontcharoff, de Tourguéneff, jusqu'à l'interruption de la production romanesque chez Tolstoï, le roman a porté tout le poids et recueilli tout l'honneur de cette admirable fécondité littéraire. Elle ne s'est pas continuée durant ces quinze dernières années ; on écrit toujours beaucoup en Russie, on y monnaie du talent, mais je n'aperçois pas les successeurs qui renouvelleront et remplaceront les écrivains originaux dont je viens de parler. Il semble qu'aucune plante vivace n'ose grandir à l'ombre du chêne géant de Yasnaïa-Poliana, de ce Tolstoï qui accapare toute la force de pensée, toute l'attention de ses compatriotes et du monde. Ne reprochons pas à la terre

russe cette stérilité relative ; elle a droit de se reposer, après les riches moissons qui ont constitué à ce grand empire un trésor durable, qui lui ont assuré, dans le domaine intellectuel et moral, une place proportionnée à celle qu'il occupe sur le globe terrestre.



DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE,
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RUSSIAN LITERATURE:

ITS GREAT PERIOD AND ITS GREAT NOVELISTS

1840-1880

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

THE fact that Russian genius has won for itself a great position in European literature is one of the most notable phenomena in the history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Until very lately, Russian literature had been content to accept, with docility, the theories and the literary formulæ of the older European civilisation; but at last it became conscious of its own power, extended its influence beyond the national frontiers, and now it repays its debt to Europe, enriching us by the gift of new ideas and new forms of expression. In its own country it has attained independence; abroad it is recognised as one of the artistic forces of the day; yesterday a vassal, it is to-day one of the Great Powers; and, like more than one state among the nations, it has risen to power by the force of fiction.

In the eighteenth century the intellectual progress of Russia was almost exclusively confined to the Court of the Empress Catherine; the French spirit, with Voltaire as its king, was all powerful in Russian society, which was, indeed, no more than a French colony, an intellectual hothouse in which frail cuttings from the French art and poetry were being acclimatised. The French classic school ruled the men who were creating the literary dialect of the Russian tongue — Lomonosoff, Von-Vizine, and Derjavine. But the coronation of Alexander I. inaugurated the

new age, and marked the beginning of the new ideas which were to make modern Russia independent of foreign influences. The historian Karamsine aroused the national spirit, for this gentleman of the old school was the true founder of the political, philosophical, and literary schools which were afterwards to be called Slavophile, Moscovite, and Panslavist. The influence of the Romantic party did much to free Russian poetry from French influences. Joukovsky first gave it an impetus toward the German spirit of Schiller and Goethe, and then the influence of Byron was imported by Pouchkine, Lermontoff, and their rivals. The Russians do not like to hear Pouchkine's originality questioned, and I myself have the most sincere admiration for this marvellous virtuoso; I believe that he created the poetic style which he used, that he gave a Russian colour to the ideas and the emotions he expressed. Yet the Byronic spirit lies at the base of his conceptions; the author of *Childe Harold* stirred Pouchkine's imagination to life, directed its tendencies and its emotional tone. The passionate soul of the Russian poet seems to have been cast in the same mould as that of his English prototype, and the resemblance is all the greater because we perceive that the one, like the other, had wandered in search of adventure; that both had heard the mysterious murmur of the East. The fiery Lermontoff resembles Byron even more closely; his magnificent pictures of the Caucasus, his cries of passion—the most piercing ever uttered—would never have existed if Byron had not shown us all how a bard of the Romantic School should love, should suffer; how he should find in nature his joy and his despair.

In order to find an individual altogether Russian, a characteristic figure which owes nothing to western influences, we must come to Nicholas Gogol, the first of the great novelists, the one who inspired all his successors.

Born in 1809, in Little Russia, Gogol began life as one of the modest and unfortunate minor officials whose lives he was afterwards to portray with so cutting, and yet so just, a pen. A son of the Cossacks, the adventurous spirit of his race rebelled against the dulness of his lot; he resigned his post, and devoted himself to

writing. He began with a sort of prose poem, *Tarass Boulba*, in which he celebrated the free life and the splendid feats of his Cossack ancestors. This work, overflowing with lyric power, illuminated by a sense of historic truth, is permeated by a comprehension of the Russian spirit, which no one else had depicted with so much intensity. Its author seems literally intoxicated by the infinite horizons of the steppes over whose expanse his imagination roves. It has been said, with truth, that *Tarass Boulba* is the only true epic written by a modern poet.

Yet the youthful Gogol soon abandoned this channel of expression. There was in him the spirit of Dickens; he was a realist and a satirist, as earnest as the English novelist, and even more bitter. I compare the two, because there is an intimate kinship of thought and of emotion between them, and yet the dates of their works show that Gogol could not have read Dickens, whose works had not yet been translated. It was by the approbation of the critic Bielinsky that the author of *Tarass Boulba* was encouraged to study contemporary life, and to observe the conditions of the poor. As early as 1840 Bielinsky proclaimed the death of the Romantic School, the necessity for a return to realism, and arrived at the belief that the elements of a new art should be found in the life of the masses. This great agitator exercised a preponderant influence upon the generation whom Russians describe as "the men of the forties." Gogol, who felt this influence more keenly than did any of his contemporaries, carried out the programme of Bielinsky, who saw clearly what ought to be done, although he had not the creative force to do it himself.

Gogol brought upon his stage the world of minor officials among whom it had been his misfortune to live; depicting their lives in a series of novels, of which *Le Manteau* is the best type. "We have all come from beneath Gogol's *Manteau*," said one of the great writers of the following generation. The obscure and unfortunate hero of this story, Akaky Akakiévitch, is the father of an innumerable line of clerks, copyists, and messengers; all formed in his likeness. It was, however, in his comedy, *Le Revisor*, that

Gogol gave fullest vent to his eager satire; holding up to public mockery the vices of the administration, the dishonesty that corrupted the whole empire.

These fragmentary works were preliminaries to the execution of *Les Ames Mortes*, the masterpiece which will preserve immortal the name of Gogol. I have no hesitation in placing this work next to *Don Quixote*, if not, indeed, in the same rank. In these two humorous epopees, one finds Russia and Spain complete and vivid; there is the same combination of irony and of concealed tenderness toward the persons satirised; the same sweeping comprehension of national life and spirit. Gogol's novel has not yet found, and cannot find for many years to come, the favour in foreign eyes which has been accorded to Cervantes, for the episodes of the *Ames Mortes* are so characteristically local that they cannot be appreciated in Western Europe until we are as familiar with the life of the Russian people as with the life of the Spanish. But each character, each detail of popular life observed by Gogol has become proverbial in the country where Tchitchikoff plied his remarkable trade, buying dead serfs, posing as the wealthy owner of these phantasmal creatures, and borrowing money upon the security of their ghostly muster-roll.

The whole of Russian middle-class and lower-class life, in all its misery, its deformity, its grotesqueness—its kindliness, too, and its patience—is shown in the picture of provincial life which Gogol's canvas presented. Keen as was the artist's insight, there was in his heart a great fund of compassion for the models he painted; and the swift flow of his humour is broken by frequent outbursts of genuine poetic feeling. All his characters are full of life; and although they are so gnarled and squalid that at first the picture excites our laughter, it soon makes us ponder the social conditions of Russia. "The Russian," said Gogol in one of his letters, "is appalled when he perceives how utterly insignificant he is." And he adds: "Those who have tried to dissect my literary faculties have failed to perceive the one essential trait of my temperament. No one but Pouchkine understood me. It was he who always declared that it was my peculiar power to display the

triviality of life, to share all the dullness of the mediocre type of man, to make perceptible the infinitely unimportant class of persons who would otherwise not be seen at all. That is my special gift." He could not have more accurately described himself. But do we not find this same power in Tolstoi? And Gogol both understood and appreciated at its full worth the feeling of active brotherhood, of pity for the sufferers, which animates the writings of Tolstoi and Dostoïevsky. In another of his letters, he says that "the national characteristic of the Russian is his pity for the fallen."

Nicholas Vassiliévitch, prematurely ill and despondent, was not able to finish the last part of his *Ames Mortes*. His creative power was exhausted when he was three and thirty, and he died, obscurely enough, in 1892, suffering from the nervous exaltation which seems to be the inevitable end of the Russian writers. His genius had opened new channels to Russian literature, and his successors hastened to take advantage of their new liberty. More fortunate than he, they made for themselves a recognised position in Europe on literature, but they did not forget to acknowledge that what we should most admire in their work they inherited from Gogol, and it is only just that this should be remembered.

It was a magnificent outburst of talent, such as is rarely to be found in the history of literature. These men, who were to give a voice to silent Russia, were all of the same age; they all began to write during the years immediately following the disturbances which shook Europe in 1848. During the quarter century which they made glorious, their country became one of the most active centres of intellectual and artistic vitality. Most of them were nurtured in the German spirit of Hegel, some imbibing it directly in the German universities, as Tourguéneff did, and others owing their inspiration to the Hegelian propaganda of the critic Biélinsky. The revolutionary and socialist movement of 1848, repressed in the empire of Czar Nicolas, was transformed into an outbreak of literary talent. The conditions imposed upon the Russian society of that period forbade the utilisation of talent in historical or philosophical research, as well as in political oratory or journalism:

only one method of expression was left, that of romantic fiction. All these writers applied their powers to writing national and realistic novels; restricted to this one form of activity, they enlarged its scope until they could pour into it all their ideas, all their aspirations, all their dreams. And the Russian novel thus became the great stream into which flowed all the springs which in a country less oppressed, supply more varied currents of human activity. The novel has been for modern Russia what the *chansons de geste* and the *fabliaux* were for mediæval France; occupying the place now taken by the pulpit and the platform, the theatre and the newspaper. It contained the whole national spirit. Its social importance, its extraordinary influence, would be incomprehensible if one lost sight of this explanation. The indirect result of political absolutism, the only immediate effect of the agitation of 1848, it thrived with the abnormal vigour of one organ in a paralysed body, which nourishes itself at the expense of all the others. It absorbed all the forces which were simultaneously developed in the minds of Gontcharoff, of Pissemsky, of Tourguéneff, of Dostoïevsky, and of Tolstoi.

When the reign of Alexandre II. began, in 1855, Gontcharoff and Pissemsky seemed destined to be chief among the heirs of Gogol. Gontcharoff's *Oblomoff* embodied, in a type which has since become proverbial, certain defects of the Russian character; its indolence, its carelessness, its fatalistic indifference. This book, by its exact observation of environments, and its psychological analysis, showed an altogether new point of view. Ivan Gontcharoff retained these same qualities in his other works, *Simple Histoire* and *le Précipice;* but the great success of *Oblomoff* was not repeated; these later works lacked colour and variety, there was a certain monotony in their accumulation of detail. Pissemsky gave us a much better picture of the social disorders of the day; on the morrow of Nicolas I.'s reign he rendered more vividly than did Gontcharoff the vacillations of national opinion. *The Tourbillon, Mille Ames,* and *Les Faiseurs,* are the best pictures of the middle classes which have ever been painted. Yet Pissemsky lacked (in this respect resembling too closely the

French realists) that power of communicating sympathy which was soon to be displayed by other writers, the broad and superior view of the people he studied. Novelists more passionate and more philosophical took the first rank.

Tourguéneff came first, his pre-eminence already established by his *Récits d'un Chasseur*. This collection of minute pictures of peasant life, published immediately after the events of 1848, did more than all the political and philosophical discussions toward effecting the emancipation of the serfs, doing for them what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had done for the blacks. In his tales we hear the chant of the Russian soil, the murmur of a few unhappy souls. The writer brings us to the heart of his native land, and then retires from the scene and leaves us face to face with the country. Why do the very springs of life seem to have been broken in all his characters? Whence comes this miasma which hangs over the Russian fields? The author leaves it to the reader to answer, to judge for himself. Russia saw with horror her own thraldom in Tourguéneff's mirror; she shuddered; in a moment the writer became famous, and the cause he pleaded was half won. He gained the hearts of all readers by his exquisite short stories conceived in the same spirit, by novels of sentiment like *La Nichée de Gentilshommes*, which owes its unfading charm to the discretion and sobriety with which its writer employed his materials. He interested intelligent men because he reduced to order the chaos of confused ideas which befogged Russian thought, after the rude upheaval of emancipation. In *Rudine*, he analysed the want of will-power, the absence of moral individuality with which he reproached his contemporaries when he said—lightly yet cruelly: "We Russians have nothing of our own but the samovar, and it is not certain that we invented that." In *Pères et Fils* he sounded the impassable abyss which had opened between the last generation of the slavery and the generation which dated from 1860; and he was the first to diagnose the evil which was to corrode this later period; the horror to which he gave the name of nihilism. In *Fumée* he followed the progress of this social malady, and in *Terres Vierges* he described its violent manifestations.

Tourguéneff did not equal Tolstoi either in knowledge of the human mind, nor in his influence upon it; but he yields to no one in the divination of the fine shades of sentiment which are found in the passions, and he is superior to all his rivals in the vigour of his plastic genius. A constant reader of French, he was subjected to the intellectual discipline of the French literary schools, and he is the only Russian writer whose style fully satisfies the exigencies of a delicate taste: the one supreme artist of his race.

The short stories of this inimitable writer led M. Taine to say that no one, since the Greeks, had cut a literary cameo in such bold relief, and in such rigorous perfection of form. This was also the opinion of some of the English critics, if I may rely upon the verdict of the *Athenæum* published on the occasion of Tourguéneff's death in 1883: "Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourguéneff the first rank in contemporary literature."

The reputation of Ivan Tourguéneff has nevertheless suffered an eclipse during these last twenty years. He is not so much read in Russia as he was. He seems to have been pushed aside in favour of Tolstoi and of Dostoïevsky. His popularity has been affected by the growing exclusiveness of Russian taste, which seems, during the period named, to have been so proud of the newly developed Russian individuality that it turned away from the suggestion of any foreign influence. The new generations applied the epithet "occidental" to the writer who adhered to the classic rules of French art. It was said that Tourguéneff, long a resident of France, no longer knew his own country. It is true that his latest writings show his ardent love for Russia; but they show, too, a cutting criticism of the Slavophiles, to whose party he had never belonged, and this was accounted unpardonable. He was reproached for his jests at the expense of what he called "the Russia-leather school of literature" and of that patriotic infatuation which he summed up when he said that "in Russia two and two make four, and make four with greater boldness than elsewhere." When he occasionally returned to St. Petersburg or to Moscow he no longer received the enthusiastic ovations of the younger generation, for his rivals had won their hearts. He was

greatly wounded by this desertion. I saw him when he was dying in Paris, and it seemed as if all the tides of life and passion had swirled through his grand head, with its dishevelled white hairs and its proud movements, suggesting the wounded lion. By the irony of Fate he was at this moment completing his last work under the title *Désespoir*. In this book he said his last word about the Russian character, which he had studied so thoroughly for forty years.

The eclipse of which I have spoken will not prove to be a permanent one. In Russia as in the West he will again be placed in the first rank by the verdict of posterity, and remembered as the teller of tales who knew so surely the path to our hearts, the consummate artist who satisfies the intelligence by the Attic eurythmy of his masterpieces and who enchants Russian ears by the music of his prose.

We find nothing of this in Dostoïevsky. His is not an acquired art; it is the result of a tempestuous nature, a morbid intensity of thought which overwhelms the reader. In 1848, when he was only twenty years of age, he was implicated in the Pétrachevsky plot, and was exiled to Siberia, where he spent four years among the convicts. When the amnesty freed him from his chains he brought back to the world that harrowing description, *La Maison des Morts*, rendered all the more tragic by the tone of resignation and of sweetness which pervades this extraordinary memoir. The novels which followed—*Humiliés et Offensés*, *Crime et Châtiment*, and *L'Idiot*—are the chapters of a mystic and fraternal gospel, in which the sympathetic observer seems to glorify every aspect of life of the unhappy, even their vices and the disorders of their minds. And this, not from the point of view of the Romantic School, for the sake of the pictorial value of vice and misery, but because the "religion of human suffering is indulgent to everything that is unlovely."

He, too, made a study of Nihilism, when he wrote *Les Possédés* and *Les Frères Karamazoff;* he lived the Nihilist's life in a nightmare evoked by the epileptic disorder of his imagination. He took possession of his readers' souls by his hallucinations, filled

with terror and with pity, yet always framed in the most precise realism. His power depends upon a most singular anomaly—a flood of compassion proceeding from the most pitiless of all writers. I call him cruel, because such of his books as *Crime et Châtiment* inflict upon the readers a torture comparable to the procedure of the mediæval inquisitor who kissed his patient while he applied the red-hot irons to his flesh.

Cats—cats with souls full of virtue and philosophy, souls imprisoned by a magician in the nerves of these extraordinary creatures; no other simile so well indicates the characters which Dostoïevsky formed in his own image. In order to understand them, in order to represent to oneself their conversation, their attitudes, their glances, their furies, and their loves, one must watch the electrified roof-life of the feline race—the shadowy movements, the sly approaches, the groundless alarms, the tentative caresses, the disquieting reveries, the threatening laziness of an animal always crouched in readiness to spring. It is in this fashion that the conspirators and the lost women behaved, to whom the novelist introduces us in students' garrets, these demoniacs assembled in mutual love and mutual hate, the two passions so confused that one can never tell which tortures their souls, and that both seem always present. Turn at hazard to a page of *Krotkaia, Les Possédés, Les Frères Karamazoff*, and you find that the hero of the episode is lost in tenderness and pity for his fellow creatures, possessed by an instinctive need to make them bleed and suffer for their own good. In the books of this Russian writer, there is a greater flow of virtue and of sensibility than in all the romances of the eighteenth century, there are more crimes and worse crimes than in the whole repertory of tragedy, but while in the drama the good people and the bad people are ranged in opposing ranks, here one finds crime and virtue side by side in the same hearts. It is another sort of exaggeration, and perhaps nearer to the truth than the exaggeration of the classic writers.

With a few exceptions, the tales of Dostoïevsky are not fantastic, for the madman is not fantastic in the true sense of the word; he is tragic and realistic, and most of his characters would,

in the Occident, be considered mad, and even in Russia, are on the road to madness. No one is so logical as a madman; one sees that in the reasoned speeches of Dostoïevsky's madmen, in their adherence to a fixed idea; but the madman is logical in one direction only, and goes to the end of that one road.

Need I add that there is at least one epileptic in each of his novels, and that the author prefers to select that one for his hero? Dostoïevsky was subject to the terrible malady, owing it, no doubt, to the terrors of his younger days, to the torments he suffered during his exile in Siberia. This hypothesis explains his work and his life. I have never known any one more acutely nervous than this little man with the shining eyes, I have never seen a sadder face than his, always contracted or distorted by alarming spasms. When he was animated by anger, in connection with one of his ideas, one could have sworn that one had seen his face before, in the dock of a criminal court, or among the vagabonds who beg at the gates of a Russian prison. At other moments, his face had the gentleness of the old saints one sees depicted in the Slavonic images. All his characteristics were of the people; his inexpressible mixture of grossness, refinement, and sweetness is often seen in Russian peasants. It was for this reason that the masses adopted him for their own, loved him to the verge of frenzy. I do not mean the masses of the peasantry, who, in Russia, do not read at all, or at any rate read nothing save almanacks and religious books: but the new class who are beginning to use their minds—the needy clerks, writers, officials, teachers, male and female students. On the 10th of February 1881, I saw these impassioned adherents of the writer crowd into the room where he had just died, I saw them almost stifled in the effort to approach his coffin, seizing as relics the funeral flowers which other admirers had heaped upon his bier. Two days later, I saw this same throng massed, in great sad waves, behind the hearse of the writer to whom they rendered funeral honours worthy of a conqueror. They recognised the image of their own lives in that troubled heart, in that clouded brain which had endowed with superabundant life the types so common in Russia, so rare elsewhere;

they were grateful to him because he had formulated, upon so many pages, the unwholesome asceticism and the touching sense of brotherhood which lie at the root of their natures; and for the last time the Russian populace knelt with the writer before the "immensity of human suffering."

I have reserved for the final words of this study Count Leo Tolstoi, because he is younger, by several years, than the rest of the great writers of whom he alone survives, and also because the signal and well-deserved success of his works has constituted him the universal representative of Russian thought—more, even—the literary Napoleon whose sovereignty is recognised to-day in both hemispheres. It is now just twenty years since I offered my first article on *Guerre et Paix* to the editor of a great French review: "We will print this to please you," he said, "but who will ever take the trouble to read this Russian's rubbish?" Save for a few friends of Tourguéneff, who were influenced by his enthusiastic admiration of his compatriot, there were not at that time twenty persons in all Paris who knew Tolstoi's name—a name which since then has made its way around the whole planet.

Nearly half a century ago the Russian public learned to esteem him. The young artillery officer, a furious gambler, had lost at play a large sum which he was unable to pay. In order to find the money needed to meet this debt of honour, he offered to the editor of a Moscow periodical the novel which he had written in the Caucasus, during his spare hours while on duty in the Terek pass. This novel was *Les Cosaques*, that masterpiece of poetry and of melancholy philosophy in which Eastern scenery and the Eastern temperament—painted in brilliant hues by the Romantic School of writers—now appeared in their true colours for the first time. Born in 1828, Leo Nikolaievitch, Count Tolstoi, is now (1899) seventy-one years of age. He has not lived merely to write, nor has he written in order to live. As he observed the world, and studied into his own nature, too, bold pictures of all that he saw projected themselves upon the paper; he wrote as a surgeon makes anatomical drawings, not for the sake of the drawings themselves, but in order the better to understand man and his

maladies. Each time Tolstoi took up his pen, he tried to answer the same question, "Why am I not happy? Why are other men no happier? By what means can they be made happier?"

As a young man he had seen military action in the Caucasus and in the Crimea. He had brought back from his campaign *Les Cosaques* and the marvellous *Tableaux du Siège de Sébastopol*, reports as exact as those of a sapper endowed with genius, and possessed by a logical aversion to the sad and noble calling which he follows. Still a youth, this observer studied his own life by the light of his own sense of right, beginning already to analyse his inner nature. From this first study of himself sprang that pitiless treatise of auto-psychology, *Enfance, Adolescence, Jeunesse.* Resigning his commission at an early age, the ex-officer took his place in the elegant society of St. Petersburg. He saw the life of the Court and of society, he experienced all the passions in which Russians of his position expended the ardours of their national character, at a time when there was no other outlet for their energies. One may tell the whole truth about a man who has made his own confession so openly, who has manifested so bitter a desire to reveal his real nature. Wine, women and cards—he exhausted all the intoxications, and this at a period when excesses were frenzied: at a period and in a country where a few thousand of the privileged class owned thousands of serfs, when pleasure-seekers drove horses to death in order to feel the madness of a swift night drive over the snow, as they went to where the gipsies were ready to shout their hoarse songs of passion, returning later to seek for still stronger emotions, staking a fortune on a card, and, later still, drowning in wine the intolerable voice of reason: "the jade reason," as Tolstoi still said, when his gray hairs covered an apostolic head; reason which is an enemy and a torture to the unconquered hearts which she pretends to curb.

This wild pleasure-seeker remained, nevertheless, a cold and keen observer. Reconcile these contradictions, if you can—and you will have explained the genius of Tolstoi, the genius of the race of which he is the type. The critics waste their learning, perhaps because learning has nothing to do with the soul of the

young Russian who wrote: "I can quite understand that the most atrocious crimes may be committed without any object, without any desire to injure—'like that!'—from curiosity, from the unconscious need for action. There are moments when a man sees the future in such sombre colours that he dares not pause to contemplate that future, that he suspends his reasoning faculty and tries to persuade himself that he is to have no future, and that he has had no past.

Meantime Tolstoi acquired, from reading in all languages, an encyclopædic knowledge. There was no taint of the midnight oil about this easy acquisition of a culture which was universal, if somewhat superficial. One often finds this sort of learning among the Russians, with their wonderful power of assimilation; and one cannot understand how they have acquired so much without effort. When Tolstoi had seen all sorts and conditions of men, and read all sorts of books, he wrote *Guerre et Paix*.

This work is so well known that I need not pause to describe it. What Russia had been at the moment when she became conscious of herself, at the beginning of the century; from what elements she had formed herself; toward what ideal she was groping — these were the problems which tempted Tolstoi's philosophic mind. These abstract ideas he made flesh in his characters, these characters which were always in action, showing in each of their words and gestures the social type of the time. His powerful vision shows us more than Russia; it reveals a great part of the human race at large, with the undercurrents and the tendencies which inspire its action in all countries and in all periods. A romance or an epopee, call it what one may, *Guerre et Paix* is the largest and the most faithful mirror which has ever been held up before us in order that we may recognise in it our neighbours and ourselves.

After this picture of the past, contemporary society was, in its turn, put in the witness-box by Tolstoi; *Anna Karenina* summoned it before the Judge; that is the word which suggests itself when one thinks of Tolstoi questioning mankind. Of the

two great novels which comprehend the whole of Russian life, the second embraces fewer facts and ideas than the first, it probes more deeply the wounds of the heart; it describes the disturbances of the passions, as well as the philosophical disturbance of the Russian soul, during the ebullitions which marked the reign of Alexander II. Begun about 1865, the publication of this work was greatly delayed. Tolstoi abandoned it, took it up again, let some of its chapters wait for years, and the book did not appear in its completeness until 1877.

It was at this time, when the success of *Anna Karenina* had assured Tolstoi's dominion over his compatriots,—on the eve of the extension of his influence and his fame to other parts of the world, at the zenith of his power and of his glory,—that the capricious comet departed to new skies, plunging into the night, losing himself among the nebulæ. Leo Nikolaievitch abandoned his art, covering it with anathemas. Since then, during twenty years, he has used his pen only to heap up accusations against that art, against the civilisation of which it forms a part, against love and war and science and the established church. Theologico-rationalist treatises follow one another without interruption: *Ma Confession, Ma Religion, Commentaires sur l'Evangile.* This prisoner, chained upon a treadmill of thought, struggling always to escape from his enforced task, labours unceasingly in the effort to search his soul and to simplify its functions, drags himself wearily around and around the same circle of complications. He hardly knows what he desired, and yet his vague aspirations are vigorous; above all, he knows that he wishes for nothing that exists. He constantly supplied illustrations of his doctrine, more clear than the dogma itself, brief parables, moral tales adapted to the popular ear. Art is a demon not easily exorcised, and some of these tales are masterpieces of a new form of literature, *Maître et Serviteur* for instance, *De Quoi vivent les Hommes*, or that drama of peasant life, at once touching and revolting, *La Puissance des Ténèbres.*

The instinctive method of the great realist triumphs and conquers us in the exposition of his thesis, whether it unveils the misdeeds of love as in the *Sonate à Kreutzer*, or denounces the

charlatanism of art, in the last of his destructive undertakings, *Qu'est-ce que l'Art?*

It is a method of which the essence is to strip from the real fact the traditional verbiage with which we habitually see it clothed, and to show us this fact naked, simple, living. This direct vision communicates an incomparable force to the critical premises of the iconoclast,—we yield to the evidence, we share his opinion of the wretched nothing which is to be found beneath outward appearances. But we avoid, by the force of our vital instinct and our horror of absolute emptiness, a participation in his conclusions, which would lead us to absurdity, to the void.

Tolstoi himself shunned these conclusions, for he himself gives a striking answer to his blasphemies against his art. He returns to that art. At seventy years of age, the robust old man wrote another great romance. The publication of *Résurrection* has been but recently begun in a Russian newspaper, and I have read the first pages of the work; but to judge by these, it promises to equal *Anna Karenina* and *Guerre et Paix*, and it will add to the world's admiration for a writer who was never more powerful, never more touching, more thoroughly master of the life which he fixes in his deathless pictures.

Living in retirement on his property of Yasnaia-Poliana, near Toula, "regenerated" beneath his peasant's caftan, the complex apostle of the simple life gives only a few hours a day to his numerous literary tasks. The greater part of his time is devoted to philanthropic undertakings, to the management of the schools, to the work of the famine-committees, to conversations with the sectaries and seers who come from all parts of rural Russia to visit their great colleague. It is well known that he also imposes upon himself the performance of manual labour, tilling the soil, and making boots, which, I fear, find fewer purchasers than his novels. I have even heard that Tolstoi desired, one day, to take his turn at driving the village herd to pasture, but that the villagers gently gave him to understand that they preferred the services of a trained cowherd who could take better care of their kine.

Are we to suppose that there has been in the last twenty years a change, a breach of unity, in Tolstoi's mind and in his work? Not at all: anyone who thinks so has not read his books understandingly. In a volume of pedagogic essays, written long ago, the writer describes his ideal in a few words: "I wish to teach the children of the people to think and to write, it is I who should give them their lessons in writing and thinking while they are at school. We seek the ideal before us, it is behind us. The development of man is not the process by which we can realise our ideal of harmony, it is, on the contrary, an obstacle to its realisation. A healthy child is more like the creatures that do not think, to the animals, the plants, to nature, which is the eternal type of truth, of beauty, and of goodness."

The young hero of *Cosaques*, Olénine, had already been represented as longing to strip himself of his highly civilised soul, in order that he might be more like the little Asiatic, Marianne, happier, closer to nature. In *Guerre et Paix*, Count Bézouchoff had explored all the philosophies, and yet a poor dull-witted soldier, Platon Karataieff, with a few simple words produces a moral revolution, which leaves Bézouchoff humbled, at peace, enlightened. In the same way we see in *Anna Karenina* the troubled soul of Lévine finding its salvation in abdication, taught by the words and the example of the peasant Fédor.

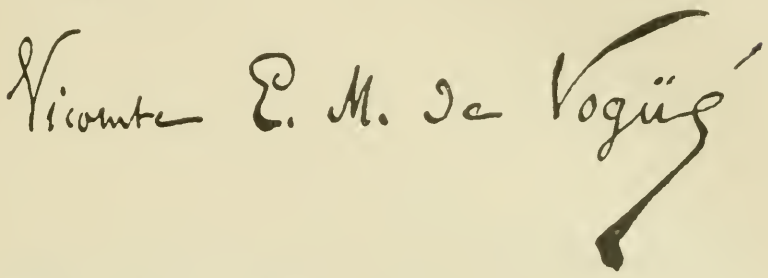
All the children of Tolstoi's imagination have had the same aspirations, they have all preceded him on the path upon which he afterwards followed them, when he went to the peasants' school and learned again, or thought that he had learned again at that school, the essential knowledge which is to know little, to think little, to seek the kingdom of God upon the earth, without thought of the hereafter; to realise that kingdom on earth by kindness, by the abolition of war, of tribunals, of industries, by a return to the pastoral life. But this Rousseau of our age—for it is Rousseau who has re-appeared, in Russian costume, after an interval of a hundred years—does not, any more than did the other Rousseau, follow his theories to their logical conclusion. In order to be completely freed from the depravation of thought, one should hark

back to the status of the animal, the plant, the stone; lose oneself in Nirvâna. Nihilist and Buddhist, as he sometimes was, this disciple of Çakia-Mouni thinks that he is teaching the doctrine of Christ, but does not dare to follow to their final teachings the doctrines of his real master. Yet it is in the old world of India that we must search for the magnet which most strongly influenced his soul and the souls of the Russians whom he represents.

With his magnificent gifts, his chimerical aspirations, his excesses of negation, which are absurd in our western eyes, Tolstoi remains the great man who first gave expression to the whole spirit of his race. Leo Nikolaievitch is nothing but a Russian; he has perceived everything which belongs to his country, confusedly, for the subject is confused, grandly, because the subject is grand. He is only a Russian, and yet he passes the frontiers and reaches humanity at large; beyond all racial particularities, he makes his way to the specific temperaments common to all men.

Through him and through the other novelists who preceded him and those who complete his work, Russia has at last manifested herself in literary form. It is this that I have tried to demonstrate in these pages. I have devoted myself to this most important manifestation, neglecting the more feeble efforts of recent philosophers, historians, and poets who, with the exception of the powerful and bitter socialistic poet Nékrassoff, offer very little of real interest to the student. During the forty years which elapsed between the publication of *Ames Mortes* and of *Anna Karenina*, from the time of Gogol to the disappearance of Dostoïevsky, Gontcharoff, and Tourguéneff, to the interruption of Tolstoi's activity as a writer of fiction, the novel has borne all the weight and won all the honours of this admirable period of literary fertility. This fertility has not continued during these last fifteen years; there is still much writing done in Russia, and much talent expended in writing, but I do not perceive any successors who take the place of the original writers of whom I have spoken. It seems as if no living plant can thrive under the shadow of the giant oak of Yasnaia-Poliana, of this Tolstoi who monopolised all the forces of Russian thought, all the attention of his compatriots and of the

world at large. Let us not reproach Russia with this condition of comparative sterility; she has earned her rest, after the great harvests which have enriched this great empire with a lasting treasure, which have assured to her, in the intellectual and moral universe, a place proportionate to that which she fills on the terrestrial globe.



DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE,
28*th April* 1899.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

By HENRY CAREY.

[Henry Carey, poet and composer, was the illegitimate son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax; born in the latter part of .e seventeenth century. He studied thorough-bass under notable teachers, but was successful only in light compositions, writing popular musical farces, ballads, etc. His best known lyric is that below; he is credited also with "God Save the King"; and his satiric skit "Namby-Pamby" (1729), on Ambrose Phillips, has given us the adjective. His burlesque tragedy "Chrononhotonthologos" is remembered as once much quoted. His songs were collected in "The Musical Century" (1740). He died in 1743.]

Of all the girls that are so smart
  There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets
  And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
  So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
  I love her so sincerely;

My master comes like any Turk,
  And bangs me most severely —
But let him bang his bellyful,
  I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
  I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
  To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
  And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
  As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time
  And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
  O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
  I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
  Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
  A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
  O then I'll marry Sally;
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed —
  But not in our alley!

COLLEY CIBBER'S APOLOGY FOR HIS LIFE.

[Colley Cibber, actor, manager, and playwright, was the son of a Holstein sculptor named Cibert by an English wife; born in London, 1671. His first known appearance on the stage was in 1691; he created many parts. Some of his plays long held the stage: as "Love's Last Shift," "The Careless Husband," "The Provoked Husband," "The Double Gallant," and his acting recensions of Shakespeare, notably "Richard III.," which displaced the original till quite recently. He was made poet-laureate in 1730; and Pope — along with a pamphlet warfare, in which Cibber, assailed without provocation and replying in a genial temper, had the best — removed Theobald from his post as protagonist of the "Dunciad" and put Cibber in his place, but so unfittingly that the absurdity recoiled on the poet. Cibber wrote his "Apology" (autobiography) in 1740, and died in 1757.]

You know, Sir, I have often told you that one time or other I should give the Publick some Memoirs of my own Life; at which you have never failed to laugh, like a Friend, without saying a word to dissuade me from it; concluding, I suppose, that such a wild Thought could not possibly require a serious Answer. But you see I was in earnest. And now you will say the World will find me, under my own Hand, a weaker Man than perhaps I may have passed for, even among my Enemies. With all my heart! my Enemies will then read me with Pleasure, and you, perhaps, with Envy, when you find that Follies, without the Reproach of Guilt upon them, are not inconsistent with Happiness. But why make my Follies publick? Why not? I have passed my Time very pleasantly with them, and I don't recollect that they have ever been hurtful to any other Man living. Even admitting they were injudiciously chosen, would it not be Vanity in me to take Shame to myself for not being found a Wise Man? Really, Sir, my Appetites were in too much haste to be happy, to throw away my Time in pursuit of a Name I was sure I could never arrive at.

Now the Follies I frankly confess I look upon as in some measure discharged; while those I conceal are still keeping the Account open between me and my Conscience. To me the Fatigue of being upon a continual Guard to hide them is more than the Reputation of being without them can repay. If this be Weakness, *defendit numerus*, I have such comfortable Numbers on my side, that were all Men to blush that are not Wise, I am afraid, in Ten, Nine Parts of the World ought to be out of Countenance: But since that sort of Modesty is what they don't care to come into, why should I be afraid of being

stared at for not being particular? Or if the Particularity lies in owning my Weakness, will my wisest Reader be so inhuman as not to pardon it? But if there should be such a one, let me at least beg him to show me that strange Man who is perfect! Is any one more unhappy, more ridiculous, than he who is always laboring to be thought so, or that is impatient when he is not thought so? Having brought myself to be easy under whatever the World may say of my Undertaking, you may still ask me why I give myself all this trouble? Is it for Fame, or Profit to myself, or Use or Delight to others? For all these Considerations I have neither Fondness nor Indifference: If I obtain none of them, the Amusement, at worst, will be a Reward that must constantly go along with the Labor. But behind all this there is something inwardly inciting, which I cannot express in few Words; I must therefore a little make bold with your Patience.

A Man who has passed above Forty Years of his Life upon a Theater, where he has never appeared to be Himself, may have naturally excited the Curiosity of his Spectators to know what he really was when in nobody's Shape but his own; and whether he, who by his Profession had so long been ridiculing his Benefactors, might not, when the Coat of his Profession was off, deserve to be laughed at himself; or from his being often seen in the most flagrant and immoral Characters, whether he might not see as great a Rogue when he looked into the Glass himself as when he held it to others. . . .

I was born in London, on the 6th of November, 1671, in Southampton Street, facing Southampton-House. My Father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, was a Native of Holstein, who came into England some time before the Restoration of King Charles II. to follow his Profession, which was that of a Statuary, etc. The Basso Relievo on the Pedestal of the Great Column in the City, and the two Figures of the Lunaticks, the Raving and the Melancholy, over the Gates of Bethlehem Hospital, are no ill Monuments of his Fame as an Artist. My Mother was the Daughter of William Colley, Esq.; of a very ancient Family of Glaiston in Rutlandshire, where she was born. My Mother's Brother, Edward Colley, Esq. (who gave me my Christian Name), being the last Heir Male of it, the Family is now extinct. . . .

In the Year 1682, at little more than Ten Years of Age, I was sent to the Free-School of Grantham in Lincolnshire, where

I stayed till I got through it, from the lowest Form to the uppermost. And such Learning as that School could give me is the most I pretend to (which, though I have not utterly forgot, I cannot say I have much improved by Study), but even there I remember I was the same inconsistent Creature I have been ever since! always in full Spirits, in some small Capacity to do right, but in a more frequent Alacrity to do wrong; and consequently often under a worse Character than I wholly deserved. A giddy Negligence always possessed me, and so much, that I remember I was once whipped for my Theme, though my Master told me, at the same time, what was good of it was better than any Boy's in the Form. And (whatever Shame it may be to own it) I have observed the same odd Fate has frequently attended the course of my later Conduct in Life. The unskillful openness, or in plain Terms, the Indiscretion I have always acted with from my Youth, has drawn more ill-will towards me, than Men of worse Morals and more Wit might have met with. My Ignorance and want of Jealousy of Mankind has been so strong, that it is with Reluctance I even yet believe any Person I am acquainted with can be capable of Envy, Malice, or Ingratitude: And to show you what a Mortification it was to me, in my very boyish Days, to find myself mistaken, give me leave to tell you a School Story.

A great Boy, near the Head taller than myself, in some wrangle at Play had insulted me; upon which I was foolhardy enough to give him a Box on the Ear; the Blow was soon returned with another that brought me under him and at his Mercy. Another Lad, whom I really loved and thought a good-natured one, cried out with some warmth to my Antagonist (while I was down), Beat him, beat him soundly! This so amazed me that I lost all my Spirits to resist, and burst into Tears! When the Fray was over I took my friend aside, and asked him, How he came to be so earnestly against me? To which, with some glouting Confusion, he replied, Because you are always jeering and making a Jest of me to every Boy in the School. Many a Mischief have I brought upon myself by the same Folly in riper Life. Whatever Reason I had to reproach my Companion's declaring against me, I had none to wonder at it while I was so often hurting him: Thus I deserved his Enmity by my not having Sense enough to know I had hurt him; and he hated me because he had not Sense enough to know that I never *intended* to hurt him.

As this is the first remarkable Error of my Life I can recollect, I cannot pass it by without throwing out some further Reflections upon it; whether flat or spirited, new or common, false or true, right or wrong, they will be still my own, and consequently like me; I will therefore boldly go on; for I am only obliged to give you my *own*, and not a *good* Picture, to show as well the Weakness as the Strength of my Understanding. It is not on what I write, but on my Reader's Curiosity I rely to be read through: At worst, though the Impartial may be tired, the Ill-natured (no small number) I know will see the bottom of me.

What I observed then, upon my having undesignedly provoked my School-Friend into an Enemy, is a common Case in Society; Errors of this kind often sour the Blood of Acquaintance into an inconceivable Aversion, where it is little suspected. It is not enough to say of your Raillery that you intended no offense; if the Person you offer it to has either a wrong Head, or wants a Capacity to make that Distinction, it may have the same effect as the Intention of the grossest Injury: And in reality, if you know his Parts are too slow to return it in kind, it is a vain and idle Inhumanity, and sometimes draws the Aggressor into difficulties not easily got out of: Or to give the Case more scope, suppose your Friend may have a passive Indulgence for your Mirth, if you find him silent at it, though you were as intrepid as Cæsar, there can be no excuse for your not leaving it off. When you are conscious that your Antagonist can give as well as take, then indeed the smarter the Hit the more agreeable the Party: A Man of cheerful Sense among Friends will never be grave upon an Attack of this kind, but rather thank you that you have given him a Right to be even with you: There are few Men (though they may be Masters of both) that on such occasions had not rather show their Parts than their Courage, and the Preference is just; a Bull-Dog may have one, and only a Man can have the other. Thus it happens that in the coarse Merriment of common People, when the Jest begins to swell into Earnest; for want of this Election you may observe, he that has least wit generally gives the first Blow. Now, as among the Better sort, a readiness of Wit is not always a Sign of intrinsick Merit; so the want of that readiness is no Reproach to a Man of plain Sense and Civility, who therefore (methinks) should never have these lengths of Liberty taken with him. Wit there becomes absurd, if not

insolent; ill-natured I am sure it is, which Imputation a generous Spirit will always avoid, for the same Reason that a Man of real Honor will never send a Challenge to a Cripple. The inward Wounds that are given by the inconsiderate Insults of Wit to those that want it, are as dangerous as those given by Oppression to Inferiors; as long in healing, and perhaps never forgiven. There is besides (and little worse than this) a mutual Grossness in Raillery that sometimes is more painful to the Hearers that are not concerned in it than to the Persons engaged. I have seen a couple of these clumsy Combatants drub one another with as little Manners or Mercy as if they had two Flails in their Hands; Children at Play with Case-knives could not give you more Apprehension of their doing one another a Mischief. And yet, when the Contest has been over, the Boobys have looked round them for Approbation, and upon being told they were admirably well matched have sat down (bedaubed as they were) contented at making it a drawn Battle. . . .

To get through the necessary Cares of Life with a Train of Pleasures at our Heels in vain calling after us, to give a constant Preference to the Business of the Day, and yet be able to laugh while we are about it, to make even Society the subservient Reward of it, is a State of Happiness which the gravest Precepts of moral Wisdom will not easily teach us to exceed. When I speak of Happiness, I go no higher than that which is contained in the World we now tread upon; and when I speak of Laughter, I don't simply mean that which every Oaf is capable of, but that which has its sensible Motive and proper Season. When I look into my present Self, and afterwards cast my Eye round all my Hopes, I don't see any one Pursuit of them that should so reasonably rouse me out of a Nod in my Great Chair, as a call to those agreeable Parties I have sometimes the Happiness to mix with, where I always assert the equal Liberty of leaving them, when my Spirits have done their best with them.

Now, Sir, as I have been making my way for above Forty Years through a Crowd of Cares (all which, by the Favor of Providence, I have honestly got rid of), is it a time of Day for me to leave off these Fooleries, and to set up a new Character? Can it be worth my while to waste my Spirits, to bake my Blood, with serious Contemplations, and perhaps impair my Health, in the fruitless Study of advancing myself into the

better Opinion of those very — very few Wise Men that are as old as I am? No, the Part I have acted in real Life shall be all of a Piece, —

> . . . Servetur ad imum,
> Qualis ab incepto processerit. (Horace.)

I will not go out of my Character by straining to be wiser than I *can* be, or by being more affectedly pensive than I *need* be; whatever I am, Men of Sense will know me to be, put on what Disguise I will; I can no more put off my Follies than my Skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me: nor am I sure my Friends are displeased with them; for, besides that in this Light I afford them frequent matter of Mirth, they may possibly be less uneasy at their *own* Foibles when they have so old a Precedent to keep them in Countenance: Nay, there are some frank enough to confess they envy what they laugh at; and when I have seen others, whose Rank and Fortune have laid a sort of Restraint upon their Liberty of pleasing their Company by pleasing themselves, I have said softly to myself, — Well, there is some Advantage in having neither Rank nor Fortune! Not but there are among them a third Sort, who have the particular Happiness of unbending into the very Wantonness of Good-humor without depreciating their Dignity; He that is not Master of that Freedom, let his Condition be never so exalted, must still want something to come up to the Happiness of his Inferiors who enjoy it. If Socrates could take pleasure in playing at *Even or Odd* with his Children, or Agesilaus divert himself in riding the Hobby-horse with them, am I obliged to be as eminent as either of them before I am as frolicsome? If the Emperor Adrian, near his death, could play with his very Soul, his Animula, &c., and regret that it could be no longer companionable; if Greatness at the same time was not the Delight he was so loth to part with, sure then these cheerful Amusements I am contending for must have no inconsiderable share in our Happiness; he that does not choose to live his own way, suffers others to choose for him. Give me the Joy I always took in the End of an old Song, —

> My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me!

If I can please myself with my own Follies, have not I a plentiful Provision for Life? If the World thinks me a

Trifler, I don't desire to break in upon their Wisdom; let them call me any Fool but an Uncheerful one; I live as I write; while my Way amuses me, it's as well as I wish it; when another writes better, I can like him too, though he should not like me. Not our great Imitator of Horace himself can have more Pleasure in writing his Verses than I have in reading them, though I sometimes find myself there (as Shakespeare terms it) *dispraisingly* spoken of: If he is a little free with me, I am generally in good Company, he is as blunt with my Betters; so that even here I might laugh in my turn. My Superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible: I look upon my Follies as the best part of my Fortune, and am more concerned to be a good Husband of Them, than of That; nor do I believe I shall ever be rhymed out of them. And, if I don't mistake, I am supported in my way of thinking by Horace himself, who, in excuse of a loose Writer, says: —

> Prætulerim scriptor delirus, inersque videri,
> Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
> Quam sapere, et ringi . . .

which, to speak of myself as a loose Philosopher, I have thus ventured to imitate: —

> Me, while my laughing Follies can deceive,
> Blest in the dear Delirium let me live,
> Rather than wisely know my Wants and grieve.

We had once a merry Monarch of our own, who thought cheerfulness so valuable a Blessing, that he would have quitted one of his Kingdoms where he could not enjoy it; where, among many other Conditions they had tied him to, his sober Subjects would not suffer him to laugh on a Sunday; and though this might not be the avowed Cause of his Elopement, I am not sure, had he had no other, that this alone might not have served his turn; at least, he has my hearty Approbation either way; for had I been under the same Restriction, though my staying were to have made me his Successor, I should rather have chosen to follow him.

DICK TURPIN'S ESCAPE.

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "Rookwood.")

[William Harrison Ainsworth, English novelist, was born in Manchester, February 4, 1805. Designed for a lawyer, he married a publisher's daughter, was himself a publisher for a short time, and after some magazine work made a hit with "Rookwood" (1834). Of some forty novels the best known besides the above are: "Crichton" (1837), "Jack Sheppard" (1839), "The Tower of London" (1840), "Old St. Paul's" (1841), "Guy Fawkes" (1841), "The Miser's Daughter" (1842), "Windsor Castle" (1843), "St. James's" (1844), and "Lancashire Witches" (1848). He died January 3, 1882.]

I.

Arrived at the brow of the hill, whence such a beautiful view of the country surrounding the metropolis is obtained, Turpin turned for an instant to reconnoiter his pursuers. Coates and Titus he utterly disregarded; but Paterson was a more formidable foe, and he well knew that he had to deal with a man of experience and resolution. It was then, for the first time, that the thoughts of executing his extraordinary ride to York first flashed across him; his bosom throbbed high with rapture, and he involuntarily exclaimed aloud, as he raised himself in the saddle, "By God! I will do it!"

He took one last look at the great Babel that lay buried in a world of trees beneath him; and as his quick eye ranged over the magnificent prospect, lit up by that gorgeous sunset, he could not help thinking of Tom King's last words. "Poor fellow!" thought Dick, "he said truly. He will never see another sunset." Aroused by the approaching clatter of his pursuers, Dick struck into a lane which lies on the right of the road, now called Shoot-up-hill Lane, and set off at a good pace in the direction of Hampstead.

"Now," cried Paterson, "put your tits to it, my boys. We must not lose sight of him for a second in these lanes."

Accordingly, as Turpin was by no means desirous of inconveniencing his mare at this early stage of the business, and as the ground was still upon an ascent, the parties preserved their relative distances.

At length, after various twistings and turnings in that deep and devious lane; after scaring one or two farmers, and riding over a brood or two of ducks; dipping into the verdant valley

of West End, and ascending another hill, Turpin burst upon the gorsy, sandy, and beautiful heath of Hampstead. Shaping his course to the left, Dick then made for the lower part of the heath, and skirted a part that leads towards North End, passing the furze-crowned summit, which is now crested by a clump of lofty pines.

It was here that the chase first assumed a character of interest. Being open ground, the pursued and pursuers were in full view of each other; and as Dick rode swiftly across the heath, with the shouting trio hard at his heels, the scene had a very animated appearance. He crossed the hill — the Hendon road — passed Crackskull Common — and dashed along the crossroad to Highgate.

Hitherto no advantage had been gained by the pursuers; they had not lost ground, but still they had not gained an inch, and much spurring was required to maintain their position. As they approached Highgate, Dick slackened his pace, and the other party redoubled their efforts. To avoid the town, Dick struck into a narrow path at the right, and rode easily down the hill.

His pursuers were now within a hundred yards, and shouted to him to stand. Pointing to a gate which seemed to bar their further progress, Dick unhesitatingly charged it, clearing it in beautiful style. Not so with Coates' party; and the time they lost in unfastening the gate, which none of them chose to leap, enabled Dick to put additional space betwixt them. It did not, however, appear to be his intention altogether to outstrip his pursuers; the chase seemed to give him excitement, which he was willing to prolong, as much as was consistent with his safety. Scudding rapidly past Highgate, like a swift-sailing schooner, with three lumbering Indiamen in her wake, Dick now took the lead along a narrow lane that threads the fields in the direction of Hornsey. The shouts of his followers had brought others to join them, and as he neared Crouch End, traversing the lane which takes its name from Du Val, and in which a house, frequented by that gayest of robbers, stands, or stood, "A highwayman! a highwayman!" rang in his ears, in a discordant chorus of many voices.

The whole neighborhood was alarmed by the cries, and by the tramp of horses; the men of Hornsey rushed into the road to seize the fugitive; and women held up their babes to catch a glimpse of the flying cavalcade, which seemed to gain number

and animation as it advanced. Suddenly three horsemen appear in the road; they hear the uproar and the din. "A highwayman! a highwayman!" cry the voices: "stop him, stop him!" But it is no such easy matter. With a pistol in each hand, and his bridle in his teeth, Turpin passed boldly on. His fierce looks — his furious steed — the impetus with which he pressed forward, bore down all before him. The horsemen gave way, and only served to swell the list of his pursuers.

"We have him now! we have him now!" cried Paterson, exultingly. "Shout for your lives. The turnpike man will hear us. Shout again — again! The fellow has heard it. The gate is shut. We have him. Ha! ha!"

The old Hornsey toll bar was a high gate, with *chevaux-de-frise* in the upper rail. It may be so still. The gate was swung into its lock, and like a tiger in his lair, the prompt custodian of the turnpike trusts, ensconced within his doorway, held himself in readiness to spring upon the runaway. But Dick kept steadily on. He coolly calculated the height of the gate; he looked to the right and to the left; nothing better offered; he spoke a few words of encouragement to Bess; gently patted her neck; then struck spurs into her sides, and cleared the spikes by an inch. Out rushed the amazed turnpike man, thus unmercifully bilked, and was nearly trampled to death under the feet of Paterson's horse.

"Open the gate, fellow, and be expeditious," shouted the chief constable.

"Not I," said the man, sturdily, "unless I get my dues. I've been done once already. But strike me stupid if I'm done a second time."

"Don't you perceive that's a highwayman? Don't you know that I'm chief constable of Westminster?" said Paterson, showing his staff. "How dare you oppose me in the discharge of my duty?"

"That may be, or it may not be," said the man, doggedly. "But you don't pass, unless I gets the blunt, and that's the long and short on it."

Amidst a storm of oaths Coates flung down a crown piece, and the gate was thrown open.

Turpin took advantage of this delay to breathe his mare; and, striking into a by-lane at Duckett's Green, cantered easily along in the direction of Tottenham. Little repose was allowed him. Yelling like a pack of hounds in full cry, his pur-

suers were again at his heels. He had now to run the gantlet of the long straggling town of Tottenham, and various were the devices of the populace to entrap him. The whole place was up in arms, shouting, screaming, running, dancing, and hurling every possible description of missile at the horse and her rider. Dick merrily responded to their clamor as he flew past, and laughed at the brickbats that were showered thick as hail, and quite as harmlessly, around him.

A few more miles' hard riding tired the volunteers, and before the chase reached Edmonton most of the men were "*nowhere.*" Here fresh relays were gathered, and a strong field was again mustered. John Gilpin himself could not have excited more astonishment among the good folks of Edmonton, than did our highwayman as he galloped through their town. Unlike the men of Tottenham, the mob received him with acclamations, thinking, no doubt, that, like "the citizen of famous London Town," he rode for a wager. Presently, however, borne on the wings of the blast, came the cries of "Turpin! Dick Turpin!" and the hurrahs were changed to hootings; but such was the rate at which our highwayman rode, that no serious opposition could be offered to him.

A man in a donkey cart, unable to get out of the way, drew himself up in the middle of the road. Turpin treated him as he had done the *dub* at the *knapping jigger*, and cleared the driver and his little wain with ease. This was a capital stroke, and well adapted to please the multitude, who are ever taken with a brilliant action. "Hark away, Dick!" resounded on all hands, while hisses were as liberally bestowed upon his pursuers.

II.

Away they fly past scattered cottages, swiftly and skimmingly, like eagles on the wing, along the Enfield highway. All were well mounted, and the horses, now thoroughly warmed, had got into their paces, and did their work beautifully. None of Coates' party lost ground; but they maintained it at the expense of their steeds, which were streaming like water carts, while Black Bess had scarcely turned a hair.

Turpin, the reader already knows, was a crack rider; he was *the* crack rider of England of his time, and, perhaps, of any time. The craft and mystery of jockeyship was not then so well understood in the eighteenth as it is in the nineteenth century; men treated their horses differently; and few rode

then as well as many ride now, when every youngster takes to the field as naturally as if he had been bred a Guacho. Dick Turpin was a glorious exception to the rule, and anticipated a later age. He rode wonderfully lightly, yet sat his saddle to perfection; distributing the weight so exquisitely, that his horse scarcely felt his pressure; he yielded to every movement made by the animal, and became, as it were, part and parcel of itself; he took care Bess should be neither strained nor wrung. Freely, and as lightly as a feather, was she borne along; beautiful was it to see her action: to watch her style and temper of covering the ground; and many a first-rate Meltonian might have got a wrinkle from Turpin's seat and conduct.

We have before stated that it was not Dick's object to *ride away* from his pursuers; he could have done that at any moment. He liked the fun of the chase, and would have been sorry to put a period to his own excitement. Confident in his mare, he just kept her at such speed as should put his pursuers completely *to it*, without in the slightest degree inconveniencing himself. Some judgment of the speed at which they went may be formed when we state that little better than an hour had elapsed, and nearly twenty miles had been ridden over. "Not bad traveling that," methinks we hear the reader exclaim.

"By the mother that bore me," said Titus, as they went along in this slapping style — Titus, by the by, rode a big, Roman-nosed, powerful horse, well adapted to his weight, but which required a plentiful exercise both of leg and arm to call forth all his action, and keep his rider alongside his companions — "by the mother that bore me," said he, almost thumping the wind out of his flea-bitten Bucephalus with his calves, after the Irish fashion, "if the fellow isn't lighting his pipe! I saw the sparks fly on each side of him, and there he goes like a smoky chimney on a frosty morning! See, he turns his impudent phiz, with the pipe in his mouth! Are we to stand that, Mr. Coates?"

"Wait awhile, sir; wait awhile," said Coates: "we'll smoke *him* by and by."

Pæans have been sung in honor of the Peons of the Pampas by the *Head*long Sir Francis; but what the gallant major extols so loudly in the South American horseman, viz., the lighting of a cigar when in mid career, was accomplished with equal ease by our English highwayman a hundred years ago, nor was it esteemed by him any extravagant feat either. Flint,

steel, and tinder were bestowed within Dick's ample pouch; the short pipe was at hand; and within a few seconds there was a stream of vapor exhaling from his lips, like the smoke from a steamboat shooting down the river, and tracking his still rapid course through the air.

"I'll let 'em see what I think of 'em!" said Dick, coolly, as he turned his head.

It was now gray twilight. The mists of coming night were weaving a thin curtain over the rich surrounding landscape. All the sounds and hum of that delicious hour were heard, broken only by the regular clatter of the horses' hoofs. Tired of shouting, the chasers now kept on their way in deep silence. Each man held his breath, and plunged his spurs rowel-deep into his horse; but the animals were already at the top of their speed, and incapable of greater exertion. Paterson, who was a hard rider, and perhaps a thought better mounted, kept the lead. The rest followed as they might.

Had it been undisturbed by the rush of the cavalcade, the scene would have been still and soothing. Overhead, a cloud of rooks were winging their garrulous flight to the ancestral avenue of an ancient mansion to the right; the bat was on the wing; the distant lowing of a herd of kine saluted the ear at intervals; the blithe whistle of the rustic herdsman, and the merry chime of wagon bells, rang pleasantly from afar. But these cheerful sounds, which make the still twilight hour delightful, were lost in the tramp of the horsemen, now three abreast. The hind fled to the hedge for shelter; and the wagoner pricked up his ears, and fancied he heard the distant rumbling of an earthquake.

On rushed the pack, whipping, spurring, tugging, for very life. Again they gave voice, in hopes the wagoner might succeed in stopping the fugitive. But Dick was already by his side. "Harkee, my tulip," cried he, taking the pipe from his mouth as he passed, "tell my friends behind they will hear of me at York."

"What did he say?" asked Paterson, coming up the next moment.

"That you'll find him at York," replied the wagoner.

"At York!" echoed Coates, in amaze.

Turpin was now out of sight; and although our trio flogged with might and main, they could never catch a glimpse of him until, within a short distance of Ware, they beheld him

at the door of a little public house, standing with his bridle in his hand, coolly quaffing a tankard of ale. No sooner were they in sight than Dick vaulted into the saddle, and rode off.

"Devil seize you, sir! why didn't you stop him?" exclaimed Paterson, as he rode up. "My horse is dead lame. I cannot go any further. Do you know what a prize you have missed? Do you know who that was?"

"No, sir, I don't," said the publican. "But I know he gave his mare more ale than he took himself, and he has given me a guinea instead of a shilling. He's a regular good 'un."

"A good 'un!" said Paterson; "it was Turpin, the notorious highwayman. We are in pursuit of him. Have you any horses? Our cattle are all blown."

"You'll find the posthouse in the town, gentlemen. I'm sorry I can't accommodate you. But I keeps no stabling. I wish you a very good evening, sir." Saying which the publican retreated to his domicile.

"That's a flash crib, I'll be bound," said Paterson. "I'll chalk you down, my friend, you may rely upon it. Thus far we're done, Mr. Coates. But curse me if I give in. I'll follow him to the world's end first."

"Right, sir; right," said the attorney. "A very proper spirit, Mr. Constable. You would be guilty of neglecting your duty were you to act otherwise. You must recollect my father, Mr. Paterson; Christopher, or Kit Coates; a name as well known at the Old Bailey as Jonathan Wild's. You recollect him — eh?"

"Perfectly well, sir," replied the chief constable.

"The greatest thief taker, though I say it," continued Coates, "on record. I inherit all his zeal — all his ardor. Come along, sir. We shall have a fine moon in an hour — bright as day. To the posthouse! to the posthouse!"

Accordingly to the posthouse they went; and, with as little delay as circumstances admitted, fresh hacks being procured, accompanied by a postilion, the party again pursued their onward course, encouraged to believe they were still in the right scent.

Night had now spread her mantle over the earth; still it was not wholly dark. A few stars were twinkling in the deep, cloudless heavens, and a pearly radiance in the eastern horizon heralded the rising of the orb of night. A gentle breeze was stirring; the dews of evening had already fallen; and the air felt bland and dry. It was just the night one would have

chosen for a ride, if one ever rode by choice at such an hour; and to Turpin, whose chief excursions were conducted by night, it appeared little less than heavenly.

Full of ardor and excitement, determined to execute what he had mentally undertaken, Turpin held on his solitary course. Everything was favorable to his project: the roads were in admirable condition, his mare was in like order; she was inured to hard work, had rested sufficiently in town to recover from the fatigue of her recent journey, and had never been in more perfect training. "She has now got her wind in her," said Dick; "I'll see what she can do — hark away, lass, hark away! I wish they could see her now," added he, as he felt her almost fly away with him.

Encouraged by her master's voice and hand, Black Bess started forward at a pace which few horses could have equaled, and scarcely any have sustained so long. Even Dick, accustomed as he was to her magnificent action, felt electrified at the speed with which he was borne along. "Bravo! bravo!" shouted he; "hark away, Bess!"

The deep and solemn woods through which they were rushing rang with his shouts and the sharp rattle of Bess' hoofs; and thus he held his way, while, in the words of the ballad: —

Fled past, on right and left, how fast,
Each forest, grove, and bower;
On right and left, fled past, how fast,
Each city, town, and tower.

III.

Black Bess being undoubtedly the heroine of the Fourth Book of this romance, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for here expatiating a little in this place upon her birth, parentage, breeding, appearance, and attractions. And first as to her pedigree; for in the horse, unlike the human species, nature has strongly impressed the noble or ignoble caste. He is the real aristocrat, and the pure blood that flows in the veins of the gallant steed will infallibly be transmitted, if his mate be suitable, throughout all his line. Bess was no *cocktail*. She was thoroughbred; she boasted blood in every bright and branching vein: —

If blood can give nobility
A noble steed was she;

Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,
And all her pedigree.

As to her pedigree. Her sire was a desert Arab, renowned in his day, and brought to this country by a wealthy traveler; her dam was an English racer, coal black as her child. Bess united all the fire and gentleness, the strength and hardihood, the abstinence and endurance of fatigue of the one, with the spirit and extraordinary fleetness of the other. How Turpin became possessed of her is of little consequence. We never heard that he paid a heavy price for her, though we doubt if any sum would have induced him to part with her. In color, she was perfectly black, with a skin smooth on the surface as polished jet; not a single white hair could be detected in her satin coat. In make, she was magnificent. Every point was perfect, beautiful, compact; modeled, in little, for strength and speed. Arched was her neck, as that of the swan; clean and fine were her lower limbs, as those of the gazelle; round and sound as a drum was her carcass, and as broad as a cloth-yard shaft her width of chest. Hers were the "*pulchræ clunes, breve caput, arduaque cervix*," of the Roman bard. There was no redundancy of flesh, 'tis true; her flanks might, to please some tastes, have been rounder, and her shoulder fuller; but look at the nerve and sinew, palpable through the veined limbs! She was built more for strength than beauty, and yet she *was* beautiful. Look at that elegant little head; those thin tapering ears, closely placed together; that broad snorting nostril, which seems to snuff the gale with disdain; that eye, glowing and large as the diamond of Giamschid! Is she not beautiful? Behold her paces! how gracefully she moves! She is off! — no eagle on the wing could skim the air more swiftly. Is she not superb? As to her temper, the lamb is not more gentle. A child might guide her.

But hark back to Turpin. We left him rattling along in superb style, and in the highest possible glee. He could not, in fact, be otherwise than exhilarated, nothing being so wildly intoxicating as a mad gallop. We seem to start out of ourselves — to be endued, for the time, with new energies. Our thoughts take wings rapid as our steed. We feel as if his fleetness and boundless impulses were for the moment our own. We laugh; we exult; we shout for very joy. We cry out with Mephistopheles, but in anything but a sardonic mood.

"What I enjoy with spirit, is it the less my own on that account? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I drive along, and am a proper man, as if I had four and twenty legs!" . . .

IV.

The night had hitherto been balmy and beautiful, with a bright array of stars, and a golden harvest moon, which seemed to diffuse even warmth with its radiance; but now Turpin was approaching the region of fog and fen, and he began to feel the influence of that dank atmosphere. The intersecting dikes, yawners, gullies, or whatever they are called, began to send forth their steaming vapors, and chilled the soft and wholesome air, obscuring the void, and in some instances, as it were, choking up the road itself with vapor. But fog or fen was the same to Bess; her hoofs rattled merrily along the road, and she burst from a cloud, like Eöus at the break of dawn.

It chanced, as he issued from a fog of this kind, that Turpin burst upon the York stagecoach. It was no uncommon thing for the coach to be stopped; and so furious was the career of our highwayman, that the man involuntarily drew up his horses. Turpin had also to draw in the rein, a task of no little difficulty, as charging a huge lumbering coach, with its full complement of passengers, was more than even Bess could accomplish. The moon shone brightly on Turpin and his mare. He was unmasked, and his features were distinctly visible. An exclamation was uttered by a gentleman on the box, who it appeared instantly recognized him.

"Pull up — draw your horses across the road!" cried the gentleman; "that's Dick Turpin, the highwayman. His capture would be worth three hundred pounds to you," added he, addressing the coachman, "and is of equal importance to me. Stand!" shouted he, presenting a cocked pistol.

This resolution of the gentleman was not apparently agreeable, either to the coachman or the majority of the passengers, the name of Turpin acting like magic upon them. One man jumped off behind, and was with difficulty afterwards recovered, having tumbled into a deep ditch at the roadside. An old gentleman with a cotton nightcap, who had popped out his head to swear at the coachman, drew it suddenly back. A faint scream in a female key issued from within, and there was a considerable hubbub on the roof. Amongst other ominous sounds,

the guard was heard to click his long horse pistols. "Stop the York four-day stage!" said he, forcing his smoky voice through a world of throat-embracing shawl; "the fastest coach in the kingdom: vos ever sich atrocity heard of? I say, Joe, keep them ere leaders steady; we shall all be in the ditch. Don't you see where the hind wheels are? Who — whoop, I say."

The gentleman on the box now discharged his pistol, and the confusion within was redoubled. The white nightcap was popped out like a rabbit's head, and as quickly popped back on hearing the highwayman's voice. Owing to the plunging of the horses, the gentleman had missed his aim.

Prepared for such emergencies as the present, and seldom at any time taken aback, Dick received the fire without flinching. He then lashed the horses out of his course, and rode up, pistol in hand, to the gentleman who had fired.

"Major Mowbray," said he, in a stern tone, "I know you. I meant not either to assault you or these gentlemen. Yet you have attempted my life, sir, a second time. But you are now in my power, and by hell! if you do not answer the questions I put to you, nothing earthly shall save you."

"If you ask aught I may not answer, fire!" said the major; "I will never ask life from such as you."

"Have you seen aught of Sir Luke Rookwood?" asked Dick.

"The villain you mean is not yet secured," replied the major, "but we have traces of him. 'Tis with the view of procuring more efficient assistance that I ride to town."

"They have not met then since?" said Dick, carelessly.

"Met! whom do you mean?"

"Your sister and Sir Luke," said Dick.

"My sister meet him!" cried the major, angrily; "think you he dare show himself at Rookwood?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Dick; "she *is* at Rookwood, then? A thousand thanks, major. Good night to you, gentlemen."

"Take that with you, and remember the guard," cried the fellow, who, unable to take aim from where he sat, had crept along the coach roof, and discharged thence one of his large horse pistols at what he took to be the highwayman's head, but which, luckily for Dick, was his hat, which he had raised to salute the passengers.

"Remember you?" said Dick, coolly replacing his perforated beaver on his brow; "you may rely upon it, my fine fellow, I'll not forget you the next time we meet."

And off he went like the breath of the whirlwind.

V.

Dick Turpin, meanwhile, held bravely on his course. Bess was neither strained by her gliding passage down the slippery hillside, nor shaken by *larking* the fence in the meadow. As Dick said, "It took a devilish deal to take it out of her." On regaining the highroad she resumed her old pace, and once more they were distancing Time's swift chariot in its whirling passage o'er the earth. Stamford, and the tongue of Lincoln's fenny shire, upon which it is situated, are passed almost in a breath. Rutland is won and passed, and Lincolnshire once more entered. The road now verged within a bowshot of that sporting Athens (Corinth, perhaps, we should say), Melton Mowbray. Melton was then unknown to fame, but, as if inspired by that *furor venaticus* which now inspires all who come within twenty miles of this Charybdis of the chase, Bess here *let out* in a style with which it would have puzzled the best Leicestershire squire's best prad to have kept pace. The spirit she imbibed through the pores of her skin, and the juices of the meat she had champed, seemed to have communicated preternatural excitement to her. Her pace was absolutely terrific. Her eyeballs were dilated, and glowed like flaming carbuncles; while her widely distended nostril seemed, in the cold moonshine, to snort forth smoke, as from a hidden fire. Fain would Turpin have controlled her; but, without bringing into play all his tremendous nerve, no check could be given her headlong course, and for once, and the only time in her submissive career, Bess resolved to have her own way — and she had it. Like a sensible fellow, Dick conceded the point. There was something even of conjugal philosophy in his self-communion upon the occasion. "E'en let her take her own way, and be hanged to her, for an obstinate, self-willed jade as she is," said he: "now her back is up there'll be no stopping her, I'm sure: she rattles away like a woman's tongue, and when that once begins, we all know what chance the curb has. Best to let her have it out, or rather to lend her a lift. 'Twill be over the sooner. Tantivy, lass! tantivy! I know which of us will tire first." . . .

Time presses. We may not linger in our course. We must fly on before our flying highwayman. Full forty miles shall we pass over in a breath. Two more hours have elapsed, and he still urges his headlong career, with heart resolute as ever, and purpose yet unchanged. Fair Newark and the dashing Trent, "most loved of England's streams," are gathered to

his laurels. Broad Notts, and its heavy paths and sweeping glades; its waste (forest no more) of Sherwood past; bold Robin Hood and his merry men, his Marian and his moonlight rides, recalled, forgotten, left behind. Hurrah! hurrah! That wild halloo, that wavering arm, that enlivening shout — what means it? He is once more upon Yorkshire ground; his horse's hoof beats once more the soil of that noble shire. So transported was Dick that he could almost have flung himself from the saddle to kiss the dust beneath his feet. Thrice fifty miles has he run, nor has the morn yet dawned upon his labors. Hurrah! the end draws nigh; the goal is in view. Halloo! halloo! on!

Bawtrey is past. He takes the lower road by Thorne and Selby. He is skirting the waters of the deep-channeled Don.

Bess now began to manifest some slight symptoms of distress. There was a strain in the carriage of her throat, a dullness in her eye, a laxity in her ear, and a slight stagger in her gait, which Turpin noticed with apprehension. Still she went on, though not at the same gallant pace as heretofore. But, as the tired bird still battles with the blast upon the ocean, as the swimmer still stems the stream, though spent, on went she; nor did Turpin dare to check her, fearing that, if she stopped, she might lose her force, or, if she fell, she would rise no more.

It was now that gray and grimly hour ere one flicker of orange or rose has gemmed the east, and when unwearying nature herself seems to snatch brief repose. In the roar of restless cities, this is the only time when the strife is hushed. Midnight is awake — alive; the streets ring with laughter and with rattling wheels. At the third hour, a dead, deep silence prevails; the loud-voiced streets grow dumb. They are deserted of all, save the few guardians of the night and the skulking robber. But even far removed from the haunts of men and hum of towns it is the same. "Nature's best nurse" seems to weigh nature down, and stillness reigns throughout. Our feelings are, in a great measure, influenced by the hour. Exposed to the raw crude atmosphere, which has neither the nipping, wholesome shrewdness of morn, nor the profound chillness of night, the frame vainly struggles against the dull, miserable sensations engendered by the damps, and at once communicates them to the spirits. Hope forsakes us. We are weary, exhausted. Our energy is dispirited. Sleep does "not weigh our eyelids down." We stare upon the vacancy. We

conjure up a thousand restless, disheartening images. We abandon projects we have formed, and which, viewed through this medium, appear fantastical, chimerical, absurd. We want rest, refreshment, energy.

We will not say that Turpin had all these misgivings. But he had to struggle hard with himself to set sleep and exhaustion at defiance.

The moon had set. The stars,

Pinnacled deep in the intense inane,

had all — save one, the herald of the dawn — withdrawn their luster. A dull mist lay on the stream, and the air became piercing cold. Turpin's chilled fingers could scarcely grasp the slackening rein, while his eyes, irritated by the keen atmosphere, hardly enabled him to distinguish surrounding objects, or even to guide his steed. It was owing, probably, to this latter circumstance, that Bess suddenly floundered and fell, throwing her master over her head.

Turpin instantly recovered himself. His first thought was for his horse. But Bess was instantly upon her legs — covered with dust and foam, sides and cheeks — and with her large eyes glaring wildly, almost piteously, upon her master.

"Art hurt, lass?" asked Dick, as she shook herself, and slightly shivered. And he proceeded to the horseman's scrutiny. "Nothing but a shake; though that dull eye — those quivering flanks ——" added he, looking earnestly at her. "She won't go much further, and I must give it up — what! give up the race just when it's won? No, that can't be. Ha! well thought on. I've a bottle of liquid given me by an old fellow, who was a knowing cove and famous jockey in his day, which he swore would make a horse go as long as he'd a leg to carry him, and bade me keep it for some great occasion. I've never used it: but I'll try it now. It should be in this pocket. Ah! Bess, wench, I fear I'm using thee, after all, as Sir Luke did his mistress, that I thought so like thee. No matter! It will be a glorious end."

Raising her head upon his shoulder, Dick poured the contents of the bottle down the throat of his mare. Nor had he to wait long before its invigorating effects were instantaneous. The fire was kindled in the glassy orb; her crest was once more erected; her flank ceased to quiver; and she neighed loud and joyously.

"Egad, the old fellow was right," cried Dick. "The drink has worked wonders. What the devil could it have been? It smells like spirit," added he, examining the bottle. "I wish I'd left a taste for myself. But here's that will do as well." And he drained his flask of the last drop of brandy.

Dick's limbs were now become so excessively stiff that it was with difficulty he could remount his horse. But this necessary preliminary being achieved by the help of a style, he found no difficulty in resuming his accustomed position upon the saddle. We know not whether there was any likeness between our Turpin and that modern Hercules of the sporting world, Mr. Osbaldeston. Far be it from us to institute any comparison, though we cannot help thinking that, in one particular, he resembled that famous "copper-bottomed" squire. This we will leave to our reader's discrimination. Dick bore his fatigues wonderfully. He suffered somewhat of that martyrdom which, according to Tom Moore, occurs "to weavers and M.P.'s from sitting too long"; but again on his courser's back, he cared not for anything.

Once more, at a gallant pace he traversed the banks of the Don, skirting the fields of flax that bound its sides, and hurried far more swiftly than its current to its confluence with the Aire. . . .

It may not be amiss to inquire how the hawks had flown throughout the night, and whether they were still in chase of their quarry.

With the exception of Titus, who was completely done up at Grantham, "having got," as he said, "a complete bellyful of it," they were still on the wing, and resolved sooner or later to pounce upon their prey, pursuing the same system as heretofore in regard to the post horses. Major Mowbray and Paterson took the lead, but the irascible and invincible attorney was not far in their rear, his wrath having been by no means allayed by the fatigue he had undergone. At Bawtrey they held a council of war for a few minutes, being doubtful which course he had taken. Their incertitude was relieved by a foot traveler, who had heard Dick's loud halloo on passing the boundary of Nottinghamshire, and had seen him take the lower road. They struck, therefore, into the path to Thorne, at a hazard, and were soon satisfied they were right. Furiously did they now spur on. They reached Selby, changed horses at the inn in front of the venerable cathedral church, and learned

from the postboy that a toil-worn horseman, on a jaded steed, had ridden through the town about five minutes before them, and could not be more than a quarter of a mile in advance. "His horse was so dead beat," said the lad, "that I'm sure he cannot have got far; and, if you look sharp, I'll be bound you'll overtake him before he reaches Cawood Ferry."

Mr. Coates was transported. "We'll lodge him snug in York Castle before an hour, Paterson," cried he, rubbing his hands.

"I hope so, sir," said the chief constable, "but I begin to have some qualms."

"Now, gentlemen," shouted the postboy, "come along. I'll soon bring you to him."

VI.

The sun had just o'ertopped the "high eastern hill," as Turpin reached the Ferry of Cawood, and his beams were reflected upon the deep and sluggish waters of the Ouse. Wearily had he dragged his course thither—wearily and slow. The powers of his gallant steed were spent, and he could scarcely keep her from sinking. It was now midway 'twixt the hours of five and six. Nine miles only lay before him, and that thought again revived him. He reached the water's edge, and hailed the ferryboat, which was then on the other side of the river. At that instant a loud shout smote his ear; it was the halloo of his pursuers. Despair was in his look. He shouted to the boatman, and bade him pull fast. The man obeyed; but he had to breast a strong stream, and had a lazy bark and heavy sculls to contend with. He had scarcely left the shore, when another shout was raised from the pursuers.

The tramp of their steeds grew louder and louder.

The boat had scarcely reached the middle of the stream. His captors were at hand. Quietly did he walk down the bank, and as cautiously enter the water. There was a plunge, and steed and rider were swimming down the stream.

Major Mowbray was at the brink of the stream. He hesitated an instant, and stemmed the tide. Seized, as it were, by a mania for equestrian distinction, Mr. Coates braved the torrent. Not so Paterson. He very coolly took out his bulldogs, and, watching Turpin, cast up in his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of shooting him as he was crossing. "I could certainly

hit him," thought, or said, the constable; "but what of that? A dead highwayman is worth nothing — alive, he *weighs* 300*l.* I won't shoot him, but I'll make a pretense." And he fired accordingly.

The shot skimmed over the water, but did not, as it was intended, do much mischief. It, however, occasioned a mishap, which had nearly proved fatal to our aquatic attorney. Alarmed at the report of the pistol, in the nervous agitation of the moment Coates drew in his rein so tightly that his steed instantly sank. A moment or two afterwards he rose, shaking his ears, and floundering heavily towards the shore; and such was the chilling effect of this sudden immersion, that Mr. Coates now thought much more of saving himself than of capturing Turpin. Dick, meanwhile, had reached the opposite bank, and, refreshed by her bath, Bess scrambled up the sides of the stream, and speedily regained the road. "I shall do it, yet," shouted Dick; "that stream has saved her. Hark away, lass! Hark away!"

Bess heard the cheering cry, and she answered to the call. She roused all her energies; strained every sinew; and put forth all her remaining strength. Once more, on wings of swiftness, she bore him away from his pursuers, and Major Mowbray, who had now gained the shore, and made certain of securing him, beheld him spring, like a wounded hare, from beneath his very hand.

"It cannot hold out," said the major; "it is but an expiring flash; that gallant steed must soon drop."

"She be regularly booked, that's certain," said the postboy. "We shall find her on the road."

Contrary to all expectation, however, Bess held on, and set pursuit at defiance. Her pace was swift as when she started. But it was unconscious and mechanical action. It wanted the ease, the lightness, the life, of her former riding. She seemed screwed up to a task which she must execute. There was no flogging, no gory heel; but her heart was throbbing, tugging at the sides within. Her spirit spurred her onwards. Her eye was glazing; her chest heaving; her flank quivering; her crest again fallen. Yet she held on. "She is dying, by God!" said Dick. "I feel it ——" No, she held on.

Fulford is past. The towers and pinnacles of York burst upon him in all the freshness, the beauty, and the glory of a bright, clear, autumnal morn. The ancient city seemed to

smile a welcome — a greeting. The noble Minster and its serene and massive pinnacles, crocketed, lanternlike, and beautiful; Saint Mary's lofty spire, All-Hallows Tower, the massive moldering walls of the adjacent postern, the grim castle, and Clifford's neighboring keep — all beamed upon him, "like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

"It is done — it is won," cried Dick. "Hurrah, hurrah!" And the sunny air was cleft with his shouts.

Bess was not insensible to her master's exultation. She neighed feebly in answer to his call, and reeled forwards. It was a piteous sight to see her, — to mark her staring, protruding eyeball, — her shaking flanks; but, while life and limb held together, she held on.

Another mile is past. York is near.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick; but his voice was hushed. Bess tottered — fell. There was a dreadful gasp — a parting moan — a snort; her eyes gazed, for an instant, upon her master, with a dying glare; then grew glassy, rayless, fixed. A shiver ran through her frame. Her heart had burst.

Dick's eyes were blinded, as if with rain. His triumph, though achieved, was forgotten — his own safety was disregarded. He stood weeping, and swearing, like one beside himself.

"And art thou gone, Bess!" cried he, in a voice of agony, lifting up his courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with blood-flecked foam. "Gone, gone! and I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed! And for what?" added Dick, beating his brow with his clenched hand — "for what? for what?"

At that moment the deep bell of the Minster clock tolled out the hour of six.

"I am answered," gasped Dick; "*it was to hear those strokes!*"

Turpin was roused from the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen by a smart slap on the shoulder. Recalled to himself by the blow, he started at once to his feet, while his hands sought his pistols; but he was spared the necessity of using them, by discovering in the intruder the bearded visage of the gypsy Balthazar. The patrico was habited in mendicant weeds, and sustained a large wallet upon his shoulders.

"So it's all over with the best mare in England, I see," said Balthazar; "I can guess how it has happened — you are pursued!"

"I am," said Dick, roughly.

"Your pursuers are at hand?"

"Within a few hundred yards."

"Then why stay here? Fly while you can."

"Never — never," cried Turpin; "I'll fight it out here by Bess' side. Poor lass! I've killed her — but she has done it — ha! ha! we have won — what!" And his utterance was again choked.

"Hark! I hear the tramp of horses, and shouts," cried the patrico. "Take this wallet. You will find a change of dress within it. Dart into that thick copse — save yourself."

"But Bess — I cannot leave her," exclaimed Dick, with an agonizing look at his horse.

"And what did Bess die for, but to save you?" rejoined the patrico.

"True, true," said Dick; "but take care of her. Don't let those dogs of hell meddle with her carcass."

"Away," cried the patrico; "leave Bess to me."

Possessing himself of the wallet, Dick disappeared in the adjoining copse.

He had not been gone many seconds when Major Mowbray rode up.

"Who is this?" exclaimed the major, flinging himself from his horse, and seizing the patrico: "this is not Turpin."

"Certainly not," replied Balthazar, coolly. "I am not exactly the figure for a highwayman."

"Where is he? what has become of him?" asked Coates, in despair, as he and Paterson joined the major.

"Escaped, I fear," replied the major. "Have you seen any one, fellow?" added he, addressing the patrico.

"I have seen no one," replied Balthazar. "I am only this instant arrived. This dead horse lying in the road attracted my attention."

"Ha!" exclaimed Paterson, leaping from his steed; "this may be Turpin after all. He has as many disguises as the devil himself, and may have carried that goat's hair in his pocket." Saying which, he seized the patrico by the beard, and shook it with as little reverence as the Gaul handled the hirsute chin of the Roman senator.

"The devil! hands off!" roared Balthazar. "By Salamon I won't stand such usage. Do you think a beard like mine is the growth of a few minutes? Hands off, I say."

"Regularly done!" said Paterson, removing his hold of the patrico's chin, and looking as blank as a cartridge.

"Ay," exclaimed Coates; "all owing to this worthless piece of carrion. If it were not that I hope to see him dangling from those walls" (pointing towards the castle), "I should wish her master were by her side now. To the dogs with her." And he was about to spurn the breathless carcass of poor Bess, when a sudden blow, dealt by the patrico's staff, felled him to the ground.

"I'll teach you to molest me," said Balthazar, about to attack Paterson.

"Come, come," said the discomfited chief constable, "no more of this. It's plain we're in the wrong box. Every bone in my body aches sufficiently without the aid of your cudgel, old fellow. Come, Mr. Coates, take my arm, and let's be moving. We've had an infernal long ride for nothing."

"Not so," replied Coates; "I've paid pretty dearly for it. However, let us see if we can get any breakfast at the Bowling Green, yonder; though I've already had my morning draught," added the facetious man of law, looking at his dripping apparel.

"Poor Black Bess!" said Major Mowbray, wistfully regarding the body of the mare, as it lay stretched at his feet. "Thou deservedst a better fate and a better master. In thee Dick Turpin has lost his best friend. His exploits will, henceforth, want the coloring of romance, which thy unfailing energies threw over them. Light lie the ground over thee, thou matchless mare!"

To the Bowling Green the party proceeded, leaving the patrico in undisturbed possession to the lifeless body of Black Bess. Major Mowbray ordered a substantial repast to be prepared with all possible expedition.

A countryman in a smock frock was busily engaged at his morning's meal.

"To see that fellow bolt down his breakfast, one would think he had fasted for a month," said Coates; "see the wholesome effects of an honest, industrious life, Paterson. I envy him his appetite — I should fall to with more zest were Dick Turpin in his place."

The countryman looked up. He was an odd-looking fellow, with a terrible squint, and a strange, contorted countenance.

"An ugly dog!" exclaimed Paterson; "what a devil of a twist he has got!"

"What's that you says about Dick Taarpin, measter?" asked the countryman, with his mouth half full of bread.

"Have you seen aught of him?" asked Coates.

"Not I," mumbled the rustic; "but I hears aw the folk hereabouts talk on him. They say as how he sets all the lawyers and constables at defiance, and laughs in his sleeve at their efforts to cotch him — ha, ha! He gets over more ground in a day than they do in a week — ho, ho!"

"That's all over now," said Coates, peevishly. "He has cut his own throat — ridden his famous mare to death."

The countryman almost choked himself, in the attempt to bolt a huge mouthful. "Ay — indeed, measter! How happened that?" asked he, so soon as he recovered speech.

"The fool rode her from London to York last night," returned Coates; "such a feat was never performed before. What horse could be expected to live through such work as that?"

"Ah, he were a foo' to attempt that," observed the countryman; "but you followed belike?"

"We did."

"And took him arter all, I reckon?" asked the rustic, squinting more horribly than ever.

"No," returned Coates, "I can't say we did; but we'll have him yet. I'm pretty sure he can't be far off. We may be nearer him than we imagine."

"Maybe so, measter," returned the countryman; "but might I be so bold as to ax how many horses you used i' the chase — some half dozen, maybe?"

"Half a dozen!" growled Paterson; "we had twenty at the least."

"And I ONE!" mentally ejaculated Turpin, for he was the countryman.

[NOTE. — While Turpin is genuine, — he was hanged at Tyburn in 1739, — the horse and the ride to York are the invention of that notable Bohemian *littérateur*, William Maginn, the "Morgan Odoherty" of the early *Blackwood's* and the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and the "Captain Shandon" of "Pendennis." Its widespread currency, however, is due to Ainsworth's story.]

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

By THOMAS GRAY.

[Thomas Gray was born in London in 1716; educated at Eton and Cambridge and studied for the bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1741 he published his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1751 his ever-famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." His most ambitious poem is "The Bard," published in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of laureate, vacant by the death of Cibber. In 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. He died July 30, 1771.]

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow,
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below,
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe.
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
  The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate
  And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band!
  Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The sting of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

By THOMAS GRAY.

Lo! WHERE the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'ercanopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:—
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

CHARACTER OF A METHODIST.

By JOHN WESLEY.

[JOHN WESLEY: The founder of Methodism; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17, 1703 (o.s.); died March 2, 1791. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, was ordained a deacon in 1725; became a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and was ordained a priest in 1728. In 1729 he became leader of the Holy Club at Oxford. In 1735 he joined General Oglethorpe's expedition to Georgia and remained there until 1738, associating much with the Moravians. After his return he devoted his life to evangelical work, preaching, it is said, more than 40,500 sermons. He published the following volumes: "Primitive Physic" (1747), "Explanatory Notes on the New Testament" (1755), "Doctrine of Original Sin" (1757), "Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation" (1763), "Notes on the Old and New Testaments" (1764), "Preservative against Unsettled Notions in Religion" (1770), and "A Calm Address to Our American Colonies" (1775).]

1. THE distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or that scheme of religion, his embracing any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man or of another, are all quite wide of the point. Whosoever, therefore, imagines, that a Methodist is a man of such or such an opinion, is grossly ignorant of the whole affair; he mistakes the truth totally. We believe, indeed, that all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God; and herein we are distinguished from Jews, Turks, and Infidels. We believe the written word of God to be the *only and sufficient* rule, both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Romish church. We believe Christ to be the eternal, supreme God; and herein we are distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

2. Neither are *words* or *phrases* of any sort. We do not place our religion, or any part of it, in being attached to any peculiar mode of speaking, any quaint or uncommon set of expressions. The most obvious, easy, common words, wherein our meaning can be conveyed, we prefer before others, both on ordinary occasions, and when we speak of the things of God. We never, therefore, willingly or designedly deviate from the most usual way of speaking; unless when we express Scripture

truths in Scripture words (which we presume no Christian will condemn). Neither do we affect to use any particular expressions of Scripture more frequently than others, unless they are such as are more frequently used by the inspired writers themselves. So that it is as gross an error to place the marks of a Methodist in his *words* as in *opinions* of any sort.

3. Nor do we desire to be distinguished by actions, customs, or usages, of an *indifferent* nature. Our religion does not lie in doing what God has not enjoined, or abstaining from what he hath not forbidden. It does not lie in the form of our apparel, in the posture of our body, or the covering of our heads; nor yet in abstaining from marriage, or from meats and drinks, which are all good if received with thanksgiving. Therefore neither will any man who knows whereof he affirms, fix the mark of a Methodist here; in any actions or customs purely indifferent, undetermined by the Word of God.

4. Nor, lastly, is he distinguished by laying the *whole stress* of religion on any single part of it. If you say, "Yes, he is, for he thinks we are saved by faith alone." I answer, you do not understand the terms. By salvation he means holiness of heart and life. And this he affirms to spring from true faith alone. Can even a nominal Christian deny it? Is this placing a part of religion for the whole? Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid! Yea, we establish the law. We do not place the whole of religion (as too many do, God knoweth) either in doing no harm or in doing good, or in using the ordinances of God. No, not in all of them together, wherein we know by experience a man may labor many years, and at the end have no true religion at all, no more than he had at the beginning. Much less in any one of these; or, it may be in a scrap of one of them: like her who fancies herself a *virtuous* woman, only because she is not a prostitute; or him who dreams he is an *honest* man, merely because he does not rob or steal. May the Lord God of my fathers preserve me from such a poor, starved religion as this! Were this the *mark* of a Methodist, I would sooner choose to be a sincere Jew, Turk, or Pagan.

5. "What then is the *mark?* Who is a Methodist according to your own account?" I answer: A Methodist is one who has the love of God shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Ghost, given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and

with all his strength. God is the joy of the heart, and the desire of his soul, which is constantly crying out: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee! My God and my all! Thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever!"

6. He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. Perfect love having now cast out fear, he rejoices evermore. He rejoices in the Lord always, even in God his Saviour: and in the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he hath now received the atonement. Having found redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of his sins, he cannot but rejoice, whenever he looks back on the horrible pit out of which he is delivered, when he sees all his transgressions blotted out as a cloud, and his iniquities as a thick cloud. He cannot but rejoice, whenever he looks on the state wherein he now is, being justified freely and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. For he that believeth hath the witness of this in himself; being now the son of God by faith; because he is a son, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father! And the Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God. He rejoiceth also, whenever he looks forward, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed: yea, this his joy is full, and all his bones cry out, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me again to a living hope — of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for me."

7. And he who hath this hope, thus full of immortality, in everything giveth thanks: as knowing that this (whatsoever it is) is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning him. From Him, therefore, he cheerfully receives all, saying, Good is the will of the Lord: and whether the Lord giveth or taketh away, equally blessing the name of the Lord. For he hath learned in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. He knoweth both how to be abased, and how to abound. Everywhere and in all things he is instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need. Whether in ease or pain, whether in sickness or health, whether in life or death, he giveth thanks from the ground of the heart, to Him who orders it for good; knowing that as every good gift cometh from

above, so none but good can come from the Father of Lights, into whose hand he has wholly committed his body and soul, as into the hands of a faithful Creator. He is therefore careful (anxiously or uneasily) for nothing: as having cast all his care on Him that careth for him, and in all things resting on Him, after making his request known to Him with thanksgiving.

8. For indeed he prays without ceasing. It is given him always to pray and not to faint. Not that he is always in the house of prayer: though he neglects no opportunity of being there. Neither is he always on his knees, although he often is, or on his face, before the Lord his God. Nor yet is he always crying aloud to God or calling upon Him in words. For many times the Spirit maketh intercession for him with groans that cannot be uttered: but at all times the language of his heart is this: "Thou brightness of the eternal glory, unto thee is my mouth, though without a voice, and my silence speaketh unto thee." And this is true prayer, and this alone. But his heart is ever lifted up to God, at all times and in all places. In this he is never hindered, much less interrupted, by any person or thing. In retirement or company, in leisure, business, or conversation, his heart is ever with the Lord. Whether he lie down or rise up, God is in all his thoughts; he walks with God continually, having the loving eye of his mind still fixed upon Him, and everywhere seeing Him that is invisible.

9. And while he thus always exercises his love to God, by praying without ceasing, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks, this commandment is written in his heart, that he who loveth God, love his brother also. And he accordingly loves his neighbor as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. His heart is full of love to all mankind, to every child of the Father of the spirits of all flesh. That a man is not personally known to him, is no bar to his love: no, nor that he is known to be such as he approves not, that he repays hatred for his good-will. For he loves his enemies, yea, and the enemies of God: the evil and the unthankful. And if it be not in his power to do good to them that hate him, yet he ceases not to pray for them, though they continue to spurn his love, and still despitefully use him and persecute him.

10. For he is pure in heart. The love of God has purified his heart from all revengeful passions, from envy, malice, and wrath, from every unkind temper or malign affection. It hath cleansed him from pride and haughtiness of spirit, whereof alone cometh

contention. And he hath now put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; so that he forbears and forgives, if he had a quarrel against any; even as God in Christ hath forgiven him. And, indeed, all possible ground for contention, on his part, is utterly cut off. For none can take from him what he desires; seeing he loves not the world nor any of the things of the world; being now crucified to the world, and the world crucified to him; being dead to all that is in the world, both to the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." For all his desire is unto God and to the remembrance of His name.

11. Agreeable to his own desire is the one design of his life, namely, not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him. His one intention at all times and in all things is, not to please himself, but Him whom his soul loveth. He has a single eye. And because his eye is single, his whole body is full of light. Indeed, where the loving eye of the soul is continually fixed upon God, there can be no darkness at all, but the whole is light; as when the bright shining of a candle doth enlighten the house. God then reigns alone. All that is in the soul is holiness to the Lord. There is not a motion in his heart, but is according to His will. Every thought that arises points to Him, and is in obedience to the law of Christ.

12. And the tree is known by its fruits. For as he loves God, so he keeps His commandments; not only some, or most of them, but all, from the least to the greatest. He is not content to keep the whole law and offend in one point; but has in all points a conscience void of offense towards God and towards man. Whatever God has forbidden, he avoids; whatever God hath enjoined, he doth; and that whether it be little or great, hard or easy, joyous or grievous to the flesh. He runs the way of God's commandments, now he hath set his heart at liberty. It is his glory so to do; it is his daily crown of rejoicing, to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven; knowing it is the highest privilege of the angels of God, of those that excel in strength, to fulfill His commandments, and hearken to the voice of His word.

13. All the commandments of God he accordingly keeps, and that with all his might. For his obedience is in proportion to his love, the source from whence it flows. And, therefore, loving God with all his heart, he serves Him with all his strength. He continually presents his soul and body a living sacrifice, holy,

acceptable to God; entirely and without reserve devoting himself, all he has, and all he is, to His glory. All the talents he has received, he constantly employs, according to his master's will; every power and faculty of his soul, every member of his body. Once he yielded them unto sin and the devil, as instruments of unrighteousness: but now, being alive from the dead, he yields them all as instruments of righteousness unto God.

14. By consequence, whatsoever he doth, it is all to the glory of God. In all his employments of every kind, he not only *aims* at this (which is implied in having a single eye) but actually *attains* it. His business and refreshments, as well as his prayers, all serve this great end. Whether he sit in his house or walk by the way, whether he lie down or rise up, he is promoting, in all he speaks or does, the one business of his life: whether he put on his apparel, or labor, or eat and drink, or divert himself from too wasting labor, it all tends to advance the glory of God, by peace and good will among men. His one invariable rule is this, Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.

15. Nor do the customs of the world at all hinder his running the race that is set before him. He knows that vice does not lose its nature, though it becomes ever so fashionable; and remembers that every man is to give an account of himself to God. He cannot, therefore, follow even a multitude to do evil. He cannot fare sumptuously every day, or make provision for the flesh thereof. He cannot lay up treasure upon earth, no more than he can take fire into his bosom. He cannot *adorn himself* (on any pretense) *with gold or costly apparel!* — he cannot join in or countenance any diversion, which has the least tendency to vice of any kind. He cannot speak evil of his neighbor, no more than he can lie, either for God or man. He cannot utter an unkind word of any one; for love keeps the door of his lips. He cannot speak idle words: no corrupt communication ever comes out of his mouth, as is all that which is not good, to the use of edifying, not fit to minister grace to the hearers. But whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are justly of good report, he thinks, and speaks, and acts, adorning the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in all things.

16. Lastly, as he has time, he does good unto all men; unto neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. And that in

every possible kind; not only to their bodies, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting those that are sick or in prison; but much more does he labor to do good to their souls, as of the ability which God giveth; to awaken those that sleep in death: to bring those who are awakened to the atoning blood, that *being justified* by faith, they may have peace with God, to abound more in love and in good works. And he is willing to spend and be spent herein, even to be offered up on the sacrifice and service of their faith, so they may all come unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

17. These are the principles and practices of our sect, these are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do those, who are in derision so called, desire to be distinguished from other men. If any man say, "Why, these are only common, fundamental principles of Christianity!" Thou hast said: so I mean; this is the very truth; I know they are no other; and I would to God both thou and all men knew, that I, and all who follow my judgment, do vehemently refuse to be distinguished from other men, by any but the common principles of Christianity, the plain old Christianity that I teach, renouncing and detesting all other marks of distinction. And whosoever is what I preach (let him be called what he will; for names change not the nature of things) he is a Christian, not in *name* only, but in *heart* and in *life*. He is inwardly and outwardly conformed to the will of God, as revealed in the written word. He thinks, speaks, and lives, according to the method laid down in the revelation of Jesus Christ. His soul is renewed after the image of God in righteousness and in all true holiness. And having the mind that was in Christ, he so walks as Christ also walked.

18. By these marks, by these fruits of a living faith, do we labor to distinguish ourselves from the unbelieving world, from all those whose minds or lives are not according to the gospel of Christ. But from real Christians, of whatsoever denomination they be, we earnestly desire not to be distinguished at all; not from any who sincerely follow after what they know they have not yet attained. No: whosoever doth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. And I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that we be in nowise divided among ourselves. Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? I ask no farther question. If it be, give me thy hand. For opinions, or terms, let us not

destroy the work of God. Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship. If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies — let us strive together for the faith of the gospel; walking worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: remembering there is one body and one Spirit, even as we are called with one hope of our calling: "one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all!"

POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY.

[Charles Wesley, clergyman and poet, was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, in 1708; died at London, 1788. He was educated at Westminster School, at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and at Christ Church College, Oxford. While at Oxford he helped to organize the famous Holy Club, of which his brother John afterward became the leader. He went with Oglethorpe to Georgia in 1735, returning to England the following year. He engaged in the ministry with his brother until his death. He is the chief hymnologist of England next to Watts.]

Morning Hymn.

See the Day Spring from afar
Ushered by the Morning Star!
Haste; to Him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.

Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness;
Clothed with Christ, aspire to shine,
Radiance he of light divine.

Beam of the eternal beam,
He in God, and God in him!
Strive we him in us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
Raised by his all-quick'ning breath;
Long we to be loosed from earth,
Struggle into second birth.

Spent at length in nature's light,
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.

Though the outward man decay,
Formed within us day by day,
Still the nearer man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Suffer us no more to stray;
Give us, Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in thee to live.

Jesu, My Strength, My Hope.

Jesu, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated Cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single steady aim
(Unmoved by threatening or reward)
To thee and thy great name;

A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want — alas, what want I not,
When thou art not in me!

Light of Life.

Light of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart;

Every mournful sinner cheer,
  Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
  To thy human temples come!

Come in this accepted hour;
  Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
  Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
  We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
  All our joy, and all our peace!

A SISTERLY VISIT.

By SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(From "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.")

[SAMUEL RICHARDSON, English novelist, was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and began his career as a printer's apprentice. He afterwards established a business of his own in London, became printer of the "Journals" of the House of Commons, and late in life was master of the Stationers' Company. Asked by two publishers to write a book of familiar letters "on the useful concerns in common life," he wrote "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" (1741), which ran through five editions in a year, and was recommended even from the pulpit. He then wrote "Clarissa Harlowe" (1751), generally regarded as his masterpiece, and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1754). The former work Johnson declared to be the first book in the world for its knowledge of the human heart. Richardson was a pious, benevolent man, and lived surrounded by a circle of affectionate and flattering friends, mostly women. He died in London, July 4, 1761.]

MONDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I HAVE just received a letter from my best friend [her husband]. This is a copy of it; directed to me by maiden name, because of the servant who brought it: —

Monday Morning, Three O'clock.

MY DEAREST LOVE, — As I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope my absence did not discompose you.

I sat up with my poor friend Carlton all night. He entreats me not to leave him. His hours seem to be numbered. A very few, it is believed, will shut up the solemn scene. He is, however, sensible. I have made his heart, and the hearts of his wife and children, easy in the assurances of my kindness to them. I left the poor man, for a few moments, praying for a release, and blessing me.

I could have wished, so much has this melancholy scene affected me, that we had not engaged ourselves to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood, for this night; but since the engagement must take place, let me beg of you, my dear, to take the chariot, and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day, the more obliging it will be to all your admiring friends. I hope to join you there by your tea time in the afternoon. It will be six miles difference to me, and I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.

I count every hour of this little absence for a day, for I am, with the utmost sincerity, my dearest love,

Forever yours,

W. B.

If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies, it would be a freedom they would be delighted with, and the more, as they expect not such a favor.

God preserve the health of my dearest Mr. B. I hope it will not suffer by his fatigues; and God bless him for his goodness to his sick friend and the distressed family. The least intimation of his pleasure shall be a command to me. I have ordered the chariot to be got ready. I will go and dine with Lady Darnford. I am already dressed.

Mrs. Jewkes is sent for down. The trampling of horses in the courtyard. Visitors are come. A chariot and six. Coronets on the chariot. Who can they be? They have alighted, and come into the house.

Dreadful! Dreadful! What shall I do? Lady Davers! [her husband's sister]. Lady Davers, her own self! And my kind protector a great, great many miles off!

Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, tells me this, and says she is inquiring for my master and me. How I tremble! I can hardly hold my pen. . . . "She is not marry'd, I hope!" said my lady. — "No," replied Mrs. Jewkes. — "I am glad of that!" said my lady. Mrs. Jewkes apologized to me, as it was to be a secret at present, for denying that I was married.

I can write no more at present. Lord bless me! I am all in terrors! I will try to get away.

Let me tell you all, my dear mother, just as it passed. I have been dreadfully — But you shall hear all as it passed.

"I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes," said I. "Let the chariot go to the further end of the elm walk, and I will fly to it unperceiv'd." — "But she is inquiring for you, madam. I said you were within, but going out. She would see you presently, she said, as soon as she could have patience." — "What did she call me, Mrs. Jewkes?" — "*The creature*, madam: — '*I will see the creature*,' said she, '*as soon as I can have patience.*'" — "Ay, but," replied I, "*the creature* won't see her, if she can help it. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favor my escape for this once; for I am sadly frighted."

"I'll bid the chariot go down as you order," said she, "and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall door, that you may pass unobserv'd; for she sits cooling herself in the parlor over against the staircase." — "That's a good Mrs. Jewkes!" said I; "but who has she with her?" — "Her woman," answer'd she, "and her nephew; but he came on horseback, and is gone into the stables, and they have three footmen." — "And I wish," said I, "they were all three hundred miles off! What *shall* I do!"

Mrs. Jewkes told me I must go down, or my lady would come up. — "What does she call me now?" — "*Wench*, madam: '*Bid the wench come down to me.*' Her nephew and her woman are with her."

"I can't go!" said I, "and that's enough! You might contrive it, that I might get out, if you would." — "Indeed, madam, I cannot, for I would have shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the staircase." — "Then," said I, fanning myself, "I'll get out of the window, I think; I am sadly frighted!" — "I wonder you so much disturb yourself, madam," said Mrs. Jewkes. "You're on the right side of the hedge, I'm sure; and were it my case, I would not be so discompos'd for anybody." — "Ay," said I, "but who can help constitution? I dare say *you* would no more be so discompos'd than I can help it." — "Indeed, madam, if I were you, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you are, and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome." — "Fine talking!" replied I; "and be cuffed for my civility! How unlucky this is, that your good master is abroad!"

"She expects to see you, madam. What answer shall I give her?" — "Tell her I am sick in bed, tell her I am dying,

and must not be disturb'd; tell her I am gone out; tell her anything!"

At that moment up came her woman. "How do you do, Mrs. Pamela?" said she, and stared; I suppose to see me dressed. "My lady desires to speak with you." — "Now," thought I, "I must go. She won't beat me, I hope. Oh, that my dear protector were at home!"

I followed her woman down; my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, that I might be ready to step into the chariot when I could get away. I had hoped that the occasion for all my tremblings had been over; but I trembled sadly; yet resolv'd to put on as easy an air as possible; and entering the parlor, and making a very low court'sy — "Your servant, my good lady," said I. — "And *your* servant, again," said she, "*my lady;* for I think you are dress'd out like one."

"A charming girl, tho'!" said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath. "Dear madam, forgive me, but I must kiss her." And came up to me.

"Forbear, uncivil gentleman," said I; "I won't be us'd with freedom."

"Jackey," said my lady, "sit down, and don't touch the creature: she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, as well as in her dress, I assure you, since I saw her last."

"Well, child," said she, sneeringly, "how dost find thyself? Thou'rt mightily come on of late! I hear strange reports about thee! Thou'rt got into fool's paradise, I doubt; but wilt find thyself terribly mistaken, in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family for the sake of thy baby face!"

"I see," said I, sadly vex'd (her woman and nephew smiling by), "your ladyship has no particular commands for me, and I beg leave to withdraw."

"Worden," said she to her woman, "shut the door; my young lady and I must not part so soon. Where's your well-manner'd deceiver gone, child?" said she.

"When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly," replied I, "I shall know how to answer."

"Well, but my dear child," said she, in drollery, "don't be too *pert*, neither. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready as thy mannerly master is to bear with thy freedoms. A little more of that modesty and humility, therefore,

which my mother's waiting wench used to show, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself."

"I would beg," said I, "one favor of your ladyship: that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree."

"Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget *my* degree, wouldst thou not *keep* thy distance?"

"If you, madam," said I, "lessen the distance yourself, you will descend nearer to the level you are pleased to consider me in, than I hope Lady Davers, for her own honor, will deign to do."

"Do you hear? do you hear, Jackey? Did I not tell you that I should know how to form a notion of her situation, either by her pertness, or her reverence! — Ah, girl! girl!"

Her nephew, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapp'd out an oath, and said, drolling, "I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so *bold* as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!" — "I hope, sir," replied I (vexed at what my lady said, and at his sneering), "that as there was no need of your information, you don't expect my thanks for it; and I am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath."

He look'd more foolish than I, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. At last — "Why, Mrs. Pamela," said he, "you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof."

"Sir," said I, "you seem quite a fine gentleman. I hope, however, that you *can* be out of countenance."

"How now, Pert One," said my lady, "do you know to whom you talk?"

"I beg pardon, madam! But lest I should still further forget myself ——"

And then I made a low courtesy, and was going. But she arose, and gave me a push, and pull'd the chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

"Well," said I, "I can bear anything at your ladyship's hands."

Yet I was ready to cry. And I went and sat down, and fann'd myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, "Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence." My lady, tho' she did not hear *her*, said, "You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave."

I stood up and said, "When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, I might be allowed to sit."

"But I ask'd you," said she, "whither your master is gone?"

"To one Mr. Carlton's, madam, about sixteen miles off, who is very ill."

"And when does he come home?"

"This evening, madam."

"And whither are you going?"

"To a gentleman's house in the town, madam."

"And how were you to go?"

"In the chariot, madam."

"Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! Were you ever out in it with your master?"

"I beseech you, madam," said I, very much nettled, "to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all."

"Why, Bold Face," said she, "you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time."

I could no longer refrain tears, but said: "Pray, your ladyship, let me ask what I have done to be thus severely treated? If you think I am deceived, as you were pleased to hint, ought I not rather to be entitled to your pity than your anger?"

She came to me, and, taking my hand, led me to her chair, and then sat down, still holding my hand.

"Poor wench!" said she, "I did indeed pity you, while I thought you innocent; and when my brother brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concern'd for you. I was still *more* concern'd for you, and lov'd you when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruin'd" (this shocked me a little), "I cannot help showing you my displeasure."

"Madam," reply'd I, "I must beg a less hasty judgment; I have *not* lost my innocence."

"Take care, take care, Pamela; don't lose your veracity, as well as your virtue. Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please? I will make one pro-

posal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me? I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you will go with me. Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can."

"I am innocent, madam," reply'd I, "and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this."

"Then, very flatly, thou liest, child," said she; "and I give thee up," rising, and walking about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, "Your ladyship is very good."

"'Tis a plain case; a very plain case," said her nephew.

I would have mov'd the chair to have gone out, but her nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honor I was raised to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not show some spirit, and I said, "What, sir, is *your* privilege in this house? And what is your pretense to detain me against my will?"

"Because," said he, "I like it."

"Do you so, sir?" replied I; "if that is the answer of a gentleman to me, a woman, it would not, I dare say, be your answer to a gentleman."

"My lady! my lady!" said he, "a challenge, a challenge, by Gad!"

"No, sir," said I; "I am of a sex that gives no challenges, and you think so too, or you would not have thought of the word."

"Don't be surpris'd, nephew," said my lady; "the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bedfellow. —Pamela, Pamela," tapping my shoulder two or three times in anger, "thou hast lost thy innocence, girl; and thou hast got some of thy master's assurance, and art fit to go anywhere."

"Then, and please your ladyship," said I, "I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may withdraw."

"No," reply'd she; "I will know, first, what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent."

"I *can* give," said I, "a very good one; but I beg to be excused."

"I *will* hear it," said she.

"Why, then," answer'd I, "I should perhaps have less reason to like *this* gentleman, at your ladyship's house, than my abode where I am."

"Well then," said she, "I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and see you with them in safety. What do you say to that?"

"Ay, Mrs. Pamela," said her nephew, "now what does your innocence say to that?—'Fore Gad, madam, you have puzzled her now."

"Be pleased, madam," said I, "to relieve me from the questionings of this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me insulted."

"Insulted, madam! Insulted!" returned he. "Fine ladies will give themselves fine airs! May she not as well call me insolent, madam?—Who, Mrs. Pamela, do you talk to?"

"Jackey, be quiet," said my lady. "You only give her a pretense to evade my questions.—Answer me, Pamela."

"I will, madam, and it is thus: I have no occasion to be obliged to your ladyship for this honor; for I am to set out on Wednesday on the way to my parents."

"Now, again, thou liest, wench."

"I am not of quality," said I, courtesying, "to answer such language."

"Let me again caution thee, wench, not to provoke me by thy pertness to do something by thee unworthy of myself."

"That," thought I, "you have done already;" but I ventur'd not to say so.

"But who is to carry you," said she, "to your father and mother?"

"Who my master pleases, madam."

"Ay," said she, "I doubt not thou wilt do everything he pleases, if thou hast not already." . . .

I was quite shock'd. "I have not," said I, "deserved such usage; I am sure your ladyship can expect no answer to such a question. My sex, and my youth, might have exempted me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality; were it only for your own sake, madam."

"Thou art a confident wench," said she, "I see!"

"Pray, madam, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town to dinner."

"I can't spare you," replied she; "and whomsoever you are to go to will excuse you when they are told 'tis *I* that command you *not* to go; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you recollect that 'tis the unexpected arrival of

your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that requires your attendance on her."

I pleaded, foolishly enough, as I might have expected she would ridicule me for it, preëngagement.

"My stars!" said she, "what will this world come to? Waiting wenches plead preëngagements in bar of their duty! — O Pamela, Pamela! I am sorry thou givest thyself such airs, and triest to ape thy betters · I see thou art quite spoil'd; of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wert, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the world but what, I fear, thou art."

"Why, madam," said her kinsman, "what signifies all your ladyship can say? The matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a fairy dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her dream's out."

"Bad as you take me to be, madam," said I, "I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me, and I won't bear it."

"Won't *bear* it, wench! — Well, but, Jackey, be silent;" and, shaking her head — "Poor girl! what a sweet innocence is here destroy'd! A thousand pities! I could weep over her! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and has assum'd airs upon it that all those creatures are distinguish'd by!"

I wept for vexation. "Say what you please, madam; if I can help it, I will not answer another word."

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and ask'd if her ladyship was ready for dinner. "Let it be served," said she. I would have gone out with Mrs. Jewkes, but my lady, taking my hand, repeated, that she could not spare me. "And, miss," proceeded she, "you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by; you shall not stir from my presence. If you behave better, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you."

Mrs. Jewkes stopping at the door — "Madam," said she to me, "may I speak one word with you?"

"I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes," return'd I. "My lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner."

"Madam, dost thou call her, woman? And I suppose *thou* art called madam too. But what thou hast to say thou mayst speak before me."

Mrs. Jewkes went out, and seem'd vex'd for me. She says my face look'd like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlor, and for *three* persons, and she led me in. "Come, my little dear," said she, with a sneer, "I'll hand you in, and I would have you think as highly of the honor as if it was done you by my brother."

"How dreadful," thought I, "would be my lot, were I as wicked as this haughty lady thinks me!"

"Jackey," said my lady, "come, let us go to dinner. Do you, Worden" (to her woman), "assist the girl in waiting on us. We will have no men fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves?"

"I have not, madam, deserv'd this at your ladyship's hands."

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said, "Do you expect anybody else, Mrs. Jewkes, that the cloth is laid for *three?*"

"I hoped your ladyship and madam," replied Mrs. Jewkes, "would have been so well reconcil'd that she would have sat down too."

"What means the clownish woman?" said my lady, in great disdain; "could you think the creature should sit down with me?"

"She does, and please your ladyship, with my master." . . .

"So!" said she, "the wench has got thee over! Come, my little dear, pull off thy *gloves*, I say;" and off she pull'd my left glove herself, and spy'd my ring. "O my dear God!" said she, "if the wench has not got a ring! Well! this *is* a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably trick'd? And so, poor Innocent! thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble! And I'll warrant, my little dear has topp'd her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition! — Why," said she, and turn'd me round, "thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *preëngagements!* Prithee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee."

I was then resolved to try to be silent, altho' exceedingly vex'd. I went to the window, and sat down in it, and she took her place at the table; and her saucy nephew, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her.

"Shall not the bride sit down by us, madam?" said he.

"Ay, well thought of," answered my lady. — "Pray, Mrs.

Bride, your pardon for sitting down in your place!" How poor was this for a great lady! I said nothing.

With a still poorer pun — "Thou hast some modesty, however, child! For thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit*, tho' in my presence!"

I kept my seat, and was still silent. "It is a sad thing," thought I, "to be thus barbarously treated, and hindered, besides, from going where I should be so welcome."

Her ladyship eat some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a chicken, said, with as little decency as goodness, "If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast."

"But, perhaps, child," said her Jackey, "thou likest the merrythought; shall I bring it thee?" And then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself, being eldest son of Lord H. His mother was Lord Davers' sister, who, dying some years ago, he has received what education he has from Lord Davers' direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his picture. But for one of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, much about the age of my dear Mr. B., he is a silly creature.

"Pamela," said my lady, "help me to a glass of wine. — No, Worden, *you* shan't;" for she was offering to do it. "I will have my Lady Bride confer that honor upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*." I was silent, and stirr'd not.

"Dost hear, *Chastity?*" said she; "wilt thou help me to a glass of wine when I bid thee? What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one."

Still I mov'd not; but, fanning myself, continu'd silent.

"When I have ask'd thee, Meek One, *half a dozen questions together*," said she, "I suppose thou wilt answer them *all at once*. Canst thou not find one word for me? Canst thou not find thy feet?"

I was so vex'd I bit out a piece of my fan, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, only fluttering it, and fanning myself.

"I believe," said she, "my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest One, I shall be entitled to an answer."

Her nephew arose, and brought the bottle and glass.

"Come," said he, "Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help her ladyship, and I will be your deputy."

"Sir," replied I, "'tis in a good hand; help my lady yourself."

"Why, Creature," said she, flying into a passion, "dost thou think thyself above it? Insolence!" continued she, "this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine; or——"

I took a little spirit then. Thought I, I can but be beaten. "If," said I, "to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, were required of me, as a token of respect to Lady Davers; and not as an insult to her brother, who has done me an honor that requires me to act a part not unworthy of his goodness to me, I would do it. But, as things are, I must say I cannot."

She seem'd quite surpris'd, and look'd now upon her kinsman and then upon her woman.

"I'm astonish'd! quite astonish'd! Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you to be my brother's wife; would you not?"

"Your ladyship," said I, "compels me to say this."

"But," replied she, "dost thou *thyself* think thou art so?"

"Silence," said her kinsman, "gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?"

"Tell me," said my lady, "what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee, to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister?"

"Madam," reply'd I, "that is a question will better become your brother to answer than me."

She was rising in great wrath; but her woman said, "Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded, as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she will be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger."

"True, Worden, very true," said my lady; "but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature."

I would have gone out at the door; but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride and violent temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, "Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behavior, you will, perhaps, have

cause to repent it." I then went and sat down in the window again.

"Another challenge, by Gad!" said he; "but I am glad she says her *master!* You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been *so much* deluded as you think for."

And coming to me with a barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, "My new aunt, your *blessing*, or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner!"

I gave him a most contemptuous look. "Tinsel'd toy!" said I (for he was laced all over), "twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better. Meantime, sport with your footmen, and not with me."

I then removed to another window nearer the door, and he look'd like the fool he is.

"Worden, Worden," said my lady, "this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers' to be thus used by such a wench?" And was coming to me. Indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes, hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, "Pray, your ladyship, don't discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your ladyship and your brother; for my master dotes upon madam."

"Woman," said she, "do thou be silent! Sure, I, that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy servants in it!"

"I beg pardon, madam," reply'd Mrs. Jewkes; and turning to me, "Madam," said she, "my master will take it very ill if you make him wait for you."

I again arose to go out; but my lady said, "If it were only for *that* reason, she shan't go."

She then went to the door. "Woman," said she to Mrs. Jewkes, shutting her out, "come not in again till I call you;" and stepping to me, took my hand, saying, "Find your legs, miss, if you please."

I stood up. She tapp'd my cheek. "How does that glowing face," said she, "show thy rancorous heart, if thou daredst to speak out! But come this way." And leading me to her chair — "Stand there," said she, "and answer me a few questions, while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent

master to account; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravel'd; for, between you, I *will* come to the bottom of it."

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the window on the other side the parlor, which looks into the private garden; and her woman said, "Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry; stand by her ladyship, as she bids you."

"Mrs. Worden," replied I, "do you attend your *lady's* commands, and lay not *yours* upon *me*."

"Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela," replied she; "times are much alter'd with you, I assure you."

"Lady Davers," return'd I, "has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in; but *you* may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*."

"Heyday!" retorted she. "This from you, Mrs. Pamela! But since you provoke me, I'll tell you a piece of my mind."

"Hush, hush! *good woman*," said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes; "my lady wants not your assistance! Besides, I can't scold!"

The woman was ready to stutter with vexation; and her nephew laugh'd as if he would burst his sides. "G—— d—— me, Worden," said he, "you had better let her alone to my lady here; for she will be too many for twenty such as you and I."

And then he laugh'd again, and repeated, "I *can't scold*," quotha! "but, by Gad, miss, you can speak d——d spiteful words, I can tell you that! Poor Worden, poor Worden! — 'Fore Gad, she's quite dumfounder'd!"

"Well, but, Pamela," said my lady, "come hither, and tell me truly — Dost thou think thyself really marry'd?"

"My good lady," said I, and approach'd her chair, "I'll answer *all* your commands, if you'll have patience with me; but I cannot bear to be used thus by this gentleman and your ladyship's woman."

"Child," said she, "thou art very impertinent to my kinsman; thou canst not be civil to *me;* and *my ladyship's* woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing! Dost thou think thou art really marry'd?"

"I see, madam," replied I, "you are resolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* answer I shall return. If I should say I am *not*, then your ladyship will call me hard names, and perhaps I should tell an untruth. If I should say I *am*, your ladyship

will ask me how I have the impudence to be so; and will call it a sham marriage."

"I will," said she, "be answer'd more directly."

"Why, madam, what does it signify what *I* think? Your ladyship will believe as you please."

"But canst thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly," said she, "to think thyself actually marry'd to *my* brother? He is no fool, child; and libertine enough of conscience; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots."

"Well, well," said I (in a violent flutter), "I am easy and pleas'd with my lot, and pray, madam, let me continue to be so as long as I can."

"Pert wench! But I will have patience with thee, if possible. Dost thou not think I am concern'd that thou, a young creature, whom my mother lov'd so well, shouldst have cast thyself away, shouldst have suffer'd thyself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand that thou madest for so long a time?"

"I do not think myself deluded and undone, madam; and am as innocent and as virtuous as ever I was in my life."

"Thou liest, child," said she.

"So your ladyship told me *twice* before!"

She gave my hand a slap for this; and I made a low courtesy; and retiring, said, "I humbly thank your ladyship!" But I could not refrain tears; and added, "Your brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, tho' *I* do."

"Come a little nearer me, my dear," said she, "and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou thinkest thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he were here, I would serve thee worse, and him too."

"I wish he was," said I.

"Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?"

"Now, pray, madam," said I (but got a little further off), "be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *honor*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence; whether you have said *one* thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench, and the creature, you take me to be?"

"Come hither, my pert dear," replied she, "come but

within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest."

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot if I could not show some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, "I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam?"

"I suppose *not*," said she. "Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayst fast till thy mannerly master comes home."

"Pray your ladyship," said her woman, "let the *poor girl* sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Worden," replied I, "but times, as you said, are much alter'd with me. I have been of late so much honor'd by better company that I can't stoop to yours."

"Was ever such confidence!" said my lady.

"Poor Worden! poor Worden!" said her kinsman; "why, she beats you quite out of the pit!"

"Will your ladyship," said I, "be so good as to tell me how long I am to stay? For you will please to see by *that* letter that I am obliged to attend my master's commands." And so I gave her her brother's letter, written from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honor done me by him.

"Ay," said she, "this is my *worthy* brother's hand; it is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to *you*, I suppose, child! Thy name will be always Andrews for him, I am sure!" And so she read on, making remarks as she went along, in this manner: —

"'My dearest love,' — DEAREST LOVE sure!" looking at me, from head to foot. — "What! this to thy baby face! — DEAREST LOVE! — Out upon it! I shall never bear to hear those words again! — Pray, Jackey, bid Lord Davers never call *me* 'dearest love!' — 'as I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope' — Lord be good unto me! Mind, Jackey! I HOPE — 'my absence did not discompose you.' — Who can bear this! — A confession, Jackey! a plain confession!" — "And so it is, madam! As clear to me as the sun!" looking at me till he dashed me. And then laughing with *such* an impudent look. I hated him at the moment. — "Well, but *did it discompose his dearest love?*" said my lady. "*Wert*

thou *discomposed*, dearest love? — Vastly tender! A creature, in thy way of life, is more complaisantly treated than an honest wife; but mark the end of it!"

She read to herself till she came to the following words: "'I could have wished' — Prithee, Jackey, mind this — 'I could have wished WE had not engaged OURSELVES' — WE and OURSELVES — MY brother and THEE, reptile, put together! Give me patience! — 'to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood for this night.' — And does Sir Simon, and the good neighborhood, permit thy visits, child? They shall have none from me, I assure them. — 'But since the engagement must take place,' — Mind, mind, Jackey — 'let me beg of you,' — The wretch who could treat Lord Davers and me as he has done, to turn beggar to this creature! — *Let me beg of you* — 'my dear,' — My dear! I shall be sick before I get half thro'! Thou little witch! How hast thou brought this about? — But I will read on — 'to take the chariot,' — And is the chariot ready? — Thank Heaven, I am in time to save thee this presumption! — 'and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day the more obliging' — Say you so, brother? And can thy company, creature, *oblige Sir Simon* and the *good neighborhood?* — 'to all your ad-' — O Jackey, Jackey — sick — sick to death! — 'miring friends!'" — And away went the letter at my head. I would have stooped for it; but her Worden was too nimble for me, and put the letter again into her lady's hands; who went on with her remarks. — "'I hope to join you there' — Join *you* — Who? Pamela Andrews! A beggar's brat! Taken by my mother ——" "On charity, madam!" said I. "I courtesy to the dear lady's memory for it. I can best bear this of all your ladyship's reflections. It is my glory!" — "Confidence! be silent. Dost thou glory in thy shame!" — "Thank God," thought I, "I have a *truer* glory!" And I was silent, proudly silent, my dear mother. "'I hope to join you there,'" proceeded she in reading, "'by your tea time in the afternoon.' — So you are in very good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all your important *preëngagements*. Now, Jackey, he would have been hanged before he would have wrote so complaisantly to a WIFE. No *admiring* friends would he have mentioned to a woman of birth and quality answerable to his own, after the first fortnight. Very evident to me how the case is. — Is it not so to you, Jackey? — To you, Worden?" — "Very true, madam," said her woman. — "Clear as the sun," said her

nephew, sneering in my glowing face. — "Uncivil gentleman!" I muttered to myself; but still I was proud of my innocence; and I could the better be silent. My lady read on: "'It will be six miles' difference to me.' — Ah, wretched Pamela! Seest thou not that thy influence is already in the wane? Hadst thou kept thine innocence, and thy lover had been of thine own rank, sixty miles would have been no more than one to him. Thinkest thou that my brother's heart is to be held fast by that baby face of thine? Poor wretch! How I pity thee!" I courtesied to her for her pity; but still in proud (because self-justified) silence. She read on: "'And I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.' — Excuse dress! No doubt but they will. Any dress is good enough, I am sure, to appear in, to such company as *admire* thee, creature, for a companion, in thy ruined state! — But, Jackey, Jackey! More fine things still! — 'I count every hour of this little absence for a day!' — There's for you! Let me repeat it: 'I count every hour of this little absence for a day!' Mind too the nonsense of the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his dear; no less than, according to his amorous calculation, a dozen days and nights at least! And yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a LITTLE ABSENCE. Well said, my good, accurate, and consistent brother. But wise men in love are always the greatest simpletons! — But now comes the reason *why* this LITTLE absence, which, at the same time, is so GREAT an ABSENCE, is so *tedious*: 'For I am,' — Ay, now for it! — 'with the UTMOST sincerity, my dearest love,' — Out upon it! DEAREST LOVE, again! — 'Forever yours!' — But, brother, thou liest! Thou know'st thou dost. And, so, my good Miss Andrews, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest love* will be *forever yours!* — And hast thou the vanity to believe this? — But stay, here is a postscript. The poor man knew not when to have done to his *dearest love.* He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, *his dearest love*," looking at me, "you are mighty happy in such a lover! — 'If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies,' — Cry your mercy, my *dearest love*, now comes the *preëngagement!* — 'it would be a freedom' — A freedom with a witness! — 'they would be delighted with.' — Wretched flatterers, and mean-spirited creatures, if they are. — 'And the more, as they expect not such a favor.' — *Favor!* Jackey! *Favor!* — O thou poor painted doll! But I *will* have patience, if possible!

Thy company will indeed be a favor to those who can be delighted with it."

"Well, so much for this kind letter! — Worden, you may go to dinner with Fat Face!"

Her woman retired. "But you see, miss," proceeded my lady to me, "you cannot honor this *admiring* company with this *little-expected*, and, but in complaisance to *his* folly, I dare say, *little-desired freedom*. And indeed, I cannot forbear *admiring* thee so much myself, my *dearest love*, that I will not spare thee at all, this whole evening."

You see that I had shown her my letter to very little purpose. Indeed, I repented my giving it into her hands several times as she read.

"Well then," said I, "I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and let him know that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me that you will not let me leave you."

"Insolent creature!" said she; "and wantest thou my *good* brother, as thou callest him, to come and quarrel with his sister on thy account? But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, what it is thou meantest by showing me this letter?"

"To show your ladyship," replied I, "how I was engaged for this day and evening."

"And for nothing else?" asked she.

"If your ladyship can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope not to be the *worse* treated for them."

Her eyes sparkled with indignation. She took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, "I know, confident creature, that you show'd it me to insult me. You show'd it me, to let me see that he could be civiler to a beggar-born than to me, or to my good Lord Davers. You show'd it me, as if you would have me be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe you are married, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* know it. You show'd it me, in short, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and unsullied beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee an hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot."

This fearful menace, and her fiery eyes and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage.

I wept. "Good your ladyship," said I, "pity me. Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world."

"Tho' I know," said she, "the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense; yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to *my* brother! So take care, Pamela; take care, beggar's brat; take care."

"Spare, madam, I beseech you, my parents. They are honest; they are good; it is no crime to be poor. They were once in a very creditable way; they never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend the highest. I can bear the cruelest imputations on myself; but upon such honest, industrious parents, who have passed thro' the greatest trials, without being beholden to anything but God's blessing, and their own hard labor, I cannot bear reflection."

"What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art?— God give me patience! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness together, will, in a little while, occasion a search at the Herald's Office, to set out thy wretched obscurity. Provoke me, Pamela; I desire thou wilt. One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou *thinkest* thou art marry'd to *my* brother."

"Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say will please you; and your ladyship is resolved to be angry with me, let me beg of you to do whatever you design by me, and suffer me to depart your presence!"

She slapt my hand, and reach'd to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes and her woman, hearkening without, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us, "Your ladyship knows not what you do; indeed you don't. My master would never forgive me if I suffer'd, in his house, one he so dearly loves to be so used; and it must *not* be, tho' you are Lady Davers."

Her woman too interposed, and told her I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But my lady was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, but her kinsman again set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said I should not go till Lady Davers permitted it. He drew it halfway, and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out, "O the sword! the sword!" And, not knowing what I did, ran to my lady,

and clasp'd my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy; and said, sinking on my knees, "Defend me, good your ladyship! The sword! the sword!"—Mrs. Jewkes said, "My lady will fall into fits." But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her words, and said, "Jackey, don't draw your sword! You see, violent as her spirit is, she is but a coward."

"Come," said she, "be comforted; I will try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish." Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose. I did not faint. And my lady said, "Jewkes, if *you* wish to be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves; and, Jackey, do you withdraw; only you, Worden, stay."

I sat down in the window, trembling like a coward, as her ladyship called me, and as I am.

"You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela," again said her woman.

"Yes, let her sit, till she is a little recover'd," replied my lady. She sat down over against me. "To be sure, Pamela," said she, "you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well to my nephew (who is a man of quality too) as to me." And, palliating her cruel usage, conscious she had carry'd the matter too far, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. "Own," said she, "you have been very saucy, and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon; and I will try to pity you; for you would have been a sweet girl, after all, if you had but kept your innocence."

"'Tis injurious to me, madam," said I, "to imagine I have not! . . .

"Then your ladyship's next question," said I, "will be—Am I marry'd? And you won't bear my answer to that—and will beat me again."

"I have not beat you yet; have I, Worden? So you want to make out a story, do you? But, indeed, I cannot bear thou shouldst so much as *think* thou art *my* sister. I know the whole trick of it; and so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little cunning, to serve for a cloak to thy yielding. Prithee, prithee, wench, thou seest I know the world a little; know it almost as much at thirty-two as thou dost at sixteen."

I arose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—"Beat me again, if you please," said I; "but I

must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much marry'd as your ladyship!"

At that she ran to me, but her woman interposed again. "Let the vain creature go from your presence, madam," said she. "She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship."

"Stand away, Worden," said my lady. "That is an assertion that I would not take from my brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I? Is that to be borne?"

"But if the creature believes she is, madam," said her woman, "she is to be as much pity'd for her credulity as despis'd for her vanity."

I was in hopes to have slipp'd out at the door; but she caught hold of my gown, and pull'd me back. "Pray, your ladyship," said I, very much afraid of her (for I have a strange notion of the fury of a woman of quality when provoked), "don't kill me! I have done no harm." She locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. And I, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, lifted up the sash, and said, "Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know that Lady Davers is here; and I cannot leave her ladyship."

She was resolv'd to be displeas'd, let me say what I would.

"No, no," said she; "he'll then think that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her."

"I thought your ladyship," reply'd I, "could not have taken exceptions at this message."

"Thou knowest nothing, wench," said she, "of what belongs to people of condition; how shouldst thou?"

"Nor," thought I, "do I desire it at this rate."

"What shall I say, madam, to your brother?"

"Nothing at all," replied she; "let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *hours*, and every one will be *a day* in his amorous account."

Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whisper'd, "Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by and by."

"*As much marry'd as I!*" repeated she. "The insolence of the creature!" talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me, as she walked; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent.

And then it was — "Am I not worthy of an answer?"

"If I speak," replied I, "your ladyship is angry with me, tho' it be ever so respectfully. Would to Heaven I knew how to please your ladyship!"

"Confess the truth," answered she, "that thou art an undone creature; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast caused between thy master and me; and then I will pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; and some honest farmer may patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; or if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee."

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and the more as I was afraid of incurring displeasure, by not being where I was expected; and seeing it was no hard matter to get out of the window, into the front yard, the parlor floor being almost even with the yard, I resolv'd to attempt it; and to have a fair run for it. Accordingly, having seen my lady at the other end of the room, in her walks backward and forward, and having not pulled down the sash, which I put up when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipp'd out in a moment, and ran away as fast as I could, — my lady at one window, and her woman at another, calling after me to return.

Two of her servants appeared at her crying out; and she bidding them stop me, I said, "Touch me at your peril, fellows!" But their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been order'd by Mrs. Jewkes, when she saw how I was treated, to be within call, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, — the only time, I thought, it ever became him, — and said, "He would *chine* the man" (that was his word) "who offer'd to touch his lady;" and so he ran alongside of me; and I heard my lady say, "The creature flies like a bird." Indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopp'd till I got to the chariot. Robert had got down from his seat, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down; and in I jump'd, without touching the step, saying, "Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach!" He mounted his seat, and Colbrand said, "Don't be frighten'd, madam; nobody shall hurt you." He shut the door, and away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

THE GENIAL JOKES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By HENRY FIELDING.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

[Henry Fielding, English novelist, was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707, son of Edmund Fielding, afterwards lieutenant general under the Duke of Marlborough. He was sent to Eton and Leyden, and on his return from the Continent wrote a number of comedies and farces, among them being "The Modern Husband," "The Wedding Day," etc. In 1735 he married Miss Charlotte Craddock, of Salisbury, and settled down as a country gentleman, but, having speedily exhausted his wife's money and his own, he resumed dramatic work; studied for the bar; and for immediate subsistence employed his pen on various subjects. He made his début as a novelist with "Joseph Andrews" (1742), which he had at first conceived as a burlesque of Richardson's "Pamela." The work met with success, and was followed by "Jonathan Wild the Great," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." In 1745 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Middlesex and Westminster. He died October 8, 1754, at Lisbon, whither he had gone in search of health.]

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others, at the same time, applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavor might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any

intention of giving offense to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus ; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behavior of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humor; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a greater hunter of men ; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species, for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly, crying out, stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack hare he ever saw, at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him ; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times; thou who didst infuse such wonderful humor into the pen of immortal Gulliver ; who hast carefully guided the judgment whilst thou hast exalted the nervous, manly style of thy Mallet ; thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero; lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English ; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand — a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaux have lately walked with about the Park in a morning ; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been taken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humor, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb." He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes ; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption; the second and much the greater reason is that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose : for indeed what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight, which Joseph no sooner perceived than he leveled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his greatcoat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no overrunner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg: no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favorite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name, Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equaled by any poet, romance or life writer whatever, and having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of

laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting match, race, cock fighting, bull or bear baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered, with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavoring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favorable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavored all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the

courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavored to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty, which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams, some of them declaring that parson hunting was the best sport in the world, others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk, a favor which was likewise intended for Adams, which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had when he first saw her intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed further, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and

other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university — that is, what they commonly call traveling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country, especially what had any savor of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favorites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavored to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs, and who did indeed no great honor to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savor of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying

grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavored to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams' ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practiced on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty: —

An Extempore Poem on Parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not overnew,
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon;
But would it not make any mortal stare
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipped off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received

with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pritty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him "his cassock would serve for petticoats, and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying "he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman;" he then stepped forward to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favors make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a

parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe, they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behavior to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, traveling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had a hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honor which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavored to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor), the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, "He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it" (in which, probably, he spoke truth). Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent "That he hoped he did not mean

to reflect upon him; damn him, he had as much imanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams, smiling, said, "He believed he had spoke right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;" and clenching his fist declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle, but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so, drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behavior to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty, and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, "That everything was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor, who indeed had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should

discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favorite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Ay!" says the parson, eagerly; "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favor of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars, for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared "He was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drunk two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water

provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its support at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honor; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

Adams, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued as that Mr. Adams might, by exercise, prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders either to bring her back or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing master and doctor went on this errand.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

By EDWARD YOUNG.

(From "Night Thoughts.")

[Edward Young: An English poet; born at Upham, Hampshire, in 1684; died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, April 12, 1765. He was graduated at Oxford, took orders as a clergyman of the Church of England, and in 1730 became rector of Welwyn, where he remained until his death. His most famous work is "Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality" (1742–1744). He also published "The Last Day" (1713), "The Force of Religion" (1715), two tragedies, "Busiris" (1719) and "The Revenge" (1721), and "The Love of Fame" (1725–1728).]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Tho' now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? —
Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down. — On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Tho' sullied, and dishonored, still divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theater as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man. . . .
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss! — proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weighed it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had missed my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancor wreaked on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbor? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirled in human life?
How wanes my borrowed bliss! from fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.
In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widowed every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Thro' the dark postern of time long elapsed,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

THE SKEPTIC.

By DAVID HUME.

[David Hume, Scotch philosopher and historian, was born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761 "The History of England," and in the mean time the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763–1766 he was in France; 1767–1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

I have long entertained a suspicion, with regard to the decisions of philosophers upon all subjects, and found in myself a greater inclination to dispute than assent to their conclusions. There is one mistake, to which they seem liable, almost without exception; they confine too much their principles, and make no account of that vast variety which nature has so much affected in all her operations. When a philosopher has once laid hold of a favorite principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural

effects, he extends the same principle over the whole creation, and reduces to it every phenomenon, though by the most violent and absurd reasoning. Our own mind being narrow and contracted, we cannot extend our conception to the variety and extent of nature; but imagine that she is as much bounded in her operations, as we are in our speculation.

But if ever this infirmity of philosophers is to be suspected on any occasion, it is in their reasonings concerning human life, and the methods of attaining happiness. In that case, they are led astray, not only by the narrowness of their understandings, but by that also of their passions. Almost every one has a predominant inclination, to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though, perhaps, with some intervals, through the whole course of his life. It is difficult for him to apprehend that anything which appears totally indifferent to him can ever give enjoyment to any person, or can possess charms, which altogether escape his observation. His own pursuits are always, in his account, the most engaging: the objects of his passion, the most valuable: and the road, which he pursues the only one that leads to happiness.

But would these prejudiced reasoners reflect a moment, there are many obvious instances and arguments, sufficient to undeceive them, and make them enlarge their maxims and principles. Do they not see the vast variety of inclinations and pursuits among our species; where each man seems fully satisfied with his own course of life, and would esteem it the greatest unhappiness to be confined to that of his neighbor? Do they not feel in themselves that what pleases at one time, displeases at another, by the change of inclination; and that it is not in their power, by their utmost efforts, to recall that taste or appetite which formerly bestowed charms on what now appears indifferent or disagreeable? What is the meaning therefore of those general preferences of the town or country life, of a life of action or one of pleasure, of retirement or society; when, besides the different inclinations of different men, every one's experience may convince him that each of these kinds of life is agreeable in its turn, and that their variety or their judicious mixture chiefly contributes to the rendering all of them agreeable?

But shall this business be allowed to go altogether at adventures? And must a man consult only his humor and inclination, in order to determine his course of life, without employing his reason to inform him what road is preferable, and leads most

surely to happiness? Is there no difference, then, between one man's conduct and another?

I answer, there is a great difference. One man, following his inclination, in choosing his course of life, may employ much surer means for succeeding than another, who is led by inclination into the same course of life, and pursues the same object. *Are riches the chief object of your desires?* Acquire skill in your profession; be diligent in the exercise of it; enlarge the circle of your friends and acquaintance; avoid pleasure and expense; and never be generous, but with a view of gaining more than you could save by frugality. *Would you acquire the public esteem?* Guard equally against the extremes of arrogance and fawning. Let it appear that you set a value upon yourself, but without despising others. If you fall into either of the extremes, you either provoke men's pride by your insolence, or teach them to despise you by your timorous submission, and by the mean opinion which you seem to entertain of yourself.

These, you say, are the maxims of common prudence and discretion; what every parent inculcates on his child, and what every man of sense pursues in the course of life which he has chosen. — What is it then you desire more? Do you come to a philosopher as to a *cunning man*, to learn something by magic or witchcraft, beyond what can be known by common prudence and discretion? — Yes; we come to a philosopher to be instructed, how we shall choose our ends, more than the means for attaining these ends: we want to know what desire we shall gratify, what passion we shall comply with, what appetite we shall indulge. As to the rest, we trust to common sense, and the general maxims of the world, for our instruction.

I am sorry, then, I have pretended to be a philosopher: for I find your questions very perplexing; and am in danger, if my answer be too rigid and severe, of passing for a pedant and scholastic; if it be too easy and free, of being taken for a preacher of vice and immorality. However, to satisfy you, I shall deliver my opinion upon the matter, and shall only desire you to esteem it of as little consequence as I do myself. By that means you will neither think it worthy of your ridicule nor your anger.

If we can depend upon any principle, which we learn from philosophy, this, I think, may be considered as certain and undoubted, that there is nothing, in itself, valuable or despicable, desirable or hateful, beautiful or deformed; but that these

attributes arise from the particular constitution and fabric of human sentiment and affection. What seems the most delicious food to one animal, appears loathsome to another : what affects the feeling of one with delight, produces uneasiness in another. This is confessedly the case with regard to all the bodily senses : but, if we examine the matter more accurately, we shall find that the same observation holds even where the mind concurs with the body, and mingles its sentiment with the exterior appetite.

Desire this passionate lover to give you a character of his mistress : he will tell you that he is at a loss for words to describe her charms, and will ask you very seriously, if ever you were acquainted with a goddess or an angel? If you answer that you never were : he will then say that it is impossible for you to form a conception of such divine beauties as those which his charmer possesses ; so complete a shape ; such well-proportioned features ; so engaging an air ; such sweetness of disposition ; such gayety of humor. You can infer nothing, however, from all this discourse, but that the poor man is in love ; and that the general appetite between the sexes, which nature has infused into all animals, is in him determined to a particular object by some qualities which give him pleasure. The same divine creature, not only to a different animal, but also to a different man, appears a mere mortal being, and is beheld with the utmost indifference.

Nature has given all animals a like prejudice in favor of their offspring. As soon as the helpless infant sees the light, though in every other eye it appears a despicable and a miserable creature, it is regarded by its fond parent with the utmost affection, and is preferred to every other object, however perfect and accomplished. The passion alone, arising from the original structure and formation of human nature, bestows a value on the most insignificant object.

We may push the same observation further, and may conclude that, even when the mind operates alone, and feeling the sentiment of blame or approbation, pronounces one object deformed and odious, another beautiful and amiable ; I say that, even in this case, those qualities are not really in the objects, but belong entirely to the sentiment of that mind which blames or praises. I grant, that it will be more difficult to make this proposition evident, and, as it were, palpable, to negligent thinkers ; because nature is more uniform in the sentiments

of the mind than in most feelings of the body, and produces a nearer resemblance in the inward than in the outward part of human kind. There is something approaching to principles in mental taste; and critics can reason and dispute more plausibly than cooks or perfumers. We may observe, however, that this uniformity among human kind hinders not, but that there is a considerable diversity in the sentiments of beauty and worth, and that education, custom, prejudice, caprice, and humor frequently vary our taste of this kind. You will never convince a man, who is not accustomed to Italian music, and has not an ear to follow its intricacies, that a Scots tune is not preferable. You have not even any single argument, beyond your own taste, which you can employ in your behalf: and to your antagonist his particular taste will always appear a more convincing argument to the contrary. If you be wise, each of you will allow that the other may be in the right; and having many other instances of this diversity of taste, you will both confess that beauty and worth are merely of a relative nature, and consist in an agreeable sentiment, produced by an object in a particular mind, according to the peculiar structure and constitution of that mind.

By this diversity of sentiment, observable in human kind, nature has, perhaps, intended to make us sensible of her authority, and let us see what surprising changes she could produce on the passions and desires of mankind, merely by the change of their inward fabric, without any alteration on the objects. The vulgar may even be convinced by this argument. But men, accustomed to thinking, may draw a more convincing, at least a more general argument, from the very nature of the subject.

In the operation of reasoning, the mind does nothing but run over its objects, as they are supposed to stand in reality, without adding anything to them, or diminishing anything from them. If I examine the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems, I endeavor only, by my inquiries, to know the real situation of the planets; that is, in other words, I endeavor to give them, in my conception, the same relations that they bear towards each other in the heavens. To this operation of the mind, therefore, there seems to be always a real, though often an unknown standard, in the nature of things; nor is truth or falsehood variable by the various apprehensions of mankind. Though all human race should forever conclude that the sun moves, and the earth remains at rest, the sun stirs not an inch

from his place for all these reasonings; and such conclusions are eternally false and erroneous.

But the case is not the same with the qualities of *beautiful and deformed*, *desirable and odious*, as with truth and falsehood. In the former case, the mind is not content with merely surveying its objects, as they stand in themselves: it also feels a sentiment of delight or uneasiness, approbation or blame, consequent to that survey; and this sentiment determines it to affix the epithet *beautiful or deformed*, *desirable or odious*. Now, it is evident, that this sentiment must depend upon the particular fabric or structure of the mind, which enables such particular forms to operate in such a particular manner, and produces a sympathy or conformity between the mind and its objects. Vary the structure of the mind or inward organs, the sentiment no longer follows, though the form remains the same. The sentiment being different from the object, and arising from its operation upon the organs of the mind, an alteration upon the latter must vary the effect, nor can the same object, presented to a mind totally different, produce the same sentiment.

This conclusion every one is apt to draw of himself, without much philosophy, where the sentiment is evidently distinguishable from the object. Who is not sensible, that power, and glory, and vengeance, are not desirable of themselves, but derive all their value from the structure of human passions, which begets a desire towards such particular pursuits? But with regard to beauty, either natural or moral, the case is commonly supposed to be different. The agreeable quality is thought to lie in the object, not in the sentiment; and that merely because the sentiment is not so turbulent and violent as to distinguish itself, in an evident manner, from the perception of the object.

But a little reflection suffices to distinguish them. A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolomaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, *whose* parts are all equally distant from a common center. It is only the effect which that figure produces upon a mind whose particular fabric or structure renders

it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas' voyage by the map, might perfectly understand the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author; and, consequently, might have a distinct idea of the whole narration. He would even have a more distinct idea of it than they could attain who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, everything in the poem: but he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but in the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel.

The inference upon the whole is, that it is not from the value or worth of the object which any person pursues, that we can determine his enjoyment, but merely from the passion with which he pursues it, and the success which he meets with in his pursuit. Objects have absolutely no worth or value in themselves. They derive their worth merely from the passion. If that be strong, and steady, and successful, the person is happy. It cannot reasonably be doubted but a little miss, dressed in a new gown for a dancing-school ball, receives as complete enjoyment as the greatest orator, who triumphs in the splendor of his eloquence, while he governs the passions and resolutions of a numerous assembly.

All the difference, therefore, between one man and another, with regard to life, consists either in the *passion*, or in the *enjoyment:* and these differences are sufficient to produce the wide extremes of happiness and misery. . . .

But though the value of every object can be determined only by the sentiment or passion of every individual, we may observe that the passion, in pronouncing its verdict, considers not the object simply, as it is in itself, but surveys it with all the circumstances which attend it. A man transported with joy, on account of his possessing a diamond, confines not his view to the glittering stone before him: he also considers its rarity, and hence chiefly arises his pleasure and exultation. Here therefore a philosopher may step in, and suggest particular views, and considerations, and circumstances, which other-

wise would have escaped us, and by that means, he may either moderate or excite any particular passion.

It may seem unreasonable absolutely to deny the authority of philosophy in this respect: but it must be confessed that there lies this strong presumption against it, that, if these views be natural and obvious, they would have occurred of themselves, without the assistance of philosophy; if they be not natural, they never can have any influence on the affections. *These* are of a very delicate nature, and cannot be forced or constrained by the utmost art or industry. A consideration which we seek for on purpose, which we enter into with difficulty, which we cannot attain without care and attention, will never produce those genuine and durable movements of passion which are the result of nature and the constitution of the mind. A man may as well pretend to cure himself of love, by viewing his mistress through the *artificial* medium of a microscope or prospect, and beholding there the coarseness of her skin, and monstrous disproportion of her features, as hope to excite or moderate any passion by the *artificial* arguments of a Seneca or an Epictetus. The remembrance of the natural aspect and situation of the object will, in both cases, still recur upon him. The reflections of philosophy are too subtle and distant to take place in common life, or eradicate any affection. The air is too fine to breathe in, where it is above the winds and clouds of the atmosphere.

Another defect of those refined reflections which philosophy suggests to us, is, that commonly they cannot diminish or extinguish our vicious passions, without diminishing or extinguishing such as are virtuous, and rendering the mind totally indifferent and inactive. They are, for the most part, general, and are applicable to all our affections. In vain do we hope to direct their influence only to one side. If by incessant study and meditation we have rendered them intimate and present to us, they will operate throughout, and spread an universal insensibility over the mind. When we destroy the nerves, we extinguish the sense of pleasure, together with that of pain, in the human body.

It will be easy, by one glance of the eye, to find one or other of these defects in most of those philosophical reflections so much celebrated both in ancient and modern times. "Let not the injuries or violence of men," say the philosophers, "ever discompose you by anger or hatred. Would you be angry at the ape for its malice, or the tiger for its ferocity?"

This reflection leads us into a bad opinion of human nature, and must extinguish the social affections. It tends also to prevent all remorse for a man's own crimes; when he considers that vice is as natural to mankind as the particular instincts to brute creatures.

"All ills arise from the order of the universe, which is absolutely perfect. Would you wish to disturb so divine an order for the sake of your own particular interest?" What if the ills I suffer arise from malice or oppression? "But the vices and imperfections of men are also comprehended in the order of the universe: —

> "If plagues and earthquakes break not heaven's design,
> Why then a BORGIA or a CATILINE?"

Let this be allowed; and my own vices will also be a part of the same order.

To one who said that none were happy who were not above opinion, a Spartan replied, "Then none are happy but knaves and robbers."

"Man is born to be miserable; and is he surprised at any particular misfortune? And can he give way to sorrow and lamentation upon account of any disaster?" Yes: he very reasonably laments that he should be born to be miserable. Your consolation presents a hundred ills, for one of which you pretend to ease him.

"You should always have before your eyes death, disease, poverty, blindness, exile, calumny, and infamy, as ills which are incident to human nature. If any of these ills fall to your lot, you will bear it the better, when you have reckoned upon it." I answer, if we confine ourselves to a general and distant reflection on the ills of human life, *that* can have no effect to prepare us for them. If by close and intense meditation we render them present and intimate to us, *that* is the true secret for poisoning all our pleasures, and rendering us perpetually miserable.

"Your sorrow is fruitless, and will not change the course of destiny." Very true: and for that very reason I am sorry.

Cicero's consolation for deafness is somewhat curious. "How many languages are there," says he, "which you do not understand? The Punic, Spanish, Gallic, Egyptian, etc. With regard to all these, you are as if you were deaf, yet you are indifferent about the matter. Is it then so great a misfortune to be deaf to one language more?"

I like better the repartee of Antipater the Cyrenaic, when some women were condoling with him for his blindness: "What!" says he, "do you think there are no pleasures in the dark?"

"Nothing can be more destructive," says Fontenelle, "to ambition, and the passion for conquest, than the true system of astronomy. What a poor thing is even the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of Nature?" This consideration is evidently too distant ever to have any effect. Or, if it had any, would it not destroy patriotism as well as ambition? The same gallant author adds, with some reason, that the bright eyes of the ladies are the only objects which lose nothing of their luster or value from the most extensive views of astronomy, but stand proof against every system. Would philosophers advise us to limit our affections to them?

"Exile," says Plutarch to a friend in banishment, "is no evil: mathematicians tell us that the whole earth is but a point, compared to the heavens. To change one's country, then, is little more than to remove from one street to another. Man is not a plant, rooted in a certain spot of earth: all soils and all climates are like suited to him." These topics are admirable, could they fall only into the hands of banished persons. But what if they come also to the knowledge of those who are employed in public affairs, and destroy all their attachment to their native country? Or will they operate like the quack's medicine, which is equally good for a diabetes and a dropsy?

It is certain, were a superior being thrust into a human body, that the whole of life would to him appear so mean, contemptible, and puerile, that he never could be induced to take part in anything, and would scarcely give attention to what passes around him. To engage him to such a condescension as to play even the part of a Philip with zeal and alacrity, would be much more difficult than to constrain the same Philip, after having been a king and a conqueror during fifty years, to mend old shoes with proper care and attention; the occupation which Lucian assigns him in the infernal regions. Now all the same topics of disdain towards human affairs, which could operate on this supposed being, occur also to a philosopher; but being, in some measure, disproportioned to human capacity, and not being fortified by the experience of anything better, they make not a full impression on him. He sees, but he feels not sufficiently their truth: and is always a

sublime philosopher, when he needs not; that is, as long as nothing disturbs him, or rouses his affections. While others play, he wonders at their keenness and ardor; but he no sooner puts in his own stake than he is commonly transported with the same passions that he had so much condemned while he remained a simple spectator. . . .

I shall conclude this subject with observing that, though virtue be undoubtedly the best choice, when it is attainable; yet such is the disorder and confusion of human affairs that no perfect or regular distribution of happiness and misery is ever, in this life, to be expected. Not only the goods of fortune, and the endowments of the body (both of which are important), not only these advantages, I say, are unequally divided between the virtuous and vicious, but even the mind itself partakes, in some degree, of this disorder; and the most worthy character, by the very constitution of the passions, enjoys not always the highest felicity.

It is observable that though every bodily pain proceeds from some disorder in the part or organ, yet the pain is not always proportioned to the disorder, but is greater or less, according to the greater or less sensibility of the part upon which the noxious humors exert their influence. A *toothache* produces more violent convulsions of pain than a *phthisis* or a *dropsy*. In like manner, with regard to the economy of the mind, we may observe that all vice is indeed pernicious; yet the disturbance or pain is not measured out by nature with exact proportion to the degrees of vice; nor is the man of highest virtue, even abstracting from external accidents, always the most happy. A gloomy and melancholy disposition is certainly, *to our sentiments*, a vice or imperfection; but as it may be accompanied with great sense of honor and great integrity, it may be found in very worthy characters, though it is sufficient alone to imbitter life, and render the person affected with it completely miserable. On the other hand, a selfish villain may possess a spring and alacrity of temper, a certain *gayety of heart*, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit, and when attended with good fortune will compensate for the uneasiness and remorse arising from all the other vices.

I shall add, as an observation to the same purpose, that, if a man be liable to a vice or imperfection, it may often happen that a good quality, which he possesses along with it, will

render him more miserable than if he were completely vicious. A person of such imbecility of temper as to be easily broken by affliction is more unhappy for being endowed with a generous and friendly disposition, which gives him a lively concern for others, and exposes him the more to fortune and accidents. A sense of shame, in an imperfect character, is certainly a virtue; but produces great uneasiness and remorse, from which the abandoned villain is entirely free. A very amorous complexion, with a heart incapable of friendship, is happier than the same excess in love, with a generosity of temper, which transports a man beyond himself, and renders him a total slave to the object of his passion.

In a word, human life is more governed by fortune than by reason: is to be regarded more as a dull pastime than a serious occupation; and is more influenced by particular humor than by general principles. Shall we engage ourselves in it with passion and anxiety? It is not worthy of so much concern. Shall we be indifferent about what happens? We lose all the pleasure of the game by our phlegm and carelessness. While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though *perhaps* they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher. To reduce life to exact rule and method is commonly a painful, oft a fruitless, occupation: and is it not also a proof that we overvalue the prize for which we contend?

THE GRAVE.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

[Robert Blair was born probably in Edinburgh about 1700, educated at the University, traveled on the Continent, became a clergyman in 1731, and spent the rest of his life — till 1746 — in one pastorate. Of his poems, only this is remembered: it was illustrated by William Blake.]

Dull grave — thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke

To clapping theaters and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipped musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah: sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? where the hot-brained youth
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim,
And crammed into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how altered in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant wound up in swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to the very scruple;
Oh cruel irony! These come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honor,
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry preëminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state. . . .
Death's shafts fly thick: — Here falls the village-swain,
And there his pampered lord. — The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors. — Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. — Thus hand in hand
The sot has walked with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: — when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. — Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for. — Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. — Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know,
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. — What is this world?
What? but a spacious burial-field unwalled,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: In their turns
They too must cover theirs. — 'Tis here all meet,
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sunburned Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. — Here lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill: — Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his galled shoulders; — and when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, — and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. — Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limbed peasant: — Here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor pressed the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon lot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. — The shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman and the patriots stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years. . . .
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand.
He stamped thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work. — Then all was well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. — Not head, nor heart,
Offered to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarmed his peaceful bosom, — summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kissed by southern winds
Just ready to expire, — scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offered the various produce of the year,
And everything more perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! — But oh! how short!
Blest as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone. . . .
Can naught compound for the first dire offense
Of erring man? — Like one that is condemned,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. — But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odors of the place,
Offered in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. — A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. — At once he lost
His glory and his God. — If mortal now,
And sorely maimed, no wonder. — Man has sinned.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is success.)
Alas! too well he sped: — the good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; — or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! — Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

POEMS OF JOHN BYROM.

[John Byrom was born near Manchester, England, in 1691, educated at Trinity, Cambridge; studied medicine at Montpellier, and became a convert to Jacob Boehme's mysticism, being an unusual mixture of broad humor and deep enthusiasms; gave up medicine and worldly prudence for a penniless marriage; was member of the Royal Society, and loved science; invented a method of short-hand, and taught it for a living till he fell heir to an estate; died 1763. He wrote vast quantities of verse, partly collected in 1773; but is remembered for the wit and point of a few skits.]

Epigram — God bless the King.

God bless the King — I mean the faith's defender!
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who pretender is, or who is king —
God bless us all! — that's quite another thing.

The Three Black Crows.

[For the original of this, see "Gesta Romanorum," Vol. 10, page 62.]

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand:
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!" — "I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend. — "No? I'm surprised at that:
Where I come from, it is the common chat;
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows." —
"Impossible!" — "Nay, but it's really true:
I had it from good hands, and so may you." —
"From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell —" relating the affair.
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me:
But, by the bye, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir —" and so forth. — "Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact:
It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon, —

The gentleman himself told me the case." —
"Where may I find him?" — "Why, in such a place."
Away he goes, and having found him out —
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard:
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" —
"Not I!" — "Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find at last all comes to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?" —
"Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." — "And pray, sir, what was't?" —
"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

The Nimmers.

Two foot-companions once in deep discourse —
"Tom," says the one, "let's go and *steal* a horse."
"Steal!" says the other in a huge surprise,
"He that says I'm a thief, I say he lies."
"Well, well," replies his friend, "no such affront!
I did but ask ye. If you won't, you won't."
So they jogged on, till in another strain
The querist moved to honest Tom again:
"Suppose," says he, "for supposition's sake
('Tis but a supposition that I make!) —
Suppose that we should *filch* a horse, I say?"
"Filch? filch?" quoth Tom, demurring by the way,
"That's not so bad as downright theft, I own,
But yet — methinks — 'twere better let alone.
It soundeth something pitiful and low.
Shall we go filch a horse, you say? Why, no!
I'll filch no filching; — and I'll tell no lie:
Honesty's the best policy, say I!"
Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
His comrade paused. At last, says he, "Come, come,
Thou art an honest fellow, I agree.
Honest and poor. — Alas, that should not be! —
And dry into the bargain! And no drink!
Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom? What dost think?"
How clear are things when liquor's in the case!
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,

"Nim? yes, yes, yes! Let's nim, with all my heart.
I see no harm in nimming, for my part.
Hard is the case, now I look sharp into't,
That honesty should trudge i' th' dirt afoot!
So many empty horses round about,
That honesty should wear its bottoms out!
Besides, shall honesty be choked with thirst?
Were it my Lord Mayor's horse, I'd nim it first!
And, by the bye, my lad, no scrubby tit!
There is the best that ever wore a bit
Not far from hence." — "I take ye," quoth his friend,
"Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end?" —
Good wits will jump; both meant the very steed,
The top o' the country both for shape and breed.
So to't they went, and with a halter round
His feathered neck they nimmed him off the ground.

* * * * * * *

'Twixt right and wrong how many gentle trimmers
Will neither steal nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers!

PHYLLIS.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

[1714–1763.]

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas, where with her I have strayed
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear
And my solace wherever I go.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.

By MARK AKENSIDE.

[Mark Akenside was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1721, the son of a butcher; permanently lamed in boyhood by a cleaver. He studied at Edinburgh University, then for an M.D. at Leyden; settled at Northampton, then at London, and became a highly fashionable physician and much-reputed literary critic. A didactic poem, "The Pleasures of the Imagination," is his only work of magnitude; but his best is the "Epistle to Curio," the only one which came from his heart. Curio was a young Roman noble who espoused the cause of the republic and then sold himself to Cæsar for money to pay his debts; the name here means William Pulteney, Walpole's rival.]

Thrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I, exulting, grasped the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that waked my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
Nor quelled by malice, nor relaxed by years,
Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragged at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses owed,
And well-earned laurels every Muse bestowed;

If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard;
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public Justice sanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forebore thy name,
Long watched thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wished and hoped the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of Party hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free;
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who say they viewed without amaze
The sad reverse of all thy former praise:
That, through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luster blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that "each man has his price,"
I still believed thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it — spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,
Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decayed;
Has begged Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,

Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all. —
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone;
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honor was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense would hear?
Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
    When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loathe to tread the poisoned shore;
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.
    Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honors grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed;
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;

Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amazed had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Roused by thy labors from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.
Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appeared at last in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We saw the senate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hailed the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandoned lay.
Waked in the shock, the public Genius rose,
Abashed and keener from his long repose;
Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
The city felt his call; from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challenged the decided hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal!
Ye spirits by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labors nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne,

The sword submitted, and the laws her own;
See public power chastised beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands;
See private life by wisest arts reclaimed;
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed;
See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio, will be true.
'Twas then — O shame! O trust how ill repaid.
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed! —
'Twas then — What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinewed thy determined soul?
— Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved?
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allured?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjured?
This Curio, hated and despised by all,
Who fell himself, to work his country's fall?
O lost, alike to action and repose,
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame;
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind! . . .
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny displayed
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed!
See the dire fane of Infamy arise,
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly;
There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates;

And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestowed;
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey;
Where, ever armed with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honor hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betrayed,
The childless sire, and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
From towns enslaved, and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Forever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Awed at the name, fierce Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the fates assigned
With surer arts to work what we designed,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till owned their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire, so near suppressed,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast.
Though bold corruption boast around the land,

"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand;"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.

POEMS OF WILLIAM COLLINS.

[William Collins, English poet, was born in Chichester in 1721, graduated B.A. at Oxford, and about 1745 went to London to follow literature as a profession. On account of the failure of his "Odes" (1746) to attract attention, he became indolent and dissipated. By the death of an uncle in 1749 he inherited £2000, but his health and spirits were broken, and after lingering for some time in a state of imbecility, he died at Chichester, June 12, 1759. A monument by Flaxman was erected to his memory by public subscription, and his biography was written by Johnson, who speaks of him with great tenderness, and adds that "his great fault was irresolution." His odes now hold a place among the finest of English lyrical poems.]

How Sleep the Brave.

[Written in the beginning of the year 1746.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve!
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!

Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.

[The scene of these stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.]

In yonder grave a druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,[1]
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?

[1] Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see — the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your druid lies!

The Passions: an Ode for Music.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair; —

And longer had she sung: — but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed:
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:

And dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest:
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page; —
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound: —
O bid our vain endeavors cease:
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON.

[Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London, September 22, 1694. After leaving Cambridge University he made a European tour and on his return sat in Parliament until 1726, when he inherited the earldom and passed into the House of Lords. A favorite of George II., he became a privy councilor, ambassador to Holland, lord steward of the household, and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was one of Sir Robert Walpole's bitterest antagonists, distinguishing himself by his writings in the *Craftsman* as well as by his powerful eloquence in the House. He was also noted for his brilliancy of wit, grace of manners, and elegance of conversation, and lived in intimacy with Pope, Swift, and other celebrated contemporaries. He retired from public service on account of failing health, and died March 24, 1773. As an author his reputation rests upon the well-known "Letters to his Son."]

True Good Company Defined.

October 12, o. s. 1748.

To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you that it is pretty difficult to define; but I will endeavor to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people

of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company that many people without birth, rank, or merit intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company, there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality cannot for that reason be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are into the bargain the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill bred, and as worthless as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words "good company"; they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *literati* by profession, which is not the way either to shine or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men, who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it; but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid

of a live wit in company as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is however worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company which of all others you should most carefully avoid is that low company which in every sense of the word is low indeed,— low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will perhaps be surprised that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary from the many instances which I have seen of men of sense and rank discredited, vilified, and undone by keeping such company. Vanity, that source of many of our follies and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep; people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary, for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company. Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to and imitate it. But then he too often and fatally mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of "genteel and fashionable vices." He there sees some people who shine and who in general are admired and esteemed, and observes that these people are . . . drunkards or gamesters, upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashion and their luster to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have

acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good breeding, and other accomplishments, and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices.

Conduct in Good Company. — On Mimicry.

Bath, *Oct.* 19, o. s. 1748.

Dear Boy, —Having in my last pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it,— rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down and communicate to you with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing master and to your own attention to the best models; remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company,— this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbor) to whisper, or at least in a half voice to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill bred, and in some degree a fraud,— conversation stock being a joint and common property. But on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, and at least seeming attention, if he is worth obliging,— for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing,

as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations,— which though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose for a time the contending parties toward each other; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavor to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation hubbub once by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat out of company what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretense or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully as they imagine, and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. "They acknowledge it may indeed seem odd that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done, — no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused! But in these cases justice is surely due to one's self as well as to others, and when our character is attacked, we may say in our own justification what otherwise we never would have said." This thin veil of modesty drawn before vanity is much too transparent to conceal it even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work, but in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune in

being made up of those weaknesses. "They cannot see people suffer without sympathizing with and endeavoring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them, though truly their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short they know that with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it; but they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can." This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the by, that you will often meet with characters in Nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high coloring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good postboy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity, I will believe him a liar, for if I do not I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagances which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose; and as Waller says, upon another subject, —

> Make the wretch the most despised
> Where most he wishes to be prized.

The only sure way of avoiding these evils is never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects or add luster to your perfections; but on the contrary it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither

envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious,—which is not only a very unamiable character but a very suspicious one too. If you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti;* that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior with a prudent interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet by a seeming natual openness to put people off theirs. Depend upon it, nine in ten of every company you are in will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is, therefore, as necessary as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt. Besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear, but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; defamation of others may for the present gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favorite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practice it yourself nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted, and as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with,—for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop,

a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance; for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and as illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.

But to conclude this long letter: all the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you say, if you say it with a supercilious, cynical face, or an embarrassed countenance, or a silly, disconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, *you mutter it, or utter it indistinctly and ungracefully*, it will be still worse received. If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please; and without pleasing, you will rise but heavily. Venus among the ancients was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us that even youth, and Mercury, the God of arts and eloquence, would not do without her, —

Parum comis sine te Juventas Mercuriusque.

They are not inexorable ladies, and may be had, if properly and diligently pursued. Adieu.

TAXES AND LIBERTY: HOODWINKING THE PEOPLE.

By MONTESQUIEU.

[Charles de Secondat, Baron Montesquieu, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was hereditary president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and an active public-spirited magistrate; in private he made scientific researches. In 1721 he wrote the "Persian Letters," a witty analysis of French society, under the guise of a Persian traveler. He sold his office in 1726; traveled five years to study institutions; in 1734 issued "Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and of their Decline"; his most famous work, "The Spirit of Laws" in 1748; a "Defense" of it in 1750; "Lysimaque," a political dialogue, "Arsace et Ismenie," a romance, and an essay on "Taste" in the "Encyclopedia." He died February 10, 1755.]

Of the Public Revenues.

The *public revenues* are a portion that each subject gives of his property, in order to secure or enjoy the remainder.

To fix these revenues in a proper manner, regard should be had both to the necessities of the state and to those of the subject. The real wants of the people ought never to give way to the imaginary wants of the state.

Imaginary wants are those which flow from the passions and the weakness of the governors, from the vain conceit of some extraordinary project, from the inordinate desire of glory, and from a certain impotence of mind incapable of withstanding the impulse of fancy. Often have ministers of a restless disposition imagined that the wants of their own mean and ignoble souls were those of the state.

Nothing requires more wisdom and prudence than the regulation of that portion of which the subject is deprived, and that which he is suffered to retain.

The public revenues should not be measured by the people's abilities to give, but by what they ought to give; and if they are measured by their abilities to give, it should be considered what they are able to give for a constancy.

That it is Bad Reasoning to say that the Greatness of Taxes is Good in its own Nature.

There have been instances in particular monarchies of petty states exempt from taxes that have been as miserable as circumjacent places that groaned under the weight of exactions.

The chief reason of this is that the petty state can hardly have any such thing as industry, arts, or manufactures, because of its being subject to a thousand restraints from the great state by which it is environed. The great state may be blessed with industry, manufactures, and arts, and establish laws by which those several advantages are procured; while the petty state necessarily becomes poor, let it pay never so few taxes.

And yet some have concluded from the poverty of those petty states that in order to render the people industrious they should be loaded with taxes. But it would be a juster inference, that they ought to pay no taxes at all. None live here but wretches who retire from the neighboring parts to avoid working — wretches who, disheartened by labor, make their whole felicity consist in idleness.

The effect of wealth in a country is to inspire every heart with ambition: that of poverty is to give birth to despair. The former is excited by labor, the latter is soothed by indolence.

Nature is just to all mankind, and repays them for their industry: she renders them industrious by annexing rewards in proportion to their labor. But if an arbitrary prince should attempt to deprive the people of nature's bounty, they would fall into a disrelish of industry; and then indolence and inaction must be their only happiness.

Of the Just Proportion of Taxes.

When the inhabitants of a state are all free subjects, and each man enjoys his property with as much right as the prince his sovereignty, taxes may then be laid either on persons, on lands, on merchandise, on two of these, or on all three together.

In the taxing of persons, it would be an unjust proportion to conform exactly to that of property. At Athens the people were divided into four classes. Those who drew five hundred measures of liquid or dried fruit from their estates paid a talent to the public; those who drew three hundred measures paid half a talent; those who had two hundred measures paid ten minæ; those of the fourth class paid nothing at all. The tax was fair, though it was not proportionable: if it did not follow the measure of people's property, it followed that of their wants. It was judged that every man had an equal share

of what was *necessary for nature*, that whatsoever was *necessary for nature* ought not to be taxed; that to this succeeded the useful, which ought to be taxed, but less than the superfluous; and that the largeness of the taxes on what was superfluous prevented superfluity.

In the taxing of lands it is customary to make lists or registers, in which the different classes of estates are ranged. But it is very difficult to know these differences, and still more so to find people that are not interested in mistaking them. Here, therefore, are two sorts of injustice, that of the man and that of the thing. But if in general the tax be not exorbitant, and the people continue to have plenty of necessaries, these particular acts of injustice will do no harm. On the contrary, if the people are permitted to enjoy only just what is necessary for subsistence, the least disproportion will be of the greatest consequence.

If some subjects do not pay enough, the mischief is not so great; their convenience and ease turn always to the public advantage; if some private people pay too much, their ruin redounds to the public detriment. If the government proportions its fortune to that of individuals, the ease and convenience of the latter will soon make its fortune rise. The whole depends upon a critical moment: shall the state begin with impoverishing the subjects to enrich itself? Or had it better wait to be enriched by its subjects? Is it more advisable for it to have the former or the latter advantage? Which shall it choose — to begin or to end with opulence?

How the People may be deceived as to the Amount of their Taxes.

The duties felt least by the people are those on merchandise, because they are not demanded of them in form. They may be so prudently managed that the people themselves shall hardly know they pay them. For this purpose it is of the utmost consequence that the person who sells the merchandise should pay the duty. He is very sensible that he does not pay it for himself, and the consumer who pays it in the main, confounds it with the price. Some authors have observed that Nero had abolished the duty of the five-and-twentieth part arising from the sale of slaves; and yet he had only ordained that it should be paid by the seller instead of the purchaser;

this regulation, which left the impost entire, seemed nevertheless to suppress it.

There are two states in Europe where the imposts are very heavy upon liquors; in one the brewer alone pays the duty, in the other it is levied indiscriminately upon all the consumers: in the first nobody feels the rigor of the impost, in the second it is looked upon as a grievance; in the former the subject is sensible only of the liberty he has of not paying, in the latter he feels only the necessity that compels him to pay.

Further, the obliging the consumers to pay requires a perpetual rummaging and searching into their houses. Now nothing is more contrary than this to liberty; and those who establish these sorts of duties have not surely been so happy as to hit upon the best method of collecting the revenue.

In what Manner the Deception is preserved.

In order to make the purchaser confound the price of the commodity with the impost, there must be some proportion between the impost and the value of the commodity: for which reason there ought not to be an excessive duty upon merchandise of little value. There are countries in which the duty exceeds seventeen or eighteen times the value of the commodity. In this case the prince removes the disguise: his subjects plainly see they are dealt with in an unreasonable manner, which renders them most exquisitely sensible of their servile condition.

Besides, the prince, to be able to levy a duty so disproportioned to the value of the commodity, must be himself the vender, and the people must not have it in their power to purchase it elsewhere: a practice subject to a thousand inconveniences.

Smuggling being in this case extremely lucrative, the natural and most reasonable penalty, namely, the confiscation of the merchandise, becomes incapable of putting a stop to it; especially as this very merchandise is intrinsically of inconsiderable value. Recourse must therefore be had to extravagant punishments, such as those inflicted for capital crimes.

All proportion then of penalties is at an end. Persons that cannot really be considered as vicious are punished like the most infamous criminals; which of all things in the world is the most contrary to the spirit of a moderate government.

Again, in proportion as people are tempted to cheat the farmer of the revenues, the more the latter is enriched, and the former impoverished. To put a stop to smuggling, the farmer must be invested with extraordinary means of oppressing, and then the country is ruined.

That the Greatness of Taxes depends on the Nature of the Government.

Taxes ought to be very light in despotic governments: otherwise who would be at the trouble of tilling the land? Besides, how is it possible to pay heavy duties in a government that makes no manner of return to the different contributions of the subject?

The exorbitant power of the prince and the extreme depression of the people require that there should not be even a possibility of the least mistake between them. The taxes ought to be so easy to collect, and so clearly settled, as to leave no opportunity for the collectors to increase or diminish them. A portion of the fruits of the earth, a capitation, a duty of so much per cent on merchandise, are the only taxes suitable to that government.

Of Confiscations.

With respect to confiscations, there is one thing very particular, that, contrary to the general custom, they are more severe in Europe than in Asia. In Europe not only the merchandise, but even sometimes the ships and carriages, are confiscated; which is never practiced in Asia. This is because in Europe the merchant can have recourse to magistrates, who are able to shelter him from oppression; in Asia the magistrates themselves would be the greatest oppressors. What remedy could a merchant have against a pasha who was determined to confiscate his goods?

The prince, therefore, checks his own power, finding himself under the necessity of acting with some kind of lenity. In Turkey they raise only a single duty for the importation of goods, and afterwards the whole country is open to the merchant. Smuggling is not attended with confiscation or increase of duty. In China they never look into the baggage of those who are not merchants. Defrauding the customs in the terri-

tory of the Mogul is not punished with confiscation, but with doubling the duty. The princes of Tartary, who reside in towns, impose scarcely any duty at all on the goods that pass through their country. In Japan, it is true, to cheat the customs is a capital crime; but this is because they have particular reasons for prohibiting all communication with foreigners; hence the fraud is rather a contravention of the laws made for the security of the government than of those of commerce.

Relation between the Weight of Taxes and Liberty.

It is a general rule that taxes may be heavier in proportion to the liberty of the subject, and that there is a necessity for reducing them in proportion to the increase of slavery. This has always been and always will be the case. It is a rule derived from nature that never varies. We find it in all parts, — in England, in Holland, and in every state where liberty gradually declines, till we come to Turkey. Switzerland seems to be an exception to this rule, because they pay no taxes; but the particular reason for that exemption is well known, and even confirms what I have advanced. In those barren mountains provisions are so dear, and the country is so populous, that a Swiss pays four times more to nature than a Turk does to the sultan.

A conquering people, such as were formerly the Athenians and the Romans, may rid themselves of all taxes as they reign over vanquished nations. Then, indeed, they do not pay in proportion to their liberty, because in this respect they are no longer a people, but a monarch.

But the general rule still holds good. In moderate governments there is an indemnity for the weight of the taxes, which is liberty. In despotic countries there is an equivalent for liberty, which is the lightness of the taxes.

In some monarchies in Europe there are particular provinces which from the very nature of their civil government are in a more flourishing condition than the rest. It is pretended that these provinces are not sufficiently taxed, because through the goodness of their government they are able to be taxed higher; hence the ministers seem constantly to aim at depriving them of this very government, whence a diffusive blessing is derived, which redounds even to the prince's advantage.

In what Government Taxes are capable of Increase.

Taxes may be increased in most republics, because the citizen, who thinks he is paying himself, cheerfully submits to them, and moreover is generally able to bear their weight, from the nature of the government.

In a monarchy taxes may be increased, because the moderation of the government is capable of procuring opulence: it is a recompense, as it were, granted to the prince for the respect he shows to the laws. In despotic governments they cannot be increased, because there can be no increase of the extremity of slavery.

That the Nature of the Taxes is in Relation to the Government.

A capitation is more natural to slavery; a duty on merchandise is more natural to liberty, by reason it has not so direct a relation to the person.

It is natural in a despotic government for the prince not to give money to his soldiers, or to those belonging to his court; but to distribute lands amongst them, and of course that there should be very few taxes. But if the prince gives money, the most natural tax he can raise is a capitation, which can never be considerable. For as it is impossible to make different classes of the contributors, because of the abuses that might arise thence, considering the injustice and violence of the government, they are under an absolute necessity of regulating themselves by the rate of what even the poorest and most wretched are able to contribute.

The natural tax of moderate governments is the duty laid on merchandise. As this is really paid by the consumer, though advanced by the merchant, it is a loan which the latter has already made to the former. Hence the merchant must be considered on the one side as the general debtor of the state, and on the other as the creditor of every individual. He advances to the state the duty which the consumer will some time or other refund: and he has paid for the consumer the duty which he has advanced for the merchandise. It is therefore obvious that in proportion to the moderation of the government, to the prevalence of the spirit of liberty, and to the security of private fortunes, a merchant has it in his power to advance money to

the state, and to pay considerable duties for individuals. In England a merchant lends really to the government fifty or sixty pounds sterling for every tun of wine he imports. Where is the merchant that would dare do any such thing in a country like Turkey? And were he so presumptuous, how could he do it with a crazy or shattered fortune?

Abuse of Liberty.

To these great advantages of liberty it is owing that liberty itself has been abused. Because a moderate government has been productive of admirable effects, this moderation has been laid aside; because great taxes have been raised, they wanted to carry them to excess; and, ungrateful to the hand of liberty, of whom they received this present, they addressed themselves to slavery, who never grants the least favor.

Liberty produces excessive taxes; the effect of excessive taxes is slavery; and slavery produces a diminution of tribute.

Of the Augmentation of Troops.

A new distemper has spread itself over Europe, infecting our princes, and inducing them to keep up an exorbitant number of troops. It has its redoublings, and of necessity becomes contagious. For as soon as one prince augments his forces, the rest of course do the same; so that nothing is gained thereby but the public ruin. Each monarch keeps as many armies on foot as if his people were in danger of being exterminated; and they give the name of peace to this general effort of all against all. Thus is Europe ruined to such a degree that were private people to be in the same situation as the three most opulent powers of this part of the globe, they would not have necessary subsistence. We are poor with the riches and commerce of the whole world; and soon, by thus augmenting our troops, we shall all be soldiers, and be reduced to the very same situation as the Tartars. All that is wanting for this is to improve the new invention of the militia established in most parts of Europe, and carry it to the same excess as they do the regular troops.

The consequence of such a situation is the perpetual augmentation of taxes; and the mischief which prevents all future remedy is, that they reckon no more upon their revenues, but, in waging war, calculate upon their whole capital.

MONTESQUIEU AND THE "SPIRIT OF LAWS."

By D'ALEMBERT.

(From his "Éloge" on Montesquieu, prefacing Vol. V. of the "Encyclopédie." Translated for this work.)

[Jean le Rond d'Alembert, a great French mathematician and philosopher, was the illegitimate son of Chevalier Destouches and Madame de Tencin; a foundling brought up by a glazier's wife, but given 1200 francs annuity by his father. Educated by the Jansenists in theology, afterwards studying law and medicine, his natural passion for mathematics overbore everything and he gave himself up to a life of poverty and research: among other splendid contributions to science were great improvements in the calculus; a principle of dynamics known by his name; solutions of the problems of vibrating chords, of the precession of the equinoxes, of the nutation of the terrestrial axis, and of the perturbations of the planets. He was associated with Diderot on the "Encyclopédie," wrote its "preliminary discourse," and contributed largely to it. He was deeply interested in music, and wrote a treatise on its scientific and practical sides. He wrote also "Elements of Philosophy," "Melanges of Philosophy, History, and Literature," "On the Destruction of the Jesuits," biographies of the members of the French Academy, and other works. Frederick the Great vainly tried to gain him for president of the Berlin Academy, and Catherine of Russia for tutor to her son; but neither wealth nor position tempted him. From 1765 till 1776 he lived in the house with Mlle. de l'Espinasse, without scandal, though deeply attached to her. He died in 1783.]

Whatever reputation M. de Montesquieu had acquired by his last work ("Greatness and Decline of the Romans") and by those which had preceded it, he had done no more than open the way for a grander undertaking, for one which ought to immortalize his name and gain him the respect of all future ages. He had formed the design of it long before; he had meditated its execution during twenty years; or to speak more exactly, his whole life had been a continual meditation upon it. He had first made himself in some sort a stranger in his own country, in order to know it better; then he had journeyed all through Europe and studied profoundly the different peoples which inhabit it. The famous island which glorifies itself over its laws so much and profits by them so ill, had been to him, in his long voyage, what the isle of Crete was of old to Lycurgus, a school in which he had known how to instruct himself without approving everything. Lastly, he had, if one may so speak, interrogated and judged nations and great men which no longer exist to-day save in the annals of the world. It was thus that he rose by degrees to a nobler title than a sage could earn, that of legislator to nations.

If he was animated by the importance of the subject, he

was dismayed at the same time by its extent; he abandoned it and returned to it on several occasions. More than once, as he himself avowed, he felt his father's spirit fail him. Encouraged at last by his friends, he mustered all his forces and produced the "Spirit of Laws."

In this important work, M. de Montesquieu — without dwelling, after the example of his predecessors, on metaphysical discussions relative to man supposed in a state of abstraction; without limiting himself, like others, to considering certain peoples in certain relations or particular circumstances — regards the inhabitants of the universe in the real state they are in, and in all the relations they can have among themselves. The majority of other writers in his class are nearly always either simple moralists, or simple jurisconsults, or even sometimes simple theologians. As for him, a man of all countries and all nations, he occupies himself less with what duty exacts of us, than with the means by which we can be obliged to fulfill it; with the metaphysical perfection of laws, than with what human nature renders them susceptible of; with laws enacted, than with what ought to be enacted; with the laws of special peoples, than with those of all peoples. Thus, in comparing himself with those who have trodden this great and noble path before him, he might say, like Correggio when he saw the works of his rivals, "And I too am a painter."

Filled and penetrated with his purpose, the author of the "Spirit of Laws" embraced in it so great a number of subjects, and treated them with such depth and succinctness, that only an assiduous and thoughtful reading can make one feel the worth of the book. . . . What may be obscure to vulgar readers is not so to those whom the author had in view. Furthermore, voluntary obscurity is none at all. M. de Montesquieu, having sometimes to present important truths of which the absolute and direct enunciation might injure their fruit, has had the commendable prudence to wrap them up, and by that innocent artifice has veiled them from those to whom they might be noxious, without their being lost to the wise.

Among the works which furnished him help and sometimes views of his own, it is plain that he has profited above all by the two historians who are esteemed the greatest, Tacitus and Plutarch. But though a philosopher who has accomplished these two pieces of reading might be dispensed from many others, he has thought it his duty not to neglect or disdain

anything in his field which could be useful for his end. The reading which the "Spirit of Laws" implies is immense; and the systematic use which the author has made of that prodigious multitude of materials appears still more surprising when we know that he was almost wholly deprived of sight, and obliged to have recourse to the eyes of others. This vast reading contributed not only to the utility, but to the charm, of the work. Without derogating from the majesty of the subject, M. de Montesquieu knows how to temper its austerity, and procure moments of repose for his readers, now by singular and little known facts, now by delicate allusions, now by forcible and brilliant sweeps of the brush, which paint with one stroke peoples and men.

Lastly, — for we do not wish to play here the rôle of the commentators of Homer, — there are doubtless faults in the "Spirit of Laws," as there are in every work of genius of which the author has first dared to break new paths. M. de Montesquieu has been to the study of laws among us what Descartes has been to philosophy: he often makes clear and sometimes misleads; and even in misleading he instructs those who know how to read. . . . But that which is within the reach of all the world in the "Spirit of Laws," that which renders the author dear to all nations, that which would answer even to cover faults weightier than his, is the spirit of citizenship which has been mentioned: the love of the public good, the desire to see men happy, display themselves in every part of it; and had it only that merit, so rare and so precious, it would be worthy, on that regard alone, of being the reading of nations and of kings. We see already, by a happy experience, that the fruits of this work are not limited to readers with sterile sentiments. Although M. de Montesquieu survived but a short time the publication of the "Spirit of Laws," he had the satisfaction of glimpsing the effects which it is beginning to produce among us: the natural love of Frenchmen for their country turned toward a genuine object; the taste for commerce, for agriculture, and for the useful arts, which is insensibly spreading in our nation; that general light on the principles of government which renders the people more attached to that which they ought to love. Those who have so indecently attacked this work perhaps owe it more than they imagine. Ingratitude, moreover, is the least reproach one has to lay upon them. It is not without regret and without shame for our age, that we

set about exposing them; but this history is laden with too much glory to M. de Montesquieu and advantage to philosophy to be passed over in silence. May the opprobrium which at last covers his enemies prove salutary to them!

Hardly had the "Spirit of Laws" appeared, when it was largely sought after from the reputation of the author; but though M. de Montesquieu had written for the good of the populace, he sought not to have the populace for his judge: the profundity of his object was a consequence of its very importance. Nevertheless, the touches which were scattered through the work, and would have been out of place had they not been involved in the very basis of the subject, persuaded too many that he had written for them. Men sought for a pleasing book and found only a useful one, and one, moreover, of which they could not without some attention grasp the *ensemble* and the details. The "Spirit of Laws" was treated flippantly; even its title was the target for gibes: in a word, one of the finest literary monuments which have gone forth from our nation was at first regarded by it indifferently enough. It was needful that competent judges should have time to read it; they soon bring over the multitude, always prompt to change on advisement. The part of the public which teaches dictated to the part which listens what it ought to think and say; and the verdict of clear-headed men, joined to the echoes which repeated it, constituted but one voice throughout Europe.

It was then that the public and secret enemies of letters and of philosophy (for there are those of both species) united their assaults against the work. Thence the swarm of pamphlets which were hurled against it from every part, and which we will not draw from the oblivion in which they are already plunged. If their authors had not taken good measures to be unknown to posterity, it would believe that the "Spirit of Laws" had been written in the midst of a nation of barbarians.

M. de Montesquieu readily despised the vague criticisms of authors without talent, who, sometimes from a jealousy they had no right to bear, sometimes to satisfy the malice of the public, which loves satire and sneers, heap outrage on what they can never attain to; and, more hateful from the evil they wish to do than formidable from what they achieve, do not succeed even then in a species of writing whose facility and its object render it equally vile. He placed works of this sort on

the same level as the weekly newspapers of Europe, whose praises are without authority and their lashes without effect, which lazy readers skim over without reposing any faith in them, and in which rulers are insulted without knowing it, or without deigning to avenge it. He was not so indifferent as to the principles of irreligion which he was accused of having sown in the "Spirit of Laws." In ignoring such reproaches he would have been believed to deserve them; and the importance of the object closed his eyes to the worth of his adversaries. Men equally devoid of zeal and equally eager in making a show of it, equally afraid of the light which letters diffuse, not to the prejudice of religion but to their own disadvantage, have adopted different methods of assailing him. Some, by a trick as puerile as pusillanimous, have written to themselves; others, after having lacerated him under the mask of anonymity, have subsequently been lacerated by each other on occasion. M. de Montesquieu, though anxious to put them to confusion, did not think it worth while to lose precious time in fighting them one after another; he contented himself with making an example of the one who had signalized himself the most by his extravagance.

This was the author of an anonymous periodical, who thought he was Pascal's successor because he was successor to his opinions; a panegyrist of works which nobody read, and apologist for miracles which the secular authority had put an end to when it chose; who characterized as impiety and scandal the little interest which the learned world took in his quarrels, and had alienated, with a tact worthy of himself, that part of the nation he had the most interest in sparing. The strokes of this redoubtable athlete were worthy of the views which inspired him: he charged M. de Montesquieu with Spinozism and deism (two incompatible imputations); with having followed the system of Pope, of which there was not a word in the work; with having cited Plutarch, who is not a Christian author; with not having spoken of original sin and grace. Finally, he alleged that the "Spirit of Laws" was a production of the constitution *Unigenitus:* an idea which we shall perhaps be suspected of fabricating to ridicule the critic.

The ill fortune of this writer might well discourage him: he wished to ruin a sage on the side most obvious to every citizen; he only procured him a fresh glory as a man of letters, The "Defense of the Spirit of Laws" appeared. This work,

by the moderation, the truthfulness, the refinements of banter, which reign in it, must be held as a model of its kind. M. de Montesquieu, charged by his opponent with atrocious imputations, could easily render him odious; he did better, he rendered him ridiculous. The aggressor must be allowed his rating for a good deed he has done against his will; we owe him eternal recognition for having procured us this masterpiece. But what enhances still more the merit of this precious gem is that the author has unwittingly depicted himself in it: those who have known him think they hear him; and posterity may assure itself, in reading the "Defense," that his conversation was not inferior to his writings, a eulogy which very few great men have merited.

The end of M. de Montesquieu was not unworthy of his life. Borne down with cruel sufferings, separated from a family to which he was dear and who had not the consolation of closing his eyes, surrounded by a few friends and by a greater number of spectators, he preserved up to the last moment the peace and equability of his mind. Finally, after having performed all his duties with propriety, full of confidence in the Eternal Being he was about to rejoin, he died with the tranquillity of a good man who had never devoted his talents save to the benefit of virtue and humanity. France and Europe lost him February 10, 1755, at the age of sixty-six years.

Till now we have considered M. de Montesquieu only as writer and philosopher; it would rob him of half his glory to pass over in silence his attractions and his personal qualities.

He was, in company, of an unvarying sweetness and gayety. His conversation was spirited, agreeable, and instructive, through the great number of men and nations he had known; it was concise, like his style, full of wit and of sallies, without acrimony and without satire. No one told a story more vivaciously, more readily, with more grace and less affectation. He knew that the point of a good story is always the end of it; he made haste to get there, and produced the effect without having discounted it.

His frequent absences of mind did not make him the less likable: he always came out of them with some unexpected stroke that revived the languishing conversation; moreover, they were never sham, or grating, or inopportune. The fire of his spirit, the great number of ideas of which he was full, created them; but he never drooped thus in the midst of an

interesting or serious talk; the desire of pleasing those with whom he found himself rendered it such to them then without affectation and without effort.

The charms of his society pertained not alone to his character and his mind, but the species of rule he observed in study. Though capable of profound and long-continued meditation, he never exhausted his forces; he always left off work before feeling the least impression of fatigue.

He was sensible to glory; but he did not wish to attain it except by meriting it. He never sought to augment his own by base maneuvers, by lurking and disreputable paths, which dishonor the man without heightening the name of the author.

Worthy of all distinctions and of all rewards, he demanded nothing and was not surprised at being overlooked; but he had the courage, even in delicate circumstances, to protect at court men of letters who were persecuted, famous, and unfortunate, and has obtained favors for them.

Though he lived with the great, now from necessity, now from convenience, now from taste, their society was not necessary to his happiness. He escaped whenever he was able to the country; there he joyfully met again his philosophy, his books, and his rest. Surrounded by the country folk in his hours of leisure, after having studied man in the commerce of the world and the history of nations, he studied him again in the simple souls which nature alone had taught, and there found that he could understand him: he conversed gayly with them; he sought after their spirit like Socrates; he would seem to have taken as much pleasure in their conversation as in the most brilliant societies, above all when he composed their differences and alleviated their sufferings with his benefactions.

Nothing honors his memory more than the economy with which he lived, and which some have stigmatized as excessive in a greedy and showy age, little fitted to penetrate the motives of it and still less to do them justice. Benevolent, and therefore just, M. de Montesquieu would take nothing out of his family; neither the reliefs which he gave to the unfortunate, nor the considerable expenses to which his long voyages, his feeble sight, and the printing of his works compelled him. He has transmitted to his children, without diminution or augmentation, the heritage which he had received from his ancestors; nothing was added but the glory of his name and the example of his life.

Her Letter

LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: An English author; born at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire, England, about 1690; died August 21, 1762. She was married in 1712 to the Hon. Edward Wortley Montagu, whom she accompanied on his mission to the Porte. While in Constantinople, she wrote to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Pope, and other friends, her famous "Letters," by which she is chiefly known. She also published "Town Eclogues." Her writings are witty and vivacious and attracted much attention among English literati.]

To the Countess of Bute.

July 10, 1748.

Dear Child, — I received yours of May the 12th but yesterday, July the 9th. I am surprised you complain of my silence. I have never failed answering yours the post after I received them; but I fear, being directed to Twickenham (having no other direction from you), your servants there may have neglected them.

I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the Castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farmhouse a room for myself — that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basins of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking in an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was already cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, here being a large

quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call *brusco*. I am now writing to you in one of these arbors, which is so thickly shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Gaustalla, or Pont de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those of France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit trees), and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it), that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and produces a variety of wines. I would send you a piece if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my weeder women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books; I dare not indulge myself in that

pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (where I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him, on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon); but we have a large trout so like it, that I, that have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life; you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age. My letter is of an unconscionable length; I should ask your pardon for it, but I had a mind to give you an idea of my passing my time, — take it as an instance of the affection of, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all my grandchildren.

To the Countess of Bute.

Dairy House, *July* 26, *N.S.*, 1748.

I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teasing my acquaintance for their approbation: though I gave you a long account of it in my last, I must tell you I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. I inclose to you a rough draft of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my own hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine trees as I can cram in; and in the squares

designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting anything disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onion, garlic, etc. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls : all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees ; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading ; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me. . . .

Now the sea is open, we may send packets to one another. I wish you would send me Campbell's book of prints of the English houses, and that Lord Bute would be so good as to choose me the best book of practical gardening extant.

To the Countess of Bute.

Salo, *October* 17, 1750.

Dear Child, — I received yours of August 25th this morning, October 17th, N.S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will think me a great rambler, being at present far distant from the date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw : the king of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent, but that is nothing in regard to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheater, at the foot of a mountain near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues,

and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travelers or in any of the printed accounts of Italy; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty-five miles distant from any post town, and also to the custom of the English of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she stayed here in a house she hired at Salo; but as all

her time was then taken up with the melancholy vapors her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

October 25th.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters; they stayed till this morning, being determined to show me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Nôtre, and the furniture in the best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it deserves the preference to this, though built at far less expense. The situations are as different as is possible, when both of them are between a mountain and the lake: that under which the Duke of Mantua chose to build is much lower than this, and almost sterile; the prospect of it is rather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace, being placed at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, which forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile broad, and 'tis on that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, espaliers, all sorts of exotic plants, and ends in a thick wood, cut into ridings. That in the midst is large enough for a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from the windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify the prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge is so near the water that you step out of the gate into the barge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view from the house above one of them at a time. In short, these two palaces may in their different beauties rival each other, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any other part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter; but as you say you are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's amusement; at least receive it as a proof that there is none more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my being, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to my grandchildren.

P.S. — Yours of the 23d September is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences; but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read S. Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting "Pamela," which has met with very extraordinary (and I think undeserved) success. It has been translated into French and into Italian; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chambermaids of all nations.

Direct the books to the care of Sir James Gray, the English minister at Venice.

To the Countess of Mar.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devote and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I next entered a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. Jessamines and honeysuckles twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water on the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I

recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes! — large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that, a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have

spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, whilst the others danced by turns. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrowbones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes wood, and other rich scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest Japan china, with soucoupes of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and give the others to my woman and interpreters. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(In imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal.)

[Samuel Johnson, English lexicographer, essayist, and poet, was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709, and attended Pembroke College, Oxford, until his father's death left him without means to continue his studies at the university. After a brief and unsatisfactory experience in teaching, he went to London in 1737, accompanied by his pupil Garrick, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature as a profession. He became a regular contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine;* published his "London," "Life of Richard Savage," and "Vanity of Human Wishes"; and in 1755 completed his famous dictionary, on which he had been engaged nine years. He wrote the greater part of *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and in one week finished "Rasselas" (1759). After the accession of George III. he received a pension of £300, and about this time instituted the Literary Club, which included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. During his last years he devoted himself almost exclusively to society and conversation, and his sayings and doings were carefully reported by Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Johnson died at London, December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife.
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
Where wav'ring man, betrayed by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;

Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveler, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchained caprice,
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of favorites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:

All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.
Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshiper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriots' throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claims lead to claims, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till contest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drop at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He sees the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By king protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade:
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plundered palace or sequestered rent;
Marked out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want, nor cold his course delay; —
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claimed, new pow'rs are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenseless realms receive his sway;

Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honor's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offense,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mold his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate the pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who sit unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
The teeming mother anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashions of the heart,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.

With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied;
To int'rest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.
Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure, and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

THE IDEA OF A PATRIOT KING.

By LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, English statesman and philosopher, was born at Battersea in 1678; graduated at Oxford. Entering public life in 1700, he became Secretary for War and later Secretary of State, during the War of the Spanish Succession; and negotiated the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. In 1714 he ousted his colleague Harley (Lord Oxford), and became chief minister. Five days later Queen Anne died; George I. at once removed Bolingbroke; the latter fled to France to escape impeachment, leagued himself with the Pretender, and became his Secretary of State. In 1723 he returned to England, but was not allowed to resume his seat in the House of Lords. The rest of his life was spent in political agitation, in philosophic and polemic writing, and in justifying his own career. He died December 12, 1751. He gave Pope many of the ideas for the "Essay on Man," and was a leading Deist. His oratory was said by his contemporaries to have surpassed that of every other man. Of his collected works, the best remembered are: "A Dissertation upon Parties," "The Idea of a Patriot King," and "Letters on the Study and Use of History."]

The good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government. Governors are therefore appointed for this end; and the civil constitution which appoints them, and invests them with their power, is determined to do so by that law of nature and reason, which has determined the end of government, and which admits this form of government as the proper mean of arriving at it. Now, the greatest good of a people is their liberty; and in the case here referred to, the people has judged it so, and provided for it accordingly. Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man: without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society. The obligation, therefore, to defend and maintain the freedom of such constitutions, will appear most sacred to a Patriot King.

Kings who have weak understandings, bad hearts, and strong prejudices, and all these, as it often happens, inflamed by their passions, and rendered incurable by their self-conceit and presumption; such kings are apt to imagine, and they conduct themselves so as to make many of their subjects imagine, that the king and the people in free governments are rival powers, who stand in competition with one another, who have different interests, and must of course have different views: that the rights and privileges of the people are so many spoils taken from the right and prerogative of the crown; and that

the rules and laws, made for the exercise and security of the former, are so many diminutions of their dignity, and restraints on their power.

A Patriot King will see all this in a far different and much truer light. The constitution will be considered by him as one law, consisting of two tables, containing the rule of his government, and the measure of his subjects' obedience; or as one system, composed of different parts and powers, but all duly proportioned to one another, and conspiring by their harmony to the perfection of the whole. He will make one, and but one, distinction between his rights and those of his people: he will look on his to be a trust, and theirs a property. He will discern, that he can have a right to no more than is trusted to him by the constitution: and that his people, who had an original right to the whole by the law of nature, can have the sole indefeasible right to any part; and really have such a right to that part which they have reserved to themselves. In fine, the constitution will be reverenced by him as the law of God and of man; the force of which binds the king as much as the meanest subject, and the reason of which binds him much more. . . .

The freedom of a constitution rests on two points. The orders of it are one: so Machiavel calls them, and I know not how to call them more significantly. He means not only the forms and customs, but the different classes and assemblies of men, with different powers and privileges attributed to them, which are established in the state. The spirit and character of the people are the other. On the mutual conformity and harmony of these the preservation of liberty depends. To take away, or essentially to alter the former, cannot be brought to pass, while the latter remains in original purity and vigor: nor can liberty be destroyed by this method, unless the attempt be made with a military force sufficient to conquer the nation, which would not submit in this case till it was conquered, nor with much security to the conqueror even then. But these orders of the state may be essentially altered, and serve more effectually to the destruction of liberty than the taking of them away would serve, if the spirit and character of the people are lost.

Now this method of destroying liberty is the most dangerous on many accounts, particularly on this: that even the reign of the weakest prince, and the policy of the weakest ministry,

may effect the destruction, when circumstances are favorable to this method. If a people is growing corrupt, there is no need of capacity to contrive, nor of insinuation to gain, nor of plausibility to seduce, nor of eloquence to persuade, nor of authority to impose, nor of courage to attempt. The most incapable, awkward, ungracious, shocking, profligate, and timorous wretches, invested with power, and masters of the purse, will be sufficient for the work, when the people are complices in it. Luxury is rapacious; let them feed it: the more it is fed, the more profuse it will grow. Want is the consequence of profusion, venality of want, and dependence of venality. By this progression, the first men of a nation will become the pensioners of the last; and he who has talents, the most implicit tool to him who has none. The distemper will soon descend, not indeed to make a deposit below, and to remain there, but to pervade the whole body.

It may seem a singular, but it is perhaps a true proposition, that such a king and such a ministry are more likely to begin, and to pursue with success, this method of destroying a free constitution of government, than a king and a ministry that were held in great esteem would be. This very esteem might put many on their guard against the latter; but the former may draw from contempt the advantage of not being feared: and an advantage this is in the beginning of corruption. Men are willing to excuse, not only to others but to themselves, the first steps they take in vice, and especially in vice that affects the public, and whereof the public has a right to complain. Those, therefore, who might withstand corruption in one case, from a persuasion that the consequence was too certain to leave them any excuse, may yield to it when they can flatter themselves, and endeavor to flatter others, that liberty cannot be destroyed, nor the constitution be demolished, by such hands as hold the scepter and guide the reins of the administration. But alas! the flattery is gross, and the excuse without color. These men may ruin their country, but they cannot impose on any, unless it be on themselves. Nor will even this imposition on themselves be long necessary. Their consciences will be soon seared, by habit and by example: and they, who wanted an excuse to begin, will want none to continue and to complete, the tragedy of their country. Old men will outlive the shame of losing liberty, and young men will arise who know not that it ever existed. A spirit of slavery will oppose and

oppress the spirit of liberty, and seem at least to be the genius of the nation. Such too it will become in time, when corruption has once grown to this height, unless the progress of it can be interrupted.

How inestimable a blessing therefore must the succession of a Patriot King be esteemed in such circumstances as these, which would be a blessing, and a great one too, in any other? He, and he alone, can save a country whose ruin is so far advanced. The utmost that private men can do, who remain untainted by the general contagion, is to keep the spirit of liberty alive in a few breasts; to protest against what they cannot hinder, and to claim on every occasion what they cannot by their own strength recover. . . .

Another advantage that a free monarchy has over all other forms of free government, besides the advantage of being more easily and more usefully tempered with aristocratical and democratical powers, which is mentioned above, is this. Those governments are made up of different parts, and are apt to be disjointed by the shocks to which they are exposed: but a free monarchical government is more compact, because there is a part the more that keeps, like the keystone of a vault, the whole building together. They cannot be mended in a state of corruption, they must be in effect constituted anew, and in that attempt they may be dissolved forever: but this is not the case of a free monarchy. To preserve liberty by new laws and new schemes of government, while the corruption of a people continues and grows, is absolutely impossible; but to restore and preserve it under old laws, and an old constitution, by reinfusing into the minds of men the spirit of this constitution, is not only possible, but is, in a particular manner, easy to a king. A corrupt commonwealth remains without remedy, though all the orders and forms of it subsist: a free monarchical government cannot remain absolutely so, as long as the orders and forms of the constitution subsist. These alone are indeed nothing more than the dead letter of freedom, or masks of liberty. In the first character they serve to no good purpose whatsoever: in the second they serve to a bad one; because tyranny, or government by will, becomes more severe, and more secure, under their disguise, than it would if it was barefaced and avowed. But a king can, easily to himself and without violence to his people, renew the spirit of liberty in their minds, quicken this dead letter, and pull off this mask.

As soon as corruption ceases to be an expedient of government — and it will cease to be such as soon as a Patriot King is raised to the throne — the panacea is applied: the spirit of the constitution revives of course; and as fast as it revives, the orders and forms of the constitution are restored to their primitive integrity, and become what they were intended to be, real barriers against arbitrary power, not blinds nor masks under which tyranny may lie concealed. Depravation of manners exposed the constitution to ruin: reformation will secure it. Men decline easily from virtue; for there is a devil too in the political system, a constant tempter at hand: a Patriot King will want neither power nor inclination to cast out this devil, to make the temptation cease, and to deliver his subjects if not from the guilt, yet from the consequence, of their fall. Under him, they will not only cease to do evil, but learn to do well; for by rendering public virtue and real capacity the sole means of acquiring any degree of power or profit in the state, he will set the passions of their hearts on the side of liberty and good government. A Patriot King is the most powerful of all reformers; for he is himself a sort of standing miracle, so rarely seen and so little understood, that the sure effects of his appearance will be admiration and love in every honest breast, confusion and terror to every guilty conscience, but submission and resignation in all. A new people will seem to arise with a new king. Innumerable metamorphoses, like those which poets feign, will happen in very deed; and while men are conscious that they are the same individuals, the difference of their sentiments will almost persuade them that they are changed into different beings.

But that we may not expect more from such a king than even he can perform, it is necessary to premise another general observation.

Absolute stability is not to be expected in anything human; for that which exists immutably exists alone necessarily, and this attribute of the Supreme Being can neither belong to man, nor to the works of man. The best instituted governments, like the best constituted animal bodies, carry in them the seeds of their destruction; and though they grow and improve for a time, they will soon tend visibly to their dissolution. Every hour they live is an hour the less that they have to live. All that can be done therefore to prolong the duration of a good government, is to draw it back, on every favorable occasion, to

the first good principles on which it was founded. When these occasions happen often, and are well improved, such governments are prosperous and durable. When they happen seldom, or are ill improved, these political bodies live in pain or in languor, and die soon.

A Patriot King affords one of the occasions I mention in a free monarchical state, and the very best that can happen. It should be improved, like snatches of fair weather at sea, to repair the damages sustained in the last storm, and to prepare to resist the next. For such a king cannot secure to his people a succession of princes like himself. He will do all he can toward it, by his example and by his instruction. But after all, the royal mantle will not convey the spirit of patriotism into another king, as the mantle of Elijah did the gift of prophecy into another prophet. The utmost he can do, and that which deserves the utmost gratitude from his subjects, is to restore good government, to revive the spirit of it, and to maintain and confirm both, during the whole course of his reign. The rest his people must do for themselves. If they do not, they will have none but themselves to blame: if they do, they will have the principal obligation to him. In all events, they will have been free men one reign the longer by his means, and perhaps more; since he will leave them much better prepared and disposed to defend their liberties, than he found them. . . .

Let not princes flatter themselves. They will be examined closely, in private as well as in public life: and those who cannot pierce further will judge of them by the appearances they give in both. To obtain true popularity, that which is founded in esteem and affection, they must therefore maintain their characters in both; and to that end neglect appearances in neither, but observe the decorum necessary to preserve the esteem, whilst they win the affections, of mankind. Kings, they must never forget that they are men: men, they must never forget that they are kings. The sentiments which one of these reflections of course inspires will give a humane and affable air to their whole behavior, and make them taste in that high elevation all the joys of social life. The sentiments that the other reflection suggests will be found very compatible with the former; and they may never forget that they are kings, though they do not always carry the crown on their heads, nor the

scepter in their hands. Vanity and folly must intrench themselves in a constant affection of state to preserve regal dignity: a wise prince will know how to preserve it when he lays his majesty aside. He will dare to appear a private man, and in that character he will draw to himself a respect less ostentatious, but more real and more pleasing to him, than any which is paid to the monarch. By never saying what is unfit for him to say, he will never hear what is unfit for him to hear. By never doing what is unfit for him to do, he will never see what is unfit for him to see. Decency and propriety of manners are so far from lessening the pleasures of life, that they refine them, and give them a higher taste: they are so far from restraining the free and easy commerce of social life, that they banish the bane of it, licentiousness of behavior. Ceremony is the barrier against this abuse of liberty in public; politeness and decency are so in private: and the prince who practices and exacts them will amuse himself much better, and oblige those who have the honor to be in his intimacy, and to share his pleasures with him, much more, than he could possibly do by the most absolute and unguarded familiarity.

That which is here recommended to princes, that constant guard on their own behavior even in private life, and that constant decorum which their example ought to exact from others, will not be found so difficult in practice as may be imagined, if they use a proper discernment in the choice of the persons whom they admit to the nearest degrees of intimacy with them. A prince should choose his companions with as great care as his ministers. If he trusts the business of his state to these, he trusts his character to those: and his character will depend on theirs much more than is commonly thought. General experience will lead men to judge that a similitude of character determined the choice; even when chance, indulgence to assiduity, good nature, or want of reflection, had their share in the introduction of men unworthy of such favor. But in such cases, certain it is that they who judged wrong at first concerning him, will judge right at last. He is not a trifler, for instance. Be it so: but if he takes trifling futile creatures, men of mean characters or of no character, into his intimacy, he shows a disposition to become such; and will become such unless he breaks these habits early, and before puerile amusements are grown up to be the business of his life. I mean that the minds of princes, like the minds of other men, will be

brought down insensibly to the tone of the company they keep.

A worse consequence even than this may follow a want of discernment in princes how to choose their companions and how to conduct themselves in private life. Silly kings have resigned themselves to their ministers, have suffered these to stand between them and their people, and have formed no judgments nor taken any measures on their own knowledge, but all implicitly on the representations made to them by their ministers. Kings of superior capacity have resigned themselves in the same manner to their favorites, male and female, have suffered these to stand between them and their most able and faithful councillors; their judgments have been influenced and their measures directed by insinuations of women, or of men as little fitted as women, by nature and education, to be hearkened to in the great affairs of government. History is full of such examples; all melancholy, many tragical! sufficient, one would imagine, to deter princes, if attended to, from permitting the companions of their idle hours, or the instruments of their pleasures, to exceed the bounds of those provinces. Should a minister of state pretend to vie with any of these about the forms of a drawing-room, the regulation of a *ruelle*, the decoration of a ball, or the dress of a fine lady, he would be thought ridiculous, and he would be truly so. But then, are not any of these impertinent when they presume to meddle in things at least as much above them as those that have been mentioned are below the others? And are not princes who suffer them to do so, unaccountably weak?

What shall I say further on this head? Nothing more is necessary. Let me wind it up, therefore, by asserting this great truth, that results from what has been already said: As he can never fill the character of a Patriot King, though his personal great and good qualities be in every other respect equal to it, who lies open to the flattery of courtiers, to the seduction of women, and to the partialities and affections which are easily contracted by too great indulgence in private life; so the prince who is desirous to establish this character must observe such a decorum, and keep such a guard on himself, as may prevent even the suspicion of being liable to such influences. For as the reality would ruin, the very suspicion will lessen him in the opinion of mankind; and the opinion of mankind, which is fame after death, is superior strength and power in life.

And now, if the principles and measures of conduct laid down in this discourse, as necessary to constitute that greatest and most glorious of human beings, a Patriot King, be sufficient to this purpose, let us consider, too, how easy it is, or ought to be, to establish them in the minds of princes. They are founded on true propositions, all of which are obvious; nay, many of them self-evident. They are confirmed by universal experience. In a word, no understanding can resist them, and none but the weakest can fail or be misled in the application of them. To a prince whose heart is corrupt it is in vain to speak; and for such a prince I would not be thought to write. But if the heart of a prince be not corrupt, these truths will find an easy ingression through the understanding to it. Let us consider again what the sure, the necessary, effects of such principles and measures of conduct must be, to the prince and to the people. On this subject let the imagination range through the whole glorious scene of a patriot reign: the beauty of the idea will inspire those transports which Plato imagined the vision of Virtue would inspire, if Virtue could be seen. What in truth can be so lovely, what so venerable, as to contemplate a king on whom the eyes of a whole people are fixed, filled with admiration and glowing with affection? a king in the temper of whose government, like that of Nerva, things so seldom allied as empire and liberty are intimately mixed, co-exist together inseparably, and constitute one real essence? What spectacle can be presented to the view of the mind so rare, so nearly divine, as a king possessed of absolute power, neither usurped by fraud nor maintained by force, but the genuine effect of esteem, of confidence, and affection? the free gift of liberty, who finds her greatest security in this power, and would desire no other if the prince on the throne could be what his people wish him to be — immortal. Of such a prince, and of such a prince alone, it may be said with strict propriety and truth, —

Volentes
per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympi.

Civil fury will have no place in this draught; or, if the monster is seen, he must be seen as Virgil describes him, —

Centum vinctus catenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

He must be seen subdued, bound, chained, and deprived entirely

of power to do hurt. In his place concord will appear, brooding peace and prosperity on the happy land; joy sitting in every face, content in every heart; a people unoppressed, undisturbed, unalarmed; busy to improve their private property and the public stock; fleets covering the ocean, bringing home wealth by the returns of industry, carrying assistance or terror abroad by the direction of wisdom, and asserting triumphantly the right and the honor of Great Britain as far as waters roll and as winds can waft them.

Those who live to see such happy days, and to act in so glorious a scene, will perhaps call to mind with some tenderness of sentiment, when he is no more, a man who contributed his mite to carry on so good a work, and who desired life for nothing so much as to see a king of Great Britain the most popular man in his country, and a Patriot King at the head of a united people.

BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

[Georges Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, the great French naturalist, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, September 7, 1707, and was liberally educated by his father, M. Leclerc de Buffon, a counselor of the parliament of Dijon. He was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1739, and in the same year was appointed director of the Jardin du Roi, the present Jardin des Plantes. Shortly afterward he projected his "Histoire Naturelle," and devoted himself for the rest of his life to its preparation, with the assistance of Daubenton, Lacépède, and others. The most complete edition is in thirty-six volumes (1749–1788). Although now obsolete, and of small scientific value, it had an extraordinary popularity, and was the means of diffusing a taste for the study of nature throughout Europe. After receiving several high honors, being elevated to the rank of Comte de Buffon by Louis XV., and treated with great distinction by Louis XVI., Buffon died at Paris, April 16, 1788.]

Effects of Rain: Marshes, Subterraneous Wood, and Waters.

It has already been remarked that rains, and the currents of water which they produce, continually detach, from the summits and sides of mountains, earth, gravel, etc., and carry them down to the plains; and that the rivers transport part of them to the sea. The plains, therefore, by fresh accumulations of matter, are perpetually rising higher; and the mountains, for the same reason, are constantly diminishing both in size and

elevation. Of the sinking of mountains, Joseph Blancanus relates several facts which were publicly known in his time. The steeple of the village of Craich, in the county of Derby, was not visible, in 1572, from a certain mountain, on account of a higher mountain which intervened ; but eighty or one hundred years afterwards, not only the steeple, but likewise part of the church, were visible from the same station. Dr. Plot gives a similar example of a mountain between Sibbertoft and Ashby, in the county of Northampton. Sand, earth, gravel, and small stones are not only carried down by the rains, but they sometimes undermine and drive before them large rocks, which considerably diminish the height of mountains. In general, the rocks are pointed and perpendicular in proportion to the height and steepness of the mountains. The rocks in high mountains are very straight and naked. The large fragments which appear in the valleys have been detached by the operation of water and of frosts. Thus sand and earth are not the only substances detached from mountains by the rains; they attack the hardest rocks, and carry down large fragments of them into the plains. At Nant-phrancon, in 1685, a part of a large rock, which was supported on a narrow base, being undermined by the waters, fell, and split into a number of fragments, the largest of which made deep trenches in the plain, crossed a small river, and stopped on the other side. To similar accidents we must ascribe the origin of all those large stones which are found in valleys adjacent to mountains. This phenomenon, as formerly remarked, is more common in countries where the mountains are composed of sand and freestone than in those the mountains of which consist of clay and marble, because sand is a less solid basis than clay.

To give an idea of the quantity of earth detached from mountains by the rains, we shall quote a passage on this subject from Dr. Plot's "Natural History of Stafford." He remarks that a great number of coins, struck in the reign of Edward IV., *i.e.* two hundred years ago, were found buried eighteen feet below the surface; hence he concludes that the earth, which is marshy where the coins were found, augments about a foot in eleven years, or an inch and a twelfth each year. A similar observation may be made on trees buried seventeen feet below the surface, under which were found medals of Julius Cæsar. Thus the soil of the plains is considerably augmented and elevated by the matters washed down from the mountains.

The rupture of caverns and the action of subterranean fires are the chief causes of the great revolutions which happen in the earth, but they are often produced by smaller causes. The filtration of the water, by diluting the clay upon which almost all calcareous mountains rest, has frequently made those mountains incline and tumble down. . . .

There is not a castle or fortress, situated upon heights, which might not be easily tumbled into the plain by a simple cut of ten or twelve feet deep and some fathoms wide. This cut should be made at a small distance from the last wall, and upon that side where the declivity is greatest. This method, of which the ancients never dreamed, would have saved them the operation of battering-rams and other engines of war, and even at present might be employed, in many cases, with advantage. I am convinced by my eyes that, when these walls slipped, if the cut made for rebuilding them had not been speedily filled with strong mason work, the ancient walls and the two towers that have subsisted in good condition 900 years, and one of which is 125 feet high, would have tumbled into the valley, along with the rocks upon which they are founded. As most of our hills composed of calcareous stones rest upon a clay base, the first strata of which are always more or less moistened with the waters that filtrate through the crevices of the rocks, it appears to be certain that, by exposing these moistened beds to the air by a cut, the whole mass of rocks and earth resting upon the clay would slip, and in a few days tumble into the cut, especially during wet weather. This mode of dismantling a fortress is more simple than any hitherto invented; and experience has convinced me that its success is certain.

The sand, gravel, and earth carried down from the mountains into the plains form beds which ought not to be confounded with the original strata of the globe. To the former belong the beds of tufa, of soft stone, and of sand and gravel which have been rounded by the operation of water. To these may be added those beds of stone which have been formed by a species of incrustation, none of which derive their origin from the motion or sediments of the sea. In these strata of tufa and of soft imperfect stones, we find a number of different vegetables, leaves of trees, land or river shells, and small terrestrial animals, but never seashells, or other productions of the ocean. This circumstance, joined to their want of solidity,

evidently proves that these strata have been superinduced upon the dry surface of the earth, and that they are more recent than those of marble and other stones, which contain seashells, and have been originally formed by the waters of the sea. Tufa and other new stones appear to be hard and solid when first dug out of the earth; but they soon dissolve after being exposed to the operation of the weather. Their substance is so different from that of true stone that, when broken down in order to make sand of them, they change into a kind of dirty earth. The stalactites and other stony concretions, which M. Tournefort apprehended to be marbles that had vegetated, are not genuine stones. We have already shown that the formation of tufa is not ancient, and that it is not entitled to be ranked with stones. Tufa is an imperfect substance, differing from stone or earth, but deriving its origin from both by the intervention of rain water, in the same manner as incrustations are formed by the waters of certain springs. Thus the strata of these substances are not ancient nor have they, like the other species, been formed by sediments from the waters of the ocean. The strata of turf are also recent, and have been produced by successive accumulations of half-corrupted trees and other vegetables, which owe their preservation to a bituminous earth. No production of the sea ever appears in any of these new strata. But, on the contrary, we find in them many vegetables, the bones of land animals, and land and river shells. In the meadows near Ashly, in the county of Northampton, for example, they find, several feet below the surface, snail shells, plants, herbs, and several species of river shells well preserved; but not a single seashell appears. All these new strata have been formed by the waters on the surface changing their channels, and diffusing themselves on all sides. Part of these waters penetrate the earth, and run along the fissures of rocks and stones. The reason why water is so seldom found in high countries, or on the tops of hills, is because high grounds are generally composed of stones and rocks. To find water, therefore, we must cut through the rocks till we arrive at clay or firm earth. But when the thickness of the rock is great, as in high mountains, where the rocks are often 1000 feet high, it is impossible to pierce them to their base; and consequently it is impossible to find water in such situations. There are even extensive countries that afford no water, as in Arabia Petrea, which is

a desert where no rains fall, where the surface of the earth is covered with burning sands, where there is hardly the appearance of any soil, and where nothing but a few sickly plants are produced. In this miserable country, wells are so rare that travelers enumerate only five between Cairo and Mount Sinai, and the water they contain is bitter and saltish.

When the superficial waters can find no outlets or channels, they form marshes and fens. The most celebrated fens in Europe are those of Russia, at the source of the Tanais; and those of Savolaxia and Enasak, in Finland: there are also considerable marshes in Holland, Westphalia, and other countries. In Asia are the marshes of the Euphrates, of Tartary, and of the Palus Meotis. However, marshes are less frequent in Asia and Africa than in Europe. But the whole plains of America may be regarded as one continued marsh, which is a greater proof of the modernness of this country, and of the scarcity of its inhabitants, than of their want of industry.

There are extensive fens in England, particularly in Lincolnshire, near the sea, which has lost a great quantity of land on one side, and gained as much on the other. In the ancient soil, many trees are found buried under the new earth, which has been transported and deposited by the water; the same phenomenon is common in the marshes of Scotland. Near Bruges in Flanders, in digging to the depth of forty or fifty feet, a vast number of trees were found as close to each other as they are in a forest. Their trunks, branches, and leaves were so well preserved that their different species could be easily distinguished. About 500 years ago the earth where these trees were found was covered with the sea, and before this time we have neither record nor tradition of its existence. It must, however, have been dry land when the trees grew upon it. Thus the land that, in some remote period, was firm and covered with wood, has been overwhelmed with the waters of the sea, which in the course of time have deposited forty or fifty feet of earth upon the ancient surface, and then retired. A number of subterranean trees was likewise discovered at Youle in Yorkshire, near the river Humber. Some of them are so large as to be of use in building; and it is affirmed that they are as durable as oak. The country people cut them into long thin slices, and sell them in the neighboring villages, where the inhabitants employ them for lighting their pipes. All these trees appear to be broken, and the

trunks are separated from the roots, as if they had been thrown down by a hurricane or an inundation. The wood appears to be fir, it has the same smell when burnt, and makes the same kind of charcoal. In the Isle of Man, there is a marsh called Curragh, about six miles long and three broad, where subterraneous fir trees are found, and, though eighteen or twenty feet below the surface, they stand firm on their roots. These trees are common in the marshes and bogs of Somerset, Chester, Lancashire, and Stafford. In some places, there are subterraneous trees which have been cut, sawed, and squared by the hands of men; and even axes and other implements are often found near them. Between Birmingham and Bromley, in the county of Lincoln, there are hills of a fine light sand, which is blown about by the winds, and transported by the rains, leaving bare the roots of large firs, in which the impressions of the ax are still exceedingly apparent. These hills have unquestionably been formed, like downs, by successive accumulations of sand transported by the motions of the sea. Subterraneous trees are also frequent in the marshes of Holland, Friesland, and near Groningen, which abound in turfs.

In the jurisdiction of Bergues-Saint-Winock, Furnes, and Bourbourgh, we find turf at three or four feet below the surface. These beds of turf are generally two feet thick, and are composed of corrupted wood, of entire trees with their branches and leaves, and particularly of filberts, which are known by their nuts, and the whole is interlaced with reeds and the roots of plants.

What is the origin of these beds of turf which extend from Bruges through the whole flat country of Flanders as far as the river Aa, between the downs and the high country in the environs of Bergues, etc.? In remote ages, when Flanders was only a vast forest, a sudden inundation of the sea must have deluged the whole country, and, in retiring, deposited all the trees, wood, and twigs which it had eradicated and destroyed in this lowest territory of Flanders; and this event must have happened in the month of August or September, because we still find the leaves of trees, as well as nuts, on the filberts. This inundation must have taken place long before that province was conquered by Julius Cæsar, since no mention is made of it in the writings of the ancients.

ADVENTURES OF TOM JONES.

By HENRY FIELDING.

[For biographical sketch, see page 118.]

Ensign Northerton's Little Joke of Slandering Sophia.

The tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover, and of the hero too, in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now, turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, "Pray, sir, choose some other subject for your wit; for I promise you I will bear no jesting with this lady's character." "Jesting!" cries the other, "d——n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French, of our regiment, had both her and her aunt at Bath." "Then I must tell you in earnest," cries Jones, "that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth."

He had no sooner spoken these words than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which, hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honor was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty, urging the ill consequences of his stay, asking him what he could have done less? "Zounds!" says he, "I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miss Western in my life." "Have you not?" said the lieutenant; "then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon: you are my prisoner, sir; nor shall you stir from hence till a proper guard comes to secure you."

Such an ascendant had our lieutenant over this ensign that all that fervency of courage which had leveled our poor hero

with the floor would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side; but all the swords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer, had raised up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) sign of life in him, they again let him fall, Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat, and the Frenchman declaring, "Begar, me no tush the Engliseman de mort: me have heard de Englise ley, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last."

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musketeers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife, and servants, and, indeed, every one else who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who, being delivered into the custody of six men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honor, he would have been well contented to have retired to some corner of the world where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprises us, and so, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care rather to secure the offender than to preserve the life of the wounded person. We mention this observation not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behavior, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering

it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which, when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was at first generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him (for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him).

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, "Call the barber;" but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner, till the landlord ordered up a tankard of strong beer, with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady: she cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood; she fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expressed great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she dispatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed on Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who, having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed everything which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

Containing the Great Address of the Landlady, the Great Learning of a Surgeon, and the Solid Skill in Casuistry of the Worthy Lieutenant.

When the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer: "I am afraid, sir," said she, "this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honors; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had put his desarts: to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior parsons into their company, they oft to keep their distance; but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure I should not have suffered any fellows to *include* themselves into gentlemen's company; but I thoft he had been an officer himself, till the sergeant told me he was but a recruit."

"Landlady," answered the lieutenant, "you mistake the whole matter. The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it; for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who is a scandal to the army; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, madam, that's all."

"Ay! ay! good lackaday!" said the landlady; "who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honor will see justice done; and to be sure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved, as well as his betters."

"Indeed, madam," said the lieutenant, "you do the volunteer wrong: I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer."

"Ay!" cries the landlady; "why, look you there, now: well, my first husband was a wise man; he used to say you can't always know the inside by the outside. Nay, that might have been well enough too; for I never *saw'd* him till he was all over blood. Who would have thoft it? mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lackaday, if he should die, what a concern it will be to his parents! why, sure the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be

sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honor says; for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any Christian blood as much as any men: I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be bloodshed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wish, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them."

"O fie, madam!" said the lieutenant, smiling; "*all* is rather too bloody-minded a wish."

"Not at all, sir," answered she; "I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies; and there is no harm in that. To be sure, it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered; for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why, now, there is above forty shillings for window lights, and yet we have stopped up all we could: we have almost blinded the house, I am sure. Says I to the exciseman, says I, I think you oft to favor us; I am sure we are very good friends to the government; and so we are for sartain, for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world."

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only by saying, "Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner." "I hope, sir," said the lieutenant, "the skull is not fractured." "Hum," cries the surgeon, "fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phenomena, and with more fatal consequences, than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude if the skull is not fractured all is well; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces than some contusions I have met with." "I hope," says the lieutenant, "there are no such symptoms here." "Symptoms," answered the surgeon, "are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unfavorable symptoms in the morning change to favorable ones at noon, and return to unfavorable again at night. Of

wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge ; and the interior membranes were so divellicated that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time (for the pulse was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy), I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood ; which I expected to have found extremely sizy and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints ; but, to my surprise, it appeared rosy and florid and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention ; and after three or four times dressing the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion — But perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood ?" "No, really," answered the lieutenant, "I cannot say I understand a syllable." "Well, sir," said the surgeon, "then I shall not tire your patience ; in short, within six weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contusion." "I wish, sir," said the lieutenant, "you would be so kind only to inform me whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal." "Sir," answered the surgeon, "to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not at first dressing would be very weak and foolish presumption : we are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee." "But do you think him in danger ?" says the other. "In danger ! ay, surely," cries the doctor ; "who is there among us who, in the most perfect health, can be said not to be in danger ? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger ? All I can say at present is that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning ; and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water gruel." "Won't you allow him sack whey ?" said the landlady." "Ay, ay, sack whey," cries the doctor, "if you will,

provided it be very small." "And a little chicken broth too?" added she. "Yes, yes, chicken broth," said the doctor, "is very good." "Mayn't I make him some jellies too?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay," answered the doctor, "jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion." And indeed it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favorable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighborhood, entertained (and perhaps very rightly); for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, designing in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones that if a visit would not be troublesome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend that if he had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago, for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme soreness on that side of his head.

"I should be very glad," quoth the lieutenant, "if you were as well as you fancy yourself, for then you would be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you."

"I'll try, however," answered Jones, "if you please, and will be so kind as to lend me a sword, for I have none here of my own."

"My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy," cries

the lieutenant, kissing him; "you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your strength; for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you; and though you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days' march advance; and I give you my honor you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment."

"I wish," said Jones, "it were possible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me I shall not be able to rest."

"Oh, never think of it," returned the other; "a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honor are not like those in your body: they suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now."

"But suppose," says Jones, "I should grow worse, and die of the consequences of my present wound?"

"Then your honor," answered the lieutenant, "will require no reparation at all. I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly if you had recovered."

"Still," replied Jones, "I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier; but though I have been a very wild young fellow, still in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a Christian."

"So am I too, I assure you," said the officer; "and so zealous a one that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one."

"But how terrible must it be," cried Jones, "to any one who is really a Christian, to cherish malice in his breast in opposition to the command of Him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?"

"Why, I believe there is such a command," cries the lieutenant; "but a man of honor can't keep it. And you must be a man of honor if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and

he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but he said he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so; for who would bear to live without his honor? No, no, my dear boy, be a good Christian as long as you live; but be a man of honor too, and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honor more. There must be some mistake in the wording the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honor. So compose yourself to-night, and I promise you you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice." Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones, therefore, having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

A Most Dreadful Chapter indeed; and which Few Readers ought to venture upon in an Evening, especially when alone.

Jones swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the sergeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the sergeant was no sooner made sensible than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the sergeant with his design;

though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honor, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the sergeant that as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword, adding that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. "For which," says he, "I will give you any reasonable price; nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh."

The sergeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humor in the sick man. "Sir," says he, "I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that — a blade that — in short, I will fetch it you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honor so well with all my heart."

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it, and then told the sergeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The sergeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said (nay, he swore very heartily) "that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself," says he, "from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, an't please your honor, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade."

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The sergeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid lest he should injure his

family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

"Twenty guineas!" says Jones, in the utmost surprise; "sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavor to impose upon me. Here, take the sword — no, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it."

The sergeant, as we have said, had always his wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, "I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way."

"Twenty shillings!" cries Jones; "why, you just now asked me twenty guineas." "How!" cries the sergeant; "sure your honor must have mistaken me, or else I mistook myself — and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honor flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too. No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honor comes to consider everything, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But——"

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, "I will be so far from making any words with you that I will give you a shilling more than your demand." He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march, adding he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The sergeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the sergeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its color was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his

new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he, "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honor. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called — ha — coward — scoundrel? — I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him."

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-colored coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a churchyard nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he

had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found — an empty quart pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name, but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors who are hereafter to represent a man frighted out of his wits had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed, whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and specters.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles were brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter, he answered, "I am a

dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him." "What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday." He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where Ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men, too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a sergeant who was present answered very coolly, "Young man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep and dreaming on your post."

The soldier replied, "You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux."

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire; but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not overreligious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occa-

sion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the sergeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

The Conclusion of the Foregoing Adventure.

Besides the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harbored another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had perhaps seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he, moreover, free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honor than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the quomodo, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was ex-

tremely strong and well made. His face, too, was accounted handsome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail of making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down, for which she would give him an opportunity by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain, having quarreled with his lieutenant, had intrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is that she had the money and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect from the compassionate temper of this good woman that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but, far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Everything was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rang at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up nor she lie in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. "Joo," says the mistress, "don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?" "It is not my business," answered the drawer, "to wait upon the chambers — it is Betty Chambermaid's." "If you come to that," answered the maid, "it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do it again, since you make your preambles about it."

[After further wrangling and refusals, the lieutenant induces them to go up together.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead that he spoke as heartily as if he were well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favor of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bedside, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, "who, I am confident," says he, "is as innocent of the ensign's escape as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavoring to impose on you."

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered: "Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other, because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have? and, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the Christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honorable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you." The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavored to compose himself to rest.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 81.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world — to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead — but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had — a tear;
He gained from heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN FRANCE.[1]

By H. A. TAINE.

[Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, French critic and historical scholar, was born in Vouziers, April 21, 1828. He published, among other works: "French Philosophers in the Nineteenth Century" (1856); "Essays in Criticism and History" (1857); "Notes on England" (1861); "Contemporary English Writers" (1863); "History of English Literature," "English Idealism," and "English Positivism" (1864); "Philosophy of Art" (1865–1870); "The Ideal in Art" (1867); "The Understanding" (1870); "Origins of Contemporary France," a series comprising, "The Old Régime in France" (1875), "Anarchy" (1878), "The Revolutionary Government" (1884), "The Modern Régime" (1890).]

La Bruyère wrote, just a century before 1789, "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil, which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and, when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other human beings the trouble of sowing, plowing, and harvesting, and thus should not be in want of the bread they have planted." They continue in want of it during twenty-five years after this and die in herds. I estimate that in 1715 more than one third of the population, six millions, perish with hunger and of destitution.

"In 1725," says St. Simon, "with the profuseness of Strasbourg and Chantilly, the people, in Normandy, live on the grass of the fields. The first king in Europe is great simply by being a king of beggars of all conditions, and by turning his kingdom into a vast hospital of dying people of whom their all is taken without a murmur." In the most prosperous days of Fleury and in the finest region in France, the peasant hides "his wine on account of the excise and his bread on account of the *taille*," convinced "that he is a lost man if any doubt exists of his dying of starvation." In 1739 d'Argenson writes in his journal: "The famine has just occasioned three insurrections in the provinces, at Ruffec, at Caen, and at Chinon. Women carrying their bread with them have been assassinated on the highways. . . . M. le Duc d'Orléans brought to the Council the other day a piece of bread, and placed it on the table before the king; 'Sire,' said he, 'there is the bread on which your subjects now

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feed themselves.'" "In my own canton of Touraine men have been eating herbage more than a year." Misery finds company on all sides. "It is talked about at Versailles more than ever. The king interrogated the bishop of Chartres on the condition of his people; he replied that 'the famine and the mortality were such that men ate grass like sheep and died like so many flies.'" In 1740 Massillon, bishop of Clermont-Ferrand, writes to Fleury: "The people of the rural districts are living in frightful destitution, without beds, without furniture; the majority, for half the year, even lack barley and oat bread, their sole food, and which they are compelled to take out of their own and their children's mouths to pay the taxes. It pains me to see this sad spectacle every year on my visits. The negroes of our colonies are, in this respect, infinitely better off, for, while working, they are fed and clothed along with their wives and children, while our peasantry, the most laborious in the kingdom, cannot, with the hardest and most devoted labor, earn bread for themselves and their families, and at the same time pay the subsidies." In 1740, at Lille, the people rebel against the export of grain. "An intendant informs me that the misery increases from hour to hour, the slightest danger to the crops resulting in this for three years past. . . . Flanders, especially, is greatly embarrassed; there is nothing to live on until the harvesting, which will not take place for two months. The provinces the best off are not able to help the others. Each bourgeois in each town is obliged to feed one or two poor persons and provide them with fourteen pounds of bread per week. In the little town of Chatellerault (of four thousand inhabitants), eighteen hundred poor, this winter, are on that footing. . . . The poor outnumber those able to live without begging . . . while prosecutions for unpaid dues are carried on with unexampled rigor. The clothes of the poor are seized and their last measure of flour, the latches on their doors, etc. . . . The abbess of Jouarre told me yesterday that, in her canton, in Brie, most of the ground had not been planted." It is not surprising that the famine spreads even to Paris. "Fears are entertained of next Wednesday. There is no more bread in Paris except that of the damaged flour which is brought in, and which burns (when baking). The mills are working day and night at Belleville, regrinding old damaged flour. The people are ready to rebel; bread goes up a *sol* a day; no merchant dares, or is disposed, to bring in his wheat. The market on Wednesday was almost in a state of revolt, there being no bread in it after

seven o'clock in the morning. . . . The poor creatures at Bicêtre were put on short allowance, three *quarterons* (twelve ounces) being reduced to only half a pound. A rebellion broke out and they forced the guards. Numbers escaped and they have inundated Paris. The watch, with the police of the neighborhood, were called out and an attack was made on these poor wretches with bayonet and sword. About fifty of them were left on the ground; the revolt was not suppressed yesterday morning."

Ten years later the evil is greater. "In the country around me, ten leagues from Paris, I find increased privation and constant complaints. What must it be in our wretched provinces in the interior of the kingdom? . . . My curate tells me that eight families, supporting themselves on their labor when I left, are now begging their bread. There is no work to be had. The wealthy are economizing like the poor. And with all this the *taille* is exacted with military severity. The collectors, with their officers, accompanied by locksmiths, force open the doors and carry off and sell furniture for one quarter of its value, the expenses exceeding the amount of the tax. . . ." "I am at this moment on my estates in Touraine. I encounter nothing but frightful privations; the melancholy sentiment of suffering no longer prevails with the poor inhabitants, but rather one of utter despair; they desire death only and avoid increase. . . . It is estimated that one quarter of the working days of the year go to the *corvées*, the laborers feeding themselves, and with what? . . . I see poor people dying of destitution. They are paid fifteen sous a day, equal to a crown, for their load. Whole villages are either ruined or broken up, and none of the households recover. . . . Judging by what my neighbors tell me the inhabitants have diminished one third. . . . The daily laborers are all leaving and taking refuge in the small towns. In many villages everybody leaves. I have several parishes in which the *taille* for three years is due, the proceedings for its collection always going on. . . . The receivers of the *taille* and of the fisc add one half each year in expenses above the tax. . . . An assessor, on coming to the village where I have my country house, states that the *taille* this year will be much increased; he noticed that the peasants here were fatter than elsewhere; that they had chicken feathers before their doors, and that the living here must be good, everybody doing well, etc. This is the cause of the peasant's discouragement, and likewise the cause of misfortune throughout the kingdom." "In the country where

I am staying I hear that marriage is declining and that the population is decreasing on all sides. In my parish, with a few firesides, there are more than thirty single persons, male and female, old enough to marry and none of them having any idea of it. On being urged to marry they all reply alike that it is not worth while to bring unfortunate beings like themselves into the world. I have myself tried to induce some of the women to marry by offering them assistance, but they all reason in this way as if they had consulted together." "One of my curates sends me word that, although he is the oldest in the province of Touraine, and has seen many things, including excessively high prices for wheat, he remembers no misery so great as that of this year, even in 1709. . . . Some of the seigniors of Touraine inform me that, being desirous of setting the inhabitants to work by the day, they found very few of them and these so weak that they were unable to use their arms."

Those who are able to leave, emigrate. "A person from Languedoc tells me of vast numbers of peasants deserting that province and taking refuge in Piedmont, Savoy, and Spain, tormented and frightened by the measures resorted to in collecting tithes. . . . The extortioners sell everything and imprison everybody as if prisoners of war, and even with more avidity and malice in order to gain something themselves." "I met an intendant of one of the finest provinces in the kingdom, who told me that no more farmers could be found there; that parents preferred to send their children to the towns; that living in the surrounding country was daily becoming more horrible to the inhabitants. . . . A man well informed in financial matters told me that over two hundred families in Normandy had left this year, fearing the collections in their villages." At Paris, "the streets swarm with beggars. One cannot stop before a door without a dozen mendicants besetting him with their importunities. They are said to be people from the country who, unable to endure the persecutions they have to undergo, take refuge in the cities . . . preferring mendicity to labor." And yet the people of the cities are not much better off. "An officer of a company in garrison at Mezières tells me that the poverty of that place is so great that, after the officers had dined in the inns, the people rush in and pillage the remnants." "There are more than twelve thousand begging workmen in Rouen, quite as many in Tours, etc. More than twenty thousand of these workmen are

estimated as having left the kingdom in three months for Spain, Germany, etc. At Lyons twenty thousand workers in silk are watched and kept in sight for fear of their going abroad." At Rouen, and in Normandy, "those in easy circumstances find it difficult to get bread, the bulk of the people being entirely without it, and, to ward off starvation, providing themselves with food that shocks humanity." "Even at Paris," writes d'Argenson, "I learn that on the day M. le Dauphin and Mme. la Dauphine went to Notre Dame, on passing the bridge of the Tournelle, more than two thousand women assembled in that quarter crying out, 'Give us bread, or we shall die of hunger.' . . . A vicar of the parish of Saint-Marguerite affirms that over eight hundred persons died in the faubourg Saint-Antoine between January 20th and February 20th; that the poor expire with cold and hunger in their garrets, and that the priests, arriving too late, see them expire without any possible relief." Were I to enumerate the riots, the seditions of the famished, and the pillagings of storehouses, I should never end; these are the convulsive twitchings of exhaustion; the people have fasted as long as possible, and instinct, at last, rebels. In 1747 "extensive bread riots occur in Toulouse, and in Guyenne they take place on every market day." In 1750 from six to seven thousand men gather in Bearn behind a river to resist the clerks; two companies of the Artois regiment fire on the rebels and kill a dozen of them. In 1752 a sedition at Rouen and in its neighborhood lasts three days; in Dauphiny and in Auvergne riotous villagers force open the grain warehouses and take away wheat at their own price; the same year, at Arles, two thousand armed peasants demand bread at the townhall and are dispersed by the soldiers. In one province alone, that of Normandy, I find insurrections in 1725, in 1737, in 1739, in 1752, in 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, and 1768, and always on account of bread. "Entire hamlets," writes the Parliament, "being without the necessities of life, want compels them to resort to the food of brutes. . . . Two days more and Rouen will be without provisions, without grain, without bread." Accordingly, the last riot is terrible; on this occasion, the populace, again masters of the town for three days, pillage the public granaries and the stores of all the communities. Up to the last and even later, in 1770 at Rheims, in 1775 at Dijon, at Versailles, at Saint-Germain, at Pontoise, and at Paris, in 1772 at Poitiers, in 1785 at Aix in Provence, in 1788 and 1789 in Paris and throughout France, similar

eruptions are visible. Undoubtedly the government under Louis XVI. is milder; the intendants are more humane, the administration is less rigid, the *taille* becomes less unequal, and the *corvée* is less onerous through its transformation; in short, misery has diminished, and yet this is greater than human nature can bear.

Examine administrative correspondence for the last thirty years preceding the Revolution. Countless statements reveal excessive suffering, even when not terminating in fury. Life to a man of the lower class, to an artisan, or workman, subsisting on the labor of his own hands, is evidently precarious; he obtains simply enough to keep him from starvation and he does not always get that. Here, in four districts, "the inhabitants live only on buckwheat," and for five years, the apple crop having failed, they drink only water. There, in country of vineyards, "the vinedressers each year are reduced, for the most part, to begging their bread during the dull season." Elsewhere, several of the day laborers and mechanics, obliged to sell their effects and household goods, die of the cold; insufficient and unhealthy food generates sickness, while, in two districts, thirty-five thousand persons are stated to be living on alms. In a remote canton the peasants cut the grain still green, and dry it in the oven, because they are too hungry to wait. The intendant of Poitiers writes that "as soon as the workhouses open, a prodigious number of the poor rush to them, in spite of the reduction of wages and of the restrictions imposed on them in behalf of the most needy." The intendant of Bourges notices that a great many métayers have sold off their furniture and that "entire families pass two days without eating," and that in many parishes the famished stay in bed most of the day because they suffer less. The intendant of Orléans reports that "in Sologne, poor widows have burned up their wooden bedsteads and others have consumed their fruit trees," to preserve themselves from the cold, and he adds, "nothing is exaggerated in this statement; the cries of want cannot be expressed; the misery of the rural districts must be seen with one's own eyes to obtain an idea of it." From Rioni, from La Rochelle, from Limoges, from Lyons, from Montauban, from Caen, from Alençon, from Flanders, from Moulins, come similar statements by other intendants. One might call it the interruptions and repetitions of a funeral knell; even in years not disastrous it is heard on all sides. In Burgundy, near Châtillon-sur-Seine, "taxes, seigniorial dues, the

tithes, and the expenses of cultivation, divide up the productions of the soil into thirds, leaving nothing for the unfortunate cultivators, who would have abandoned their fields, had not two Swiss manufacturers of calicoes settled there and distributed about the country forty thousand francs a year in cash." In Auvergne, the country is depopulated daily; many of the villages have lost, since the beginning of the century, more than one third of their inhabitants. "Had not steps been promptly taken to lighten the burden of a downtrodden people," says the provincial assembly in 1787, "Auvergne would have forever lost its population and its cultivation." In Comminges, at the outbreak of the Revolution, certain communities threaten to abandon their possessions, should they obtain no relief. "It is a well-known fact," says the assembly of Haute-Guyenne, in 1784, "that the lot of the most severely taxed communities is so rigorous as to have led their proprietors frequently to abandon their property. Who is not aware of the inhabitants of Saint-Servin having abandoned their possessions ten times and of their threats to resort again to this painful proceeding in their recourse to the administration? Only a few years ago an abandonment of the community of Boisse took place through the combined action of the inhabitants, the seignior, and the *décimateur* of that community;" and the desertion would be still greater if the law did not forbid persons liable to the *taille* abandoning overtaxed property, except by renouncing whatever they possessed in the community. In the Soissonais, according to the report of the provincial assembly, "misery is excessive." In Gascony the spectacle is "heartrending." In the environs of Toule, the cultivator, after paying his taxes, tithes, and other dues, remains empty-handed. "Agriculture is an occupation of steady anxiety and privation, in which thousands of men are obliged to painfully vegetate." In a village in Normandy, "nearly all the inhabitants, not excepting the farmers and proprietors, eat barley bread and drink water, living like the most wretched of men, so as to provide for the payment of the taxes with which they are overburdened." In the same province, at Forges, "many poor creatures eat oat bread, and others bread of soaked bran, this nourishment causing many deaths among infants." People evidently live from day to day; whenever the crop proves poor, they lack bread. Let a frost come, a hailstorm, an inundation, and an entire province is incapable of supporting itself until the coming year; in many places even an ordinary winter

suffices to bring on distress. On all sides hands are seen outstretched to the king, who is the universal almoner. The people may be said to resemble a man attempting to wade through a pool with the water up to his chin, and who, losing his footing at the slightest depression, sinks down and drowns.

ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

(From *The Adventurer.*)

It is observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever attained by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practiced it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated amongst us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavoring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if

so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance, unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perseus has justly observed that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honor or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning is next to consider how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses

it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, *opake*, and that *pellucidum* signified *pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestable truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who, having fenced with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in

unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies; his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practiced to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail in his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recall to a close examination that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against

the fallacies which it practices on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable to have *perfection* in our eye, that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

(From *The Rambler.*)

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigor must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement.

It is certain that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break, from confinement to its stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported, he knows not how, to distant tracts of thought, and returns to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the

convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way, and many because they leave it by choice, and, instead of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose business is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with those airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, shuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long succession of delights dances round him. He is at last called back to life by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into society, because he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excursions with the asperity, though not with the knowledge, of a student, and hastens again to the same felicity with the eagerness of a man bent upon the advancement of some favorite science. The infatuation strengthens by degrees, and, like the poison of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external symptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that these hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by disgrace and disappointment of the difference between the labor of thought, and the sport of musing. But this discovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thousand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early sense of their danger and their shame. But they who are convinced of the necessity of breaking from this habitual drowsiness too

often relapse in spite of their resolution; for these ideal seducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is necessary to their influence; they invade the soul without warning, and have often charmed down resistance before their approach is perceived or suspected.

This captivity, however, it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful, to pass his life with the esteem of others, or to look back with satisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he must find the means of flying from himself; he must, in opposition to the Stoic precept, teach his desires to fix upon external things; he must adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of social pleasures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady by close application to some new study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep curiosity in perpetual motion. But study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment or public pleasure is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and of virtue. Its slightest attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotic infection beginning to seize him should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference; but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labor; and that, whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion and gayety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is ban-

ished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumber all minds from awe and solitude, invite the modest to freedom, and exalt the timorous to confidence. This easy gayety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war and palaces of pleasure: we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defense without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters: with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

FOREORDINATION NOT AUTOMATISM.

By JONATHAN EDWARDS.

[JONATHAN EDWARDS, the greatest metaphysician that America has produced, was born at East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703; graduated at Yale, 1720; and was appointed pastor of a church at Northampton, Mass., 1727. Here he remained until 1750, when he was dismissed for refusing to administer the sacrament to those who could not give proofs of their conversion. The following year he went as missionary among the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, and in 1757 was called to the presidency of Princeton College, but died shortly after his installation, March 22, 1758. While at Stockbridge he wrote the famous treatise on the "Freedom of the Will" (1754), one of the most powerful expositions of Calvinism ever written. Other works are: "Original Sin," "Christian Virtue," etc.]

Concerning these Objections, that this Scheme of Necessity renders all Means and Endeavors for the avoiding of Sin, or the obtaining Virtue and Holiness, vain and to no purpose; and that it makes Men no more than mere Machines in Affairs of Morality and Religion.

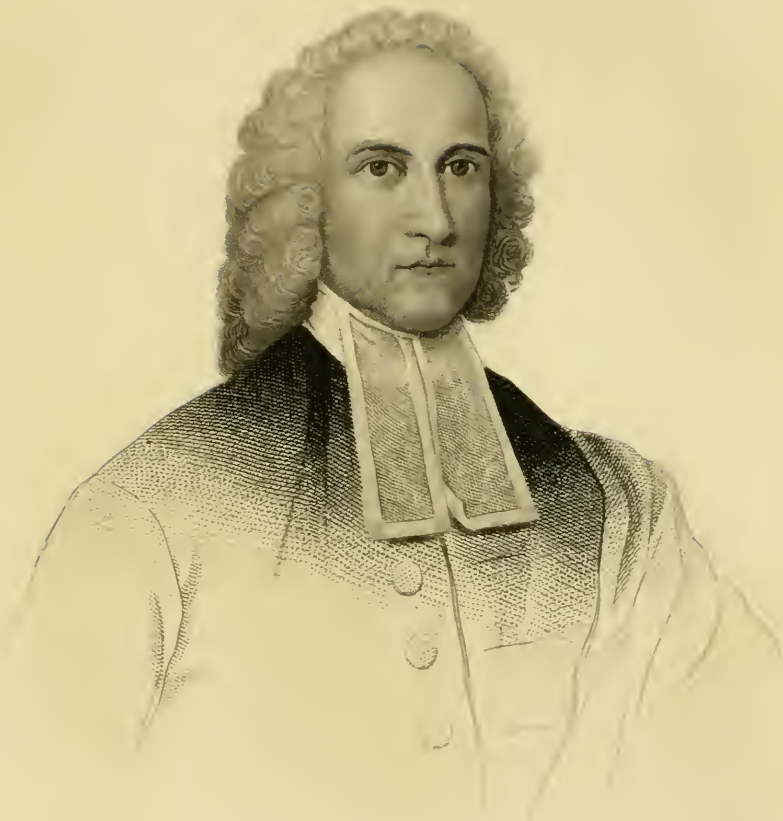
[IT is said] if it be so, that sin and virtue come to pass by a necessity consisting in a sure connection of causes and effects, antecedents and consequents, it can never be worth the while to use any means or endeavors to obtain the one and avoid the other, seeing no endeavors can alter the futurity of the event which is become necessary by a connection already established.

But I desire that this matter may be fully considered, and that it may be examined with a thorough strictness, whether it will follow that endeavors and means, in order to avoid or obtain any future thing, must be more in vain, on the supposition of such a connection of antecedents and consequents, than if the contrary be supposed.

For endeavors to be in vain is for them not to be successful, that is to say, for them not eventually to be the means of the thing aimed at, which cannot be but in one of these two ways: either, first, that although the means are used, yet the event aimed at does not follow; or, secondly, if the event does follow, it is not because of the means, or from any connection or dependence of the event on the means, the event would have come to pass as well without the means as with them. If either of these two things are the case, then the means are not properly successful, and are truly in vain. The successfulness or unsuccessfulness of means in order to an effect, or their

Jonathan Edwards

Engraved by A. H. Ritchie



being in vain or not in vain, consists in those means being connected or not connected with the effect in such a manner as this, viz., that the effect is with the means and not without them, or that the being of the effect is, on the one hand, connected with the means, and the want of the effect, on the other hand, is connected with the want of the means. If there be such a connection as this between means and end, the means are not in vain. The more there is of such a connection, the further they are from being in vain; and the less of such a connection, the more they are in vain.

Now, therefore, the question to be answered (in order to determine whether it follows from this doctrine of the necessary connection between foregoing things, and consequent ones, that means used in order to any effect are more in vain than they would be otherwise) is, whether it follows from it that there is less of the forementioned connection between means and effect, that is, whether, on the supposition of there being a real and true connection between antecedent things and consequent ones, there must be less of a connection between means and effect than on the supposition of there being no fixed connection between antecedent things and consequent ones, and the very stating of this question is sufficient to answer it. It must appear to every one that will open his eyes that this question cannot be affirmed without the grossest absurdity and inconsistence. Means are foregoing things, and effects are following things; and if there were no connection between foregoing things and following ones, there could be no connection between means and end; and so all means would be wholly vain and fruitless. For it is by virtue of some connection only that they become successful: it is some connection observed, or revealed, or otherwise known, between antecedent things and following ones, that is what directs in the choice of means. And if there were no such thing as an established connection, there could be no choice as to means: one thing would have no more tendency to an effect than another; there would be no such thing as tendency in the case. All those things which are successful means of other things do therein prove connected antecedents of them; and therefore to assert that a fixed connection between antecedents and consequents makes means vain and useless, or stands in the way to hinder the connection between means and end, is just as ridiculous as to say that a connection between antecedents and consequents stands in the

way to hinder a connection between antecedents and consequents.

Nor can any supposed connection of the succession or train of antecedents and consequents, from the very beginning of all things, the connection being made already sure and necessary, either by established laws of nature, or by these together with a decree of sovereign immediate interpositions of divine power, on such and such occasions, or any other way (if any other there be) — I say no such necessary connection of a series of antecedents and consequents can in the least tend to hinder, but that the means we use may belong to the series and so may be some of those antecedents which are connected with the consequents we aim at in the established course of things. Endeavors which we use are things that exist, and, therefore, they belong to the general chain of events: all the parts of which chain are supposed to be connected; and so endeavors are supposed to be connected with some effects or some consequent things or other. And certainly this does not hinder but that the events they are connected with may be those which we aim at and which we choose, because we judge them most likely to have a connection with those events from the established order and course of things which we observe, or from something in divine revelation.

Let us suppose a real and sure connection between a man's having his eyes open in the clear daylight, with good organs of sight and seeing, so that seeing is connected with his opening his eyes, and not seeing with his not opening his eyes; and also the like connection between such a man's attempting to open his eyes and his actually doing it. The supposed established connection between these antecedents and consequents, let the connection be ever so sure and necessary, certainly does not prove that it is in vain for a man in such circumstances to attempt to open his eyes in order to seeing; his aiming at that event, and the use of the means, being the effect of his Will, does not break the connection or hinder the success.

So that the objection we are upon does not lie against the doctrine of the necessity of events by a certainty of connection and consequence: on the contrary, it is truly forcible against the doctrine of contingence and self-determination, which is inconsistent with such a connection. If there be no connection between those events wherein virtue and vice consist, and anything antecedent, then there is no connection between these

events and any means or endeavors used in order to them; and, if so, then those means must be vain. The less there is of connection between foregoing things and following ones, so much the less there is between means and end, endeavors and success; and in the same proportion are means and endeavors ineffectual and vain.

It will follow from those principles that there is no connection between virtue or vice and any foregoing event or thing, or, in other words, that the determination of the existence of virtue or vice does not in the least depend on the influence of anything that comes to pass antecedently from which the determination of its existence is as its cause, means, or ground; because, so far as it is so, it is not from self-determination, and, therefore, so far there is nothing of the nature of virtue or vice. And so it follows that virtue and vice are not in any degree dependent upon, or connected with, any foregoing event or existence, as its cause, ground, or means. And, if so, then all foregoing means must be totally vain.

Hence it follows that there cannot, in any consistence with that scheme, be any reasonable ground of so much as a conjecture concerning the consequence of any means and endeavors in order to escaping vice or obtaining virtue, or any choice or preference of means as having a greater probability of success by some than others, either from any natural connection or dependence of the end on the means, or through any divine constitution, or revealed way of God's bestowing or bringing to pass these things, in consequence of any means, endeavors, prayers, or deeds. Conjecture, in this latter case, depends on a supposition that God himself is the giver, or determining cause of the events sought; but if they depend on self-determination, then God is not the determining or disposing author of them; and if these things are not of his disposal, then no conjecture can be made, from any revelation he has given, concerning any way or method of his disposal of them.

Yea, on these principles, it will not only follow that men cannot have any reasonable ground of judgment or conjecture, that their means and endeavors to obtain virtue or avoid vice will be successful, but they may be sure they will not; they may be certain that they will be in vain; and that, if ever the thing which they seek comes to pass, it will not be at all owing to the means they use. For means and endeavors can have no effect, in order to obtain the end, but in one of these

two ways: either (1) through a natural tendency and influence to prepare and dispose the mind more to virtuous acts, either by causing the disposition of the heart to be more in favor of such acts, or by bringing the mind more into the view of powerful motives and inducements; or (2) by putting persons more in the way of God's bestowment of the benefit. But neither of these can be the case. Not the latter, for, as has been just now observed, it does not consist with the notion of self-determination which they suppose essential to virtue that God should be the bestower or (which is the same thing) the determining, disposing author of virtue. Not the former, for natural influence and tendency supposes causality and connection and that supposes necessity of event, which is inconsistent with liberty. A tendency of means, by biasing the heart in favor of virtue, or by bringing the Will under the influence and power of motives in its determinations, are both inconsistent with liberty of Will, consisting in indifference, and sovereign self-determination, as has been largely demonstrated.

But for the more full removal of this prejudice against the doctrine of necessity, which has been maintained, as though it tended to encourage a total neglect of all endeavors as vain; the following things may be considered.

The question is not whether men may not thus improve this doctrine: we know that many true and wholesome doctrines are abused; but, whether the doctrine gives any just occasion for such an improvement, or whether, on the supposition of the truth of the doctrine, such a use of it would not be unreasonable? If any shall affirm that it would not, but that the very nature of the doctrine is such as gives just occasion for it, it must be on this supposition, namely, that such an invariable necessity of all things already settled must render the interposition of all means, endeavors, conclusions, or actions of ours, in order to the obtaining any future end whatsoever, perfectly insignificant, because they cannot in the least alter or vary the course and series of things, in any event or circumstance; all being already fixed unalterably by necessity, and that therefore it is folly for men to use any means for any end, but their wisdom, to save themselves the trouble of endeavors and take their ease. No person can draw such an inference from this doctrine and come to such a conclusion without contradicting himself, and going counter to the very principles he pretends to act upon; for he comes to a conclusion and takes a course, in order

to an end, even his ease, or the saving himself from trouble; he seeks something future, and uses means in order to a future thing, even in his drawing up that conclusion, that he will seek nothing, and use no means in order to anything in future; he seeks his future ease and the benefit and comfort of indolence. If prior necessity, that determines all things, makes vain all actions or conclusions of ours, in order to anything future, then it makes vain all conclusions and conduct of ours in order to our future ease. The measure of our ease, with the time, manner, and every circumstance of it, is already fixed by all-determining necessity, as much as anything else. If he says within himself, "What future happiness or misery I shall have is already, in effect, determined by the necessary course and connection of things; therefore I will save myself the trouble of labor and diligence, which cannot add to my determined degree of happiness, or diminish my misery; but will take my ease and will enjoy the comfort of sloth and negligence." Such a man contradicts himself; he says the measure of his future happiness and misery is already fixed, and he will not try to diminish the one nor add to the other; but yet, in his very conclusion, he contradicts this; for he takes up this conclusion, to add to his future happiness, by the ease and comfort of his negligence; and to diminish his future trouble and misery by saving himself the trouble of using means and taking pains.

Therefore persons cannot reasonably make this improvement of the doctrine of necessity, that they will go into a voluntary negligence of means for their own happiness. For the principles they must go upon in order to this are inconsistent with their making any improvement at all of the doctrine; for to make some improvement of it is to be influenced by it, to come to some voluntary conclusion in regard to their own conduct, with some view or aim; but this, as has been shown, is inconsistent with the principles they pretend to act upon. In short, the principles are such as cannot be acted upon in any respect, consistently. And, therefore, in every pretense of acting upon them, or making any improvement of them, there is a self-contradiction.

As to that objection against the doctrine which I have endeavored to prove, that it makes men no more than mere machines, I would say that, notwithstanding this doctrine, man is entirely, perfectly, and unspeakably different from a mere machine in that he has reason and understanding, and has a

faculty of Will, and so is capable of volition or choice; and in that his Will is guided by the dictates or views of his understanding, and in that his external actions and behavior and, in many respects, also his thoughts and the exercises of his mind, are subject to his Will; so that he has liberty to act according to his choice and do what he pleases; and by means of these things, is capable of moral habits and moral acts, such inclinations and actions as, according to the common sense of mankind, are worthy of praise, esteem, love, and reward; or, on the contrary, of disesteem, detestation, indignation, and punishment.

In these things is all the difference from mere machines, as to liberty and agency, that would be any perfection, dignity, or privilege, in any respect; all the difference that can be desired and all that can be conceived of. . . . Or, if their scheme makes any other difference than this, between men and machines, it is for the worse; it is so far from supposing men to have a dignity and privilege above machines, that it makes the manner of their being determined still more unhappy. Whereas machines are guided by an understanding cause, by the skillful hand of the workman or owner, the Will of man is left to the guidance of nothing, but absolute, blind contingence.

THE BARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall reëcho with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies,
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)

Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But, O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine,
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and Pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptered care;
To triumph and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: An American poet; born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College at eighteen, having Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce as classmates. Appointed shortly after to the professorship of modern languages there, he spent two years in European travel to fit himself before assuming it. In 1836 he became professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and held the chair for eighteen years. He died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. His chief volumes of poetry are: "Voices of the Night" (1839), "Ballads," "Spanish Student," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He also wrote in prose: "Outre-Mer," and the novels "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh."]

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky cavern, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it [huntsman?
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forest old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henrys.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplets of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warmed by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledgelings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children. . . .

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-sward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sound of labor was silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers,
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *le Carillon du Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil, the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted:
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

. . . Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And, at the head of the board, the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad, ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted, [terror.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven; [morning. . . .
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered:
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling, she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried.
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father. . . .

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid Saint Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered "Despair not!" . . .

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the Eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and far we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart, as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was a lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste or loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike under the scourge of his anger; —
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands: —
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

* * * * * * *

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE INDIANS AND THE WHITES.[1]

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From "The Winning of the West.")

[THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York in 1858, son of a wealthy banker; graduated at Harvard; was in the New York legislature for two terms; delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884; then started a ranch in Montana. He became a national civil service commissioner in 1888, and was for some time on the New York Board of Police Commissioners. Republican nominee for Vice-President, June, 1900. He has written: "The Naval War of 1812" (1882); "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885); "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (1888); "Life of Benton" (1887) and "Life of Gouverneur Morris" (1888), in the "American Statesmen" series; "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888); "The Wilderness Hunter" (1890); "New York" (1891), in "Historic Towns" series; "The Winning of the West" (4 vols., 1889–1896); "American Ideals and Other Essays" (1897).]

NOT only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory; and the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues because it was a war in which helpless women and children suffered the same hideous fate that so often befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers whose families followed them into the wilderness. Such a war is

[1] Copyright, 1889, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

inevitably bloody and cruel; but the inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake,[1] which marks the red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes, and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle, hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable — indeed, it was in many instances proper — that such deeds should awake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred.

The history of the border wars, both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. It could not be otherwise when brutal, reckless, lawless borderers, despising all men not of their own color, were thrown in contact with savages who esteemed cruelty and treachery as the highest of virtues, and rapine and murder as the worthiest of pursuits. Moreover, it was sadly inevitable that the law-abiding borderer as well as the white ruffian, the peaceful Indian as well as the painted marauder, should be plunged into the struggle to suffer the punishment that should only have fallen on their evil-minded fellows.

Looking back, it is easy to say that much of the wrongdoing could have been prevented; but if we examine the facts to find out the truth, not to establish a theory, we are bound to admit that the struggle was really one that could not possibly have been avoided. The sentimental historians speak as if the blame had been all ours, and the wrong all done to our foes, and as if it would have been possible by any exercise of wisdom to reconcile claims that were in their very essence conflicting; but their utterances are as shallow as they are untruthful. Unless we were willing that the whole continent west of the Alleghanies should remain an unpeopled waste, the hunting ground of savages, war was inevitable; and even had we been willing, and had we refrained from encroaching on the Indians' lands, the

[1] Any one who has ever been in an encampment of wild Indians and has had the misfortune to witness the delight the children take in torturing little animals will admit that the Indian's love of cruelty for cruelty's sake cannot possibly be exaggerated. The young are so trained that when old they shall find their keenest pleasure in inflicting pain in its most appalling form. Among the most brutal white borderers a man would be instantly lynched if he practiced on any creature the fiendish torture which in an Indian camp either attracts no notice at all or else excites merely laughter.

war would have come nevertheless, for then the Indians themselves would have encroached on ours. Undoubtedly we have wronged many tribes; but equally undoubtedly our first definite knowledge of many others has been derived from their unprovoked outrages upon our people. The Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawotomies furnished hundreds of young warriors to the parties that devastated our frontiers generations before we in any way encroached upon or wronged them.

Mere outrages could be atoned for or settled; the question which lay at the root of our difficulties was that of the occupation of the land itself, and to this there could be no solution save war. The Indians had no ownership of the land in the way in which we understand the term. The tribes lived far apart; each had for its hunting grounds all the territory from which it was not barred by rivals. Each looked with jealousy upon all interlopers, but each was prompt to act as an interloper when occasion offered. Every good hunting ground was claimed by many nations. It was rare, indeed, that any tribe had an uncontested title to a large tract of land; where such title existed, it rested, not on actual occupancy and cultivation, but on the recent butchery of weaker rivals. For instance, there were a dozen tribes, all of whom hunted in Kentucky, and fought each other there; all of whom had equally good titles to the soil, and not one of whom acknowledged the right of any other; as a matter of fact, they had therein no right, save the right of the strongest. The land no more belonged to them than it belonged to Boone and the white hunters who first visited it.

On the borders there are perpetual complaints of the encroachments of whites upon Indian lands; and naturally the central government at Washington, and before it was at Washington, has usually been inclined to sympathize with the feeling that considers the whites the aggressors, for the government does not wish a war, does not itself feel any land hunger, hears of not a tenth of the Indian outrages, and knows by experience that the white borderers are not easy to rule. As a consequence, the official reports of the people who are not on the ground are apt to paint the Indian side in its most favorable light, and are often completely untrustworthy, this being particularly the case if the author of the report is an Eastern man, utterly unacquainted with the actual condition of affairs on the frontier.

Such a man, though both honest and intelligent, when he hears that the whites have settled on Indian lands, cannot realize that the act has no resemblance whatever to the forcible occupation of land already cultivated. The white settler has merely moved into an uninhabited waste; he does not feel that he is committing a wrong, for he knows perfectly well that the land is really owned by no one. It is never even visited, except perhaps for a week or two every year, and then the visitors are likely at any moment to be driven off by a rival hunting party of greater strength. The settler ousts no one from the land; if he did not chop down the trees, hew out the logs for a building, and clear the ground for tillage, no one else would do so. He drives out the game, however, and of course the Indians who live thereon sink their mutual animosities and turn against the intruder. The truth is, the Indians never had any real title to the soil; they had not half as good a claim to it, for instance, as the cattle men now have to all eastern Montana, yet no one would assert that the cattle men have a right to keep immigrants off their vast unfenced ranges. The settler and pioneer have at bottom had justice on their side; this great continent could not have been kept as nothing but a game preserve for squalid savages. Moreover, to the most oppressed Indian nations the whites often acted as a protection, or, at least, they deferred instead of hastening their fate. But for the interposition of the whites it is probable that the Iroquois would have exterminated every Algonquin tribe before the end of the eighteenth century; exactly as in recent times the Crows and Pawnees would have been destroyed by the Sioux, had it not been for the wars we have waged against the latter.

Again, the loose governmental system of the Indians made it as difficult to secure a permanent peace with them as it was to negotiate the purchase of the lands. The sachem, or hereditary peace chief, and the elective war chief, who wielded only the influence that he could secure by his personal prowess and his tact, were equally unable to control all of their tribesmen, and were powerless with their confederated nations. If peace was made with the Shawnees, the war was continued by the Miamis; if peace was made with the latter, nevertheless perhaps one small band was dissatisfied, and continued the contest on its own account; and even if all the recognized bands were dealt with, the parties of renegades or outlaws had to be considered; and in the last resort, the full recognition accorded

by the Indians to the right of private warfare made it possible for any individual warrior who possessed any influence to go on raiding and murdering unchecked. Every tribe, every sub-tribe, every band of a dozen souls ruled over by a petty chief, almost every individual warrior of the least importance, had to be met and pacified. Even if peace were declared, the Indians could not exist long without breaking it. There was to them no temptation to trespass on the white man's ground for the purpose of settling; but every young brave was brought up to regard scalps taken and horses stolen, in war or peace, as the highest proofs and tokens of skill and courage, the sure means of attaining glory and honor, the admiration of men and the love of women. Where the young men thought thus, and the chiefs had so little real control, it was inevitable that there should be many unprovoked forays for scalps, slaves, and horses made upon the white borderers.[1]

As for the whites themselves, they too have many and grievous sins against their red neighbors for which to answer. They cannot be severely blamed for trespassing upon what was called the Indian's land; for let sentimentalists say what they will, the man who puts the soil to use must of right dispossess the man who does not, or the world will come to a standstill; but for many of their other deeds there can be no pardon. On the border each man was a law unto himself, and good and bad alike were left in perfect freedom to follow out to the uttermost limits their own desires; for the spirit of individualism so characteristic of American life reached its extreme of development in the backwoods. The whites who wished peace, the magistrates and leaders, had little more power over their evil and unruly fellows than the Indian sachems had over the turbulent young braves. Each man did what seemed best in his own eyes, almost without let or hindrance; unless, indeed, he trespassed upon the rights of his neighbors, who were ready enough to band together in their own defense, though slow to interfere in the affairs of others.

Thus the men of lawless, brutal spirit, who are found in every community, and who flock to places where the reign of order is lax, were able to follow the bent of their inclinations unchecked. They utterly despised the red man; they held it

[1] Similarly the Crows, who have always been treated well by us, have murdered and robbed any number of peaceful, unprotected travelers during the past three decades, as I know personally.

no crime whatever to cheat him in trading, to rob him of his peltries or horses, to murder him if the fit seized them. Criminals who generally preyed on their own neighbors found it easier, and perhaps hardly as dangerous, to pursue their calling at the expense of the redskins; for the latter, when they discovered that they had been wronged, were quite as apt to vent their wrath on some outsider as on the original offender. If they injured a white, all the whites might make common cause against them; but if they injured a red man, though there were sure to be plenty of whites who disapproved of it, there were apt to be very few indeed whose disapproval took any active shape.

Each race stood by its own members, and each held all of the other race responsible for the misdeeds of a few uncontrollable spirits; and this clannishness among those of one color, and the refusal or the inability to discriminate between the good and the bad of the other color, were the two most fruitful causes of border strife.[1] When, even if he sought to prevent them, the innocent man was sure to suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty, unless both joined together for defense, the former had no alternative save to make common cause with the latter. Moreover, in a sparse backwoods settlement, where the presence of a strong, vigorous fighter was a source of safety to the whole community, it was impossible to expect that he would be punished with severity for offenses which, in their hearts, his fellow-townsmen could not help regarding as in some sort a revenge for the injuries they had themselves suffered. Every quiet, peaceable settler had either himself been grievously wronged, or had been an eyewitness to wrongs done to his friends; and while these were vivid in his mind, the corresponding wrongs done the Indians were never brought home to him at all. If his son was scalped or his cattle driven off, he could not be expected to remember that perhaps the Indians

[1] It is precisely the same at the present day. I have known a party of Sioux to steal the horses of a buffalo-hunting outfit, whereupon the latter retaliated by stealing the horses of a party of harmless Grosventres; and I knew a party of Cheyennes, whose horses had been taken by white thieves, to, in revenge, assail a camp of perfectly orderly cowboys. Most of the ranchmen along the Little Missouri in 1884 were pretty good fellows, who would not wrong Indians, yet they tolerated for a long time the presence of men who did not scruple to boast that they stole horses from the latter, while our peaceful neighbors, the Grosventres, likewise permitted two notorious red-skinned horse thieves to use their reservation as a harbor of refuge and a starting point from which to make forays against the cattlemen.

who did the deed had themselves been cheated by a white trader, or had lost a relative at the hands of some border ruffian, or felt aggrieved because a hundred miles off some settler had built a cabin on lands they considered their own. When he joined with other exasperated and injured men to make a retaliatory inroad, his vengeance might or might not fall on the heads of the real offenders; and, in any case, he was often not in the frame of mind to put a stop to the outrages sure to be committed by the brutal spirits among his allies, — though these brutal spirits were probably in a small minority.

The excesses so often committed by the whites, when, after many checks and failures, they at last grasped victory, are causes for shame and regret; yet it is only fair to keep in mind the terrible provocations they had endured. Mercy, pity, magnanimity to the fallen, could not be expected from the frontiersmen gathered together to war against an Indian tribe. Almost every man of such a band had bitter personal wrongs to avenge. He was not taking part in a war against a civilized foe; he was fighting in a contest where women and children suffered the fate of the strong men, and instead of enthusiasm for his country's flag, and a general national animosity towards its enemies, he was actuated by a furious flame of hot anger, and was goaded on by memories of which merely to think was madness. His friends had been treacherously slain while on messages of peace; his house had been burned, his cattle driven off, and all he had in the world destroyed before he knew that war existed, and when he felt quite guiltless of all offense; his sweetheart or wife had been carried off, ravished, and was at the moment the slave and concubine of some dirty and brutal Indian warrior; his son, the stay of his house, had been burned at the stake with torments too horrible to mention[1]; his sister, when ransomed and returned to him, had told of the weary journey through the woods when she carried around her neck as a hor-

[1] The expression "too horrible to mention" is to be taken literally, not figuratively. It applies equally to the fate that has befallen every white man or woman who has fallen into the power of hostile plains Indians during the last ten or fifteen years. The nature of the wild Indian has not changed. Not one man in a hundred, and not a single woman, escapes torments which a civilized man cannot look another in the face and so much as speak of. Impalement on charred stakes, finger nails split off backwards, finger joints chewed off, eyes burned out, — these tortures can be mentioned, but there are others equally normal and customary which cannot even be hinted at, especially when women are the victims.

rible necklace the bloody scalps of her husband and children; seared into his eyeballs, into his very brain, he bore ever with him, waking or sleeping, the sight of the skinned, mutilated, hideous body of the baby who had just grown old enough to recognize him and to crow and laugh when taken in his arms. Such incidents as these were not exceptional; one or more, and often all of them, were the invariable attendants of every one of the countless Indian inroads that took place during the long generations of forest warfare. It was small wonder that men who had thus lost everything should sometimes be fairly crazed by their wrongs. Again and again on the frontier we hear of some such unfortunate who has devoted all the remainder of his wretched life to the one object of taking vengeance on the whole race of the men who had darkened his days forever. Too often the squaws and papooses fell victims of the vengeance that should have come only on the warriors; for the whites regarded their foes as beasts rather than men, and knew that the squaws were more cruel than others in torturing the prisoner, and that the very children took their full part therein, being held up by their fathers to tomahawk the dying victims at the stake.[1]

Thus it is that there are so many dark and bloody pages in the book of border warfare, that grim and ironbound volume, wherein we read how our forefathers won the wide lands that we inherit. It contains many a tale of fierce heroism and adventurous ambition, of the daring and resolute courage of men and the patient endurance of women; it shows us a stern race of freemen, who toiled hard, endured greatly, and fronted adversity bravely, who prized strength and courage and good faith, whose wives were chaste, who were generous and loyal to their friends. But it shows us also how they spurned at restraint and fretted under it, how they would brook no wrong to themselves, and yet too often inflicted wrong on others; their feats of terrible prowess are interspersed with deeds of the foulest and most wanton aggression, the darkest treachery, the most revolting cruelty.

[1] As was done to the father of Simon Girty. Any history of any Indian inroad will give examples such as I have mentioned above. In one respect, however, the Indians east of the Mississippi were better than the tribes of the plains from whom our borders have suffered during the present century: their female captives were not invariably ravished by every member of the band capturing them, as has ever been the custom among the horse Indians. Still, they were often made the concubines of their captors.

The Study Hour

From the painting by R. Herdman, R. S. A.

WASHINGTON AND BRADDOCK.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

(From "The Virginians.")

[William Makepeace Thackeray, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch;* and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848–1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859–1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

Mr. Washington was the first to leave the jovial party which were doing so much honor to Madam Esmond's hospitality. Young George Esmond, who had taken his mother's place when she left it, had been free with the glass and with the tongue. He had said a score of things to his guest which wounded and chafed the latter, and to which Mr. Washington could give no reply. Angry beyond all endurance, he left the table at length, and walked away through the open windows into the broad veranda or porch which belonged to Castlewood as to all Virginian houses.

Here Madam Esmond caught sight of her friend's tall frame as it strode up and down before the windows; and, the evening being warm, or her game over, she gave up her cards to one of the other ladies, and joined her good neighbor out of doors. He tried to compose his countenance as well as he could: it was impossible that he should explain to his hostess why and with whom he was angry.

"The gentlemen are long over their wine," she said; "gentlemen of the army are always fond of it."

"If drinking makes good soldiers, some yonder are distinguishing themselves greatly, Madam," said Mr. Washington.

"And I dare say the General is at the head of his troops?"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered the Colonel, who always received this lady's remarks, playful or serious, with a peculiar

softness and kindness. "But the General is the General, and it is not for me to make remarks on his Excellency's doings at table or elsewhere. I think very likely that military gentlemen born and bred at home are different from us of the colonies. We have such a hot sun, that we need not wine to fire our blood as they do. And drinking toasts seems a point of honor with them. Talmadge hiccoughed to me — I should say, whispered to me — just now, that an officer could no more refuse a toast than a challenge, and he said that it was after the greatest difficulty and dislike at first that he learned to drink. He has certainly overcome his difficulty with uncommon resolution."

"What, I wonder, can you talk of for so many hours?" asked the lady.

"I don't think I can tell you all we talk of, Madam, and I must not tell tales out of school. We talked about the war, and of the force Mr. Contrecœur has, and how we are to get at him. The General is for making the campaign in his coach, and makes light of it and the enemy. That we shall beat them, if we meet them, I trust there is no doubt."

"How can there be?" says the lady, whose father had served under Marlborough.

"Mr. Franklin, though he is only from New England," continued the gentleman, "spoke great good sense, and would have spoken more if the English gentlemen would let him; but they reply invariably that we are only raw provincials, and don't know what disciplined British troops can do. Had they not best hasten forwards and make turnpike roads and have comfortable inns ready for his Excellency at the end of the day's march? — 'There's some sort of inns, I suppose,' says Mr. Danvers; 'not so comfortable as we have in England, we can't expect that.' — 'No, you can't expect that,' says Mr. Franklin, who seems a very shrewd and facetious person. He drinks his water and seems to laugh at the Englishmen, though I doubt whether it is fair for a water drinker to sit by and spy out the weaknesses of gentlemen over their wine."

"And my boys? I hope they are prudent?" said the widow, laying her hand on her guest's arm. "Harry promised me, and when he gives his word, I can trust him for anything. George is always moderate. Why do you look so grave?"

"Indeed, to be frank with you, I do not know what has come over George in these last days," says Mr. Washington. "He has some grievance against me which I do not understand,

and of which I don't care to ask the reason. He spoke to me before the gentlemen in a way which scarcely became him. We are going the campaign together, and 'tis a pity we begin such ill friends."

"He has been ill. He is always wild and wayward, and hard to understand. But he has the most affectionate heart in the world. You will bear with him, you will protect him — promise me you will."

"Dear lady, I will do so with my life," Mr. Washington said with great fervor. "You know I would lay it down cheerfully for you or any you love."

"And my father's blessing and mine go with you, dear friend!" cried the widow, full of thanks and affection.

As they pursued their conversation, they had quitted the porch under which they had first begun to talk, and where they could hear the laughter and toasts of the gentlemen over their wine, and were pacing a walk on the rough lawn before the house. Young George Warrington, from his place at the head of the table in the dining room, could see the pair as they passed to and fro, and had listened for some time past, and replied in a very distracted manner to the remarks of the gentlemen round about him, who were too much engaged with their own talk and jokes, and drinking, to pay much attention to their young host's behavior. Mr. Braddock loved a song after dinner, and Mr. Danvers, his aid-de-camp, who had a fine tenor voice, was delighting his General with the latest ditty from Marybone Gardens, when George Warrington, jumping up, ran towards the window, and then turned and pulled his brother Harry by the sleeve, who sat with his back towards the window.

"What is it?" says Harry, who, for his part, was charmed too with the song and chorus.

"Come," cried George, with a stamp of his foot, and the younger followed obediently.

"What is it!" continued George, with a bitter oath. "Don't you see what it is? They were billing and cooing this morning; they are billing and cooing now before going to roost. Had we not better both go into the garden, and pay our duty to our mamma and papa?" and he pointed to Mr. Washington, who was taking the widow's hand very tenderly in his.

A Hot Afternoon.

General Braddock and the other guests of Castlewood being duly consigned to their respective quarters, the boys retired to their own room, and there poured out to one another their opinions respecting the great event of the day. They would not bear such a marriage — no. Was the representative of the Marquises of Esmond to marry the younger son of a colonial family, who had been bred up as a land surveyor? Castlewood, and the boys at nineteen years of age, handed over to the tender mercies of a stepfather of three and twenty! Oh, it was monstrous! Harry was for going straightway to his mother in her bedroom — where her black maidens were divesting her ladyship of the simple jewels and fineries which she had assumed in compliment to the feast — protesting against the odious match, and announcing that they would go home, live upon their little property there, and leave her forever, if the unnatural union took place.

George advocated another way of stopping it, and explained his plan to his admiring brother. "Our mother," he said, "can't marry a man with whom one or both of us has been out on the field, and who has wounded us or killed us, or whom we have wounded or killed. We must have him out, Harry."

Harry saw the profound truth conveyed in George's statement, and admired his brother's immense sagacity. "No, George," says he, "you are right. Mother can't marry our murderer; she won't be as bad as that. And if we pink him, he is done for. '*Cadit quæstio*,' as Mr. Dempster used to say. Shall I send my boy with a challenge to Colonel George now?"

"My dear Harry," the elder replied, thinking with some complacency of his affair of honor at Quebec, "you are not accustomed to affairs of this sort."

"No," owned Harry, with a sigh, looking with envy and admiration on his senior.

"We can't insult a gentleman in our own house," continued George, with great majesty; "the laws of honor forbid such inhospitable treatment. But, sir, we can ride out with him, and, as soon as the park gates are closed, we can tell him our mind."

"That we can, by George!" cries Harry, grasping his

brother's hand, "and that we will, too. I say, Georgy, . . ." Here the lad's face became very red, and his brother asked him what he would say?

"This is *my* turn, brother," Harry pleaded. "If you go the campaign, I ought to have the other affair. Indeed, indeed, I ought." And he prayed for this bit of promotion.

"Again the head of the house must take the lead, my dear," George said, with a superb air. "If I fall, my Harry will avenge me. But I must fight George Washington, Hal: and 'tis best I should; for, indeed, I hate him the worst. Was it not he who counseled my mother to order that wretch, Ward, to lay hands on me?"

"Ah, George," interposed the more placable younger brother, "you ought to forget and forgive!"

"Forgive? Never, sir, as long as I remember. You can't order remembrance out of a man's mind; and a wrong that was a wrong yesterday must be a wrong to-morrow. I never, of my knowledge, did one to any man, and I never will suffer one, if I can help it. I think very ill of Mr. Ward, but I don't think so badly of him as to suppose he will ever forgive thee that blow with the ruler. Colonel Washington is our enemy, mine especially. He has advised one wrong against me, and he meditates a greater. I tell you, brother, we must punish hi ı."

The grandsire's old Bordeaux had set George's ordinarily pale countenance into a flame. Harry, his brother's fondest worshiper, could not but admire George's haughty bearing and rapid declamation, and prepared himself, with his usual docility, to follow his chief. So the boys went to their beds, the elder conveying special injunctions to his junior to be civil to all the guests so long as they remained under the maternal roof on the morrow.

Good manners and a repugnance to telling tales out of school forbid us from saying which of Madam Esmond's guests was the first to fall under the weight of her hospitality. The respectable descendants of Messrs. Talmadge and Danvers, aids-de-camp to his Excellency, might not care to hear how their ancestors were intoxicated a hundred years ago; and yet the gentlemen themselves took no shame in the fact, and there is little doubt they or their comrades were tipsy twice or thrice in the week. Let us fancy them reeling to bed, supported by sympathizing negroes; and their vinous general, too stout a toper to have surrendered himself to a half-dozen bottles of

Bordeaux, conducted to his chamber by the young gentlemen of the house, and speedily sleeping the sleep which friendly Bacchus gives. The good lady of Castlewood saw the condition of her guests without the least surprise or horror; and was up early in the morning, providing cooling drinks for their hot palates, which the servants carried to their respective chambers. At breakfast, one of the English officers rallied Mr. Franklin, who took no wine at all, and therefore refused the morning cool draught of toddy, by showing how the Philadelphia gentleman lost two pleasures, the drink and the toddy. The young fellow said the disease was pleasant and the remedy delicious, and laughingly proposed to continue repeating them both. The General's new American aid-de-camp, Colonel Washington, was quite sober and serene. The British officers vowed they must take him in hand and teach him what the ways of the English army were; but the Virginian gentleman gravely said he did not care to learn that part of the English military education.

The widow, occupied as she had been with the cares of a great dinner, followed by a great breakfast on the morning ensuing, had scarce leisure to remark the behavior of her sons very closely, but at least saw that George was scrupulously polite to her favorite, Colonel Washington, as to all the other guests of the house.

Before Mr. Braddock took his leave, he had a private audience of Madam Esmond, in which his Excellency formally offered to take her son into his family; and when the arrangements for George's departure were settled between his mother and future chief, Madam Esmond, though she might feel them, did not show any squeamish terrors about the dangers of the bottle, which she saw were amongst the severest and most certain which her son would have to face. She knew her boy must take his part in the world, and encounter his portion of evil and good. "Mr. Braddock is a perfect fine gentleman in the morning," she said stoutly to her aid-de-camp, Mrs. Mountain; "and though my papa did not drink, 'tis certain that many of the best company in England do." The jolly General good-naturedly shook hands with George, who presented himself to his Excellency after the maternal interview was over, and bade George welcome, and to be in attendance at Frederick three days hence; shortly after which time the expedition would set forth.

And now the great coach was again called into requisition, the General's escort pranced round it, the other guests and their servants went to horse. The lady of Castlewood attended his Excellency to the steps of the veranda in front of her house, the young gentlemen followed, and stood on each side of his coach door. The guard trumpeter blew a shrill blast, the negroes shouted, "Huzzay, and God sabe de King," as Mr. Braddock most graciously took leave of his hospitable entertainers, and rolled away on his road to headquarters.

As the boys went up the steps, there was the Colonel once more taking leave of their mother. No doubt she had been once more recommending George to his namesake's care; for Colonel Washington said: "With my life. You may depend on me," as the lads returned to their mother and the few guests still remaining in the porch. The Colonel was booted and ready to depart. "Farewell, my dear Harry," he said. "With you, George, 'tis no adieu. We shall meet in three days at the camp."

Both the young men were going to danger, perhaps to death. Colonel Washington was taking leave of her, and she was to see him no more before the campaign. No wonder the widow was very much moved.

George Warrington watched his mother's emotion, and interpreted it with a pang of malignant scorn. "Stay yet a moment, and console our mamma," he said with a steady countenance, "only the time to get ourselves booted, and my brother and I will ride with you a little way, George." George Warrington had already ordered his horses. The three young men were speedily under way, their negro grooms behind them, and Mrs. Mountain, who knew she had made mischief between them and trembled for the result, felt a vast relief that Mr. Washington was gone without a quarrel with the brothers, without, at any rate, an open declaration of love to their mother.

No man could be more courteous in demeanor than George Warrington to his neighbor and namesake, the Colonel. The latter was pleased and surprised at his young friend's altered behavior. The community of danger, the necessity of future fellowship, the softening influence of the long friendship which bound him to the Esmond family, the tender adieux which had just passed between him and the mistress of Castlewood, inclined the Colonel to forget the unpleasantness of the past days, and made him more than usually friendly with his young com-

panion. George was quite gay and easy: it was Harry who was melancholy now: he rode silently and wistfully by his brother, keeping away from Colonel Washington, to whose side he used always to press eagerly before. If the honest Colonel remarked his young friend's conduct, no doubt he attributed it to Harry's known affection for his brother, and his natural anxiety to be with George now the day of their parting was so near.

They talked further about the war, and the probable end of the campaign: none of the three doubted its successful termination. Two thousand veteran British troops with their commander must get the better of any force the French could bring against them, if only they moved in decent time. The ardent young Virginian soldier had an immense respect for the experienced valor and tactics of the regular troops. King George II. had no more loyal subject than Mr. Braddock's new aid-de-camp.

So the party rode amicably together, until they reached a certain rude log house, called Benson's, of which the proprietor, according to the custom of the day and country, did not disdain to accept money from his guests in return for hospitalities provided. There was a recruiting station here, and some officers and men of Halkett's regiment assembled, and here Colonel Washington supposed that his young friends would take leave of him.

Whilst their horses were baited, they entered the public room, and found a rough meal prepared for such as were disposed to partake. George Warrington entered the place with a particularly gay and lively air, whereas poor Harry's face was quite white and woe-begone.

"One would think, Squire Harry, 'twas you who was going to leave home and fight the French and Indians, and not Mr. George," says Benson.

"I may be alarmed about danger to my brother," said Harry, "though I might bear my own share pretty well. 'Tis not my fault that I stay at home."

"No, indeed, brother," cries George.

"Harry Warrington's courage does not need any proof!" cries Mr. Washington.

"You do the family honor by speaking so well of us, Colonel," says Mr. George, with a low bow. "I dare say we can hold our own, if need be."

Whilst his friend was vaunting his courage, Harry looked, to say the truth, by no means courageous. As his eyes met his brother's, he read in George's look an announcement which alarmed the fond faithful lad. "You are not going to do it now?" he whispered his brother.

"Yes, now," says Mr. George, very steadily.

"For God's sake let me have the turn. You are going on the campaign, you ought not to have everything — and there may be an explanation, George. We may be all wrong."

"Pshaw, how can we? It must be done now — don't be alarmed. No names shall be mentioned — I shall easily find a subject."

A couple of Halkett's officers, whom our young gentlemen knew, were sitting under the porch, with the Virginian toddy bowl before them.

"What are you conspiring, gentlemen?" cried one of them. "Is it a drink?"

By the tone of their voices and their flushed cheeks, it was clear the gentlemen had already been engaged in drinking that morning.

"The very thing, sir," George said gayly. "Fresh glasses, Mr. Benson! What, no glasses? Then we must have at the bowl."

"Many a good man has drunk from it," says Mr. Benson; and the lads, one after another, and bowing first to their military acquaintance, touched the bowl with their lips. The liquor did not seem to be much diminished for the boy's drinking, though George especially gave himself a toper's airs, and protested it was delicious after their ride. He called out to Colonel Washington, who was at the porch, to join his friends, and drink.

The lad's tone was offensive, and resembled the manner lately adopted by him, and which had so much chafed Mr. Washington. He bowed, and said he was not thirsty.

"Nay, the liquor is paid for," says George; "never fear, Colonel."

"I said I was not thirsty. I did not say the liquor was not paid for," said the young Colonel, drumming with his foot.

"When the King's health is proposed, an officer can hardly say no. I drink the health of his Majesty, gentlemen," cried George. "Colonel Washington can drink it or leave it. The King!"

This was a point of military honor. The two British officers of Halkett's, Captain Grace and Mr. Waring, both drank "The King." Harry Warrington drank "The King." Colonel Washington, with glaring eyes, gulped, too, a slight draught from the bowl.

Then Captain Grace proposed "The Duke and the Army," which toast there was likewise no gainsaying. Colonel Washington had to swallow "The Duke and the Army."

"You don't seem to stomach the toast, Colonel," said George.

"I tell you again, I don't want to drink," replied the Colonel. "It seems to me the Duke and the Army would be served all the better if their healths were not drunk so often."

"You are not up to the ways of regular troops as yet," said Captain Grace, with rather a thick voice.

"Maybe not, sir."

"A British officer," continues Captain Grace, with great energy but doubtful articulation, "never neglects a toast of that sort, nor any other duty. A man who refuses to drink the health of the Duke — hang me, such a man should be tried by a court-martial!"

"What means this language to me? You are drunk, sir!" roared Colonel Washington, jumping up, and striking the table with his fist.

"A cursed provincial officer say I'm drunk!" shrieks out Captain Grace. "Waring, do you hear that?"

"*I* heard it, sir!" cried George Warrington. "We all heard it. He entered at my invitation — the liquor called for was mine: the table was mine — and I am shocked to hear such monstrous language used at it as Colonel Washington has just employed towards my esteemed guest, Captain Waring."

"Confound your impudence, you infernal young jackanapes!" bellowed out Colonel Washington. "*You* dare to insult me before British officers, and find fault with my language? For months past, I have borne with such impudence from you, that if I had not loved your mother — yes, sir, and your good grandfather and your brother — I would — I would ——" Here his words failed him, and the irate Colonel, with glaring eyes and purple face, and every limb quivering with wrath, stood for a moment speechless before his young enemy.

"You would what, sir?" said George, very quietly, "if you did not love my grandfather, and my brother, and my

mother? You are making her petticoat a plea for some conduct of yours — you would do what, sir, may I ask again?"

"I would put you across my knee and whip you, you snarling little puppy, that's what I would do!" cried the Colonel, who had found breath by this time, and vented another explosion of fury.

"Because you have known us all our lives, and made our house your own, that is no reason you should insult either of us!" here cried Harry, starting up. "What you have said, George Washington, is an insult to me and my brother alike. You will ask our pardon, sir!"

"Pardon!"

"Or give us the reparation that is due to gentlemen," continues Harry.

The stout Colonel's heart smote him to think that he should be at mortal quarrel or called upon to shed the blood of one of the lads he loved. As Harry stood facing him, with his fair hair, flushing cheeks, and quivering voice, an immense tenderness and kindness filled the bosom of the elder man. "I — I am bewildered," he said. "My words, perhaps, were very hasty. What has been the meaning of George's behavior to me for months back? Only tell me, and, perhaps ——"

The evil spirit was awake and victorious in young George Warrington: his black eyes shot out scorn and hatred at the simple and guileless gentleman before him. "You are shirking from the question, sir, as you did from the toast just now," he said. "I am not a boy to suffer under your arrogance. You have publicly insulted me in a public place, and I demand a reparation."

"In heaven's name, be it!" says Mr. Washington, with the deepest grief in his face.

"And you have insulted *me*," continues Captain Grace, reeling towards him. "What was it he said? Confound the militia captain — colonel, what is he? You've insulted me! Oh, Waring! to think I should be insulted by a captain of militia!" And tears bedewed the noble Captain's cheek as this harrowing thought crossed his mind.

"I insult *you*, you hog!" the Colonel again yelled out, for he was little affected by humor, and had no disposition to laugh as the others had at the scene. And, behold, at this minute a fourth adversary was upon him.

"Great Powers, sir!" said Captain Waring, "are three

affairs not enough for you, and must I come into the quarrel, too? You have a quarrel with these two young gentlemen."

"Hasty words, sir!" cries poor Harry once more.

"Hasty words, sir!" cries Captain Waring. "A gentleman tells another gentleman that he will put him across his knees and whip him, and you call those hasty words? Let me tell you if any man were to say to me, 'Charles Waring,' or 'Captain Waring, I'll put you across my knees and whip you,' I'd say, 'I'll drive my cheese-toaster through his body,' if he were as big as Goliath, I would. That's one affair with young Mr. George Warrington. Mr. Harry, of course, as a young man of spirit, will stand by his brother. That's two. Between Grace and the Colonel apology is impossible. And, now — run me through the body! — you call an officer of my regiment — of Halkett's, sir! — a hog before my face! Great heavens, sir! Mr. Washington! are you all like this in Virginia? Excuse me, I would use no offensive personality, as, by George! I will suffer none from any man! but, by Gad, Colonel! give me leave to tell you that you are the most quarrelsome man I ever saw in my life. Call a disabled officer of my regiment — for he is disabled, ain't you, Grace? — call him a hog before *me!* You withdraw it, sir — you withdraw it?"

"Is this some infernal conspiracy in which you are all leagued against me?" shouted the Colonel. "It would seem as if I was drunk, and not you, as you all are. I withdraw nothing. I apologize for nothing. By heavens! I will meet one or half a dozen of you in your turn, young or old, drunk or sober."

"I do not wish to hear myself called more names," cried Mr. George Warrington. "This affair can proceed, sir, without any further insult on your part. When will it please you to give me the meeting?"

"The sooner the better, sir!" said the Colonel, fuming with rage.

"The sooner the better," hiccoughed Captain Grace, with many oaths needless to print — (in those days, oaths were the customary garnish of all gentlemen's conversation) — and he rose staggering from his seat, and reeled towards his sword, which he had laid by the door, and fell as he reached the weapon. "The sooner the better!" the poor tipsy wretch again cried out from the ground, waving his weapon and knocking his own hat over his eyes.

"At any rate, *this* gentleman's business will keep cool till to-morrow," the Militia Colonel said, turning to the other King's officer. "You will hardly bring your man out to-day, Captain Waring?"

"I confess that neither his hand nor mine are particularly steady."

"Mine is!" cried Mr. Warrington, glaring at his enemy.

His comrade of former days was as hot and as savage. "Be it so — with what weapon, sir?" Washington said sternly.

"Not with small-swords, Colonel. We can beat you with them. You know that from our old bouts. Pistols had better be the word."

"As you please, George Warrington — and God forgive you, George! God pardon you, Harry! for bringing me into this quarrel," said the Colonel, with a face full of sadness and gloom.

Harry hung his head, but George continued with perfect calmness: "I, sir? It was not I who called names, who talked of a cane, who insulted a gentleman in a public place before gentlemen of the army? It is not the first time you have chosen to take me for a negro, and talked of the whip for me."

The Colonel started back, turning very red, and as if struck by a sudden remembrance.

"Great heavens, George! is it that boyish quarrel you are still recalling?"

"Who made you the overseer of Castlewood?" said the boy, grinding his teeth. "I am not your slave, George Washington, and I never will be. I hated you then, and I hate you now. And you have insulted me, and I am a gentleman, and so are you. Is that not enough?"

"Too much, only too much," said the Colonel, with a genuine grief on his face, and at his heart. "Do you bear malice too, Harry? I had not thought this of thee!"

"I stand by my brother," said Harry, turning away from the Colonel's look, and grasping George's hand. The sadness on their adversary's face did not depart. "Heaven be good to us! 'Tis all clear now," he muttered to himself. "The time to write a few letters, and I am at your service, Mr. Warrington," he said.

"You have your own pistols at your saddle. I did not ride out with any, but will send Sady back for mine. That will give you time enough, Colonel Washington?"

"Plenty of time, sir." And each gentleman made the other a low bow, and, putting his arm in his brother's, George walked away. The Virginian officer looked towards the two unlucky captains, who were by this time helpless with liquor. Captain Benson, the master of the tavern, was propping the hat of one of them over his head.

"It is not altogether their fault, Colonel," said my landlord, with a grim look of humor. "Jack Firebrace and Tom Humbold of Spottsylvania was here this morning, chanting horses with 'em. And Jack and Tom got 'em to play cards; and they didn't win — the British Captains didn't. And Jack and Tom challenged them to drink for the honor of Old England, and they didn't win at that game neither, much. They are kind, free-handed fellows when they are sober, but they are a pretty pair of fools — they are."

"Captain Benson, you are an old frontier man, and an officer of ours, before you turned farmer and taverner. You will help me in this matter with yonder young gentlemen?" said the Colonel.

"I'll stand by and see fair play, Colonel. I won't have no hand in it, beyond seeing fair play. Madam Esmond has helped me many a time, tended my poor wife in her lying-in, and doctored our Betty in the fever. You ain't a goin' to be very hard with them poor boys? Though I seen 'em both shoot: the fair one hunts well, as you know, but the old one's a wonder at an ace of spades."

"Will you be pleased to send my man with my valise, Captain, into any private room which you can spare me? I must write a few letters before this business comes on. God grant it were well over!" And the captain led the Colonel into almost the only other room of his house, calling, with many oaths, to a pack of negro servants to disperse thence, who were chattering loudly among one another, and no doubt discussing the quarrel which had just taken place. Edwin, the Colonel's man, returned with his master's portmanteau, and, as he looked from the window, he saw Sady, George Warrington's negro, galloping away upon his errand, doubtless, and in the direction of Castlewood. The Colonel, young and naturally hot-headed, but the most courteous and scrupulous of men, and ever keeping his strong passions under guard, could not but think with amazement of the position in which he found himself, and of the three, perhaps four, enemies who appeared suddenly before

him, menacing his life. How had this strange series of quarrels been brought about? He had ridden away a few hours since from Castlewood, with his young companions, and to all seeming they were perfect friends. A shower of rain sends them into a tavern, where there are a couple of recruiting officers, and they are not seated for half an hour, at a social table, but he has quarreled with the whole company, called this one names, agreed to meet another in combat, and threatened chastisement to a third, the son of his most intimate friend!

Wherein the Two Georges prepare for Blood.

The Virginian Colonel remained in one chamber of the tavern, occupied with gloomy preparations for the ensuing meeting: his adversary in the other room thought fit to make his testamentary dispositions, too, and dictated, by his obedient brother and secretary, a grandiloquent letter to his mother, of whom, and by that writing, he took a solemn farewell. She would hardly, he supposed, pursue *the scheme which she had in view* (a peculiar satirical emphasis was laid upon the scheme which she had in view), after the event of that morning, should he fall, as, probably, would be the case.

"My dear, dear George, don't say that!" cried the affrighted secretary.

"As probably will be the case," George persisted with great majesty. "You know what a good shot Colonel George is, Harry. I, myself, am pretty fair at a mark, and 'tis probable that one or both of us will drop. —'I scarcely suppose you will carry out the intentions you have at present in view.'" This was uttered in a tone of still greater bitterness than George had used even in the previous phrase. Harry wept as he took it down.

"You see I say nothing; Madam Esmond's name does not even appear in the quarrel. Do you not remember, in our grandfather's life of himself, how he says that Lord Castlewood fought Lord Mohun on a pretext of a quarrel at cards? and never so much as hinted at the lady's name, who was the real cause of the duel? I took my hint, I confess, from *that*, Harry. Our mother is not compromised in the —— Why, child, what have you been writing, and who taught thee to spell?" Harry had written the last words "in view," in *vew*, and a great blot

of salt water from his honest, boyish eyes may have obliterated some other bad spelling.

"I can't think about the spelling now, Georgy," whimpered George's clerk. "I'm too miserable for that. I begin to think, perhaps, it's all nonsense, perhaps Colonel George never ——"

"Never meant to take possession of Castlewood; never gave himself airs, and patronized us there; never advised my mother to have me flogged, never intended to marry her; never insulted me, and was insulted before the King's officers; never wrote to his brother to say we should be the better for his parental authority? The paper is there," cried the young man, slapping his breast-pocket, "and if anything happens to me, Harry Warrington, you will find it on my corse!"

"Write yourself, Georgy, I *can't* write," says Harry, digging his fists into his eyes, and smearing over the whole composition, bad spelling and all with his elbows.

On this, George, taking another sheet of paper, sat down at his brother's place, and produced a composition in which he introduced the longest words, the grandest Latin quotations, and the most profound satire of which the youthful scribe was master. He desired that his negro boy, Sady, should be set free; that his "Horace," a choice of his books, and, if possible, a suitable provision should be made for his affectionate tutor, Mr. Dempster; that his silver fruit knife, his music books, and harpsichord should be given to little Fanny Mountain; and that his brother should take a lock of his hair, and wear it in memory of his ever fond and faithfully attached George. And he sealed the document with the seal of arms that his grandfather had worn.

"The watch, of course, will be yours," said George, taking out his grandfather's gold watch, and looking at it. "Why, two hours and a half are gone! 'Tis time that Sady should be back with the pistols. Take the watch, Harry dear."

"It's no good!" cried out Harry, flinging his arms round his brother. "If he fights you, I'll fight him, too. If he kills my Georgy, —— him, he shall have a shot at me!" and the poor lad uttered more than one of those expressions, which are said peculiarly to affect recording angels, who have to take them down at celestial chanceries.

Meanwhile, General Braddock's new aid-de-camp had written five letters in his large resolute hand, and sealed them with his seal. One was to his mother, at Mount Vernon; one to

his brother; one was addressed M. C. only; and one to his Excellency, Major General Braddock. "And one, young gentleman, is for your mother, Madam Esmond," said the boy's informant.

Again the recording angel had to fly off with a violent expression, which parted from the lips of George Warrington. The chancery previously mentioned was crowded with such cases, and the messengers must have been forever on the wing. But I fear for young George and his oath there was no excuse; for it was an execration uttered from a heart full of hatred, and rage, and jealousy.

It was the landlord of the tavern who communicated these facts to the young men. The Captain had put on his old militia uniform to do honor to the occasion, and informed the boys that the "Colonel was walking up and down the garden a waiting for 'em, and that the Reg'lars was a'most sober, too, by this time."

A plot of ground near the Captain's log house had been inclosed with shingles, and cleared for a kitchen garden; there indeed paced Colonel Washington, his hands behind his back, his head bowed down, a grave sorrow on his handsome face. The negro servants were crowded at the palings, and looking over. The officers under the porch had wakened up also, as their host remarked. Captain Waring was walking, almost steadily, under the balcony formed by the sloping porch and roof of the wooden house; and Captain Grace was lolling over the railing, with eyes which stared very much, though perhaps they did not see very clearly. Benson's was a famous rendezvous for cockfights, horse matches, boxing, and wrestling matches, such as brought the Virginian country folks together. There had been many brawls at Benson's, and men who came thither sound and sober had gone thence with ribs broken and eyes gouged out. And squires, and farmers, and negroes, all participated in the sport.

There, then, stalked the tall young Colonel, plunged in dismal meditation. There was no way out of his scrape, but the usual cruel one, which the laws of honor and the practice of the country ordered. Goaded into fury by the impertinence of a boy, he had used insulting words. The young man had asked for reparation. He was shocked to think that George Warrington's jealousy and revenge should have rankled in the young fellow so long: but the wrong had been the Colonel's, and he was bound to pay the forfeit.

A great hallooing and shouting, such as negroes use, who love noise at all times, and especially delight to yell and scream when galloping on horseback, was now heard at a distance, and all the heads, woolly and powdered, were turned in the direction of this outcry. It came from the road over which our travelers had themselves passed three hours before, and presently the clattering of a horse's hoofs was heard, and now Mr. Sady made his appearance on his foaming horse, and actually fired a pistol off in the midst of a prodigious uproar from his woolly brethren; then he fired another pistol off: to which noises Sady's horse, which had carried Harry Warrington on many a hunt, was perfectly accustomed. And now he was in the courtyard, surrounded by a score of his bawling comrades, and was descending amidst fluttering fowls and turkeys, kicking horses and shrieking frantic pigs; and brother negroes crowded round him, to whom he instantly began to talk and chatter.

"Sady, sir, come here!" roars out Master Harry.

"Sady, come here, confound you!" shouts Master George. (Again the recording angel is in requisition, and has to be off on one of his endless errands to the register office.) "Come directly, Mas'r," says Sady, and resumes his conversation with his woolly brethren. He grins. He takes the pistols out of the holster. He snaps the locks. He points them at a grunter which plunges through the farmyard. He points down the road, over which he has just galloped, and towards which the woolly heads again turn. He says again, "Comin', Mas'r. Everybody a comin'." And now, the gallop of other horses is heard. And who is yonder? Little Mr. Dempster, spurring and digging into his pony; and that lady in a riding habit on Madam Esmond's little horse — can it be Madam Esmond? No. It is too stout. As I live it is Mrs. Mountain on Madam's gray!

"Oh Lor'! Oh Golly! Hoop! Here dey come! Hurray!" A chorus of negroes rises up. "Here dey are!" Mr. Dempster and Mrs. Mountain have clattered into the yard, have jumped from their horses, have elbowed through the negroes, have rushed into the house, have run through it and across the porch, where the British officers are sitting in muzzy astonishment; have run down the stairs to the garden where George and Harry are walking, their tall enemy stalking opposite to them; and almost ere George Warrington has had time sternly to say, "What do you do here, Madam?" Mrs. Mountain has

flung her arms around his neck and cries: "Oh, George, my darling! It's a mistake! It's a mistake, and is all my fault!"

"What's a mistake?" asks George, majestically separating himself from the embrace.

"What is it, Mounty?" cries Harry, all of a tremble.

"That paper I took out of his portfolio, that paper I picked up, children; where the Colonel says he is going to marry a widow with two children. Who should it be but you, children, and who should it be but your mother?"

"Well?"

"Well, it's — it's not your mother. It's that little widow Custis whom the Colonel is going to marry. He'd always take a rich one; I knew he would. It's not Mrs. Rachel Warrington. He told Madam so to-day, just before he was going away, and that the marriage was to come off after the campaign. And — and your mother is furious, boys. And when Sady came for the pistols, and told the whole house how you were going to fight, I told him to fire the pistols off; and I galloped after him, and I've nearly broken my poor old bones in coming to you."

"I have a mind to break Mr. Sady's," growled George. "I especially enjoined the villain not to say a word."

"Thank God he did, brother," said poor Harry. "Thank God he did!"

"What will Mr. Washington and those gentlemen think of my servant telling my mother at home that I was going to fight a duel?" asks Mr. George, still in wrath.

"You have shown your proofs before, George," says Harry, respectfully. "And, thank heaven, you are not going to fight our old friend — our grandfather's old friend. For it was a mistake: and there is no quarrel now, dear, is there? You were unkind to him under a wrong impression."

"I certainly acted under a wrong impression," owns George, "but ——"

"George! George Washington!" Harry here cries out, springing over the cabbage garden towards the bowling green, where the Colonel was stalking; and though we cannot hear him, we see him, with both his hands out, and with the eagerness of youth, and with a hundred blunders, and with love and affection thrilling in his honest voice, we imagine the lad telling his tale to his friend.

There was a custom in those days which has disappeared

from our manners now, but which then lingered. When Harry had finished his artless story, his friend the Colonel took him fairly to his arms, and held him to his heart: and his voice faltered as he said, "Thank God, thank God for this!"

"Oh, George," said Harry, who felt now how he loved his friend with all his heart, "how I wish I was going with you on the campaign!" The other pressed both the boy's hands, in a grasp of friendship, which, each knew, never would slacken.

Then the Colonel advanced, gravely holding out his hand to Harry's elder brother. Perhaps Harry wondered that the two did not embrace as he and the Colonel had just done. But, though hands were joined, the salutation was only formal and stern on both sides.

"I find I have done you a wrong, Colonel Washington," George said, "and must apologize, not for the error, but for much of my late behavior which has resulted from it."

"The error was mine! It was I who found that paper in your room, and showed it to George, and was jealous of you, Colonel. All women are jealous," cried Mrs. Mountain.

"'Tis a pity you could not have kept your eyes off my paper, Madam," said Mr. Washington. "You will permit me to say so. A great deal of mischief has come because I chose to keep a secret which concerned only myself and another person. For a long time George Warrington's heart has been black with anger against me, and my feeling towards him has, I own, scarce been more friendly. All this pain might have been spared to both of us, had my private papers only been read by those for whom they were written. I shall say no more now, lest my feelings again should betray me into hasty words. Heaven bless thee, Harry! Farewell, George! And take a true friend's advice, and try and be less ready to think evil of your friends. We shall meet again at the camp, and will keep our weapons for the enemy. Gentlemen! if you remember this scene to-morrow, you will know where to find me." And with a very stately bow to the English officers, the Colonel left the abashed company, and speedily rode away.

ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT PASSED ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 27, 1757.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(From "The Master of Ballantrae.")

[Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1889 and dying there December 3, 1894. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

On the evening of February 26, the master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th; but where he went or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark parts of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured: a stifling cold; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north into our neighborhood besieging the windows of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of sunshine, showing a very pretty, wintery, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night the haze closed in overhead; it fell dark and still and starless and exceeding cold: a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange events.

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game

of cards, — another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the master any way affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practiced one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued: "It is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'hébété qui me fait rager;* it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Squaretoes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperiled; but the dreariness of a game with you, I positively lack language to depict."

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the master. "*Quel lourdeau!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdeau*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole: a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness, any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy: such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Squaretoes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn), "it is one of my diversions in this very dreary spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to

make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me — nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think — who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the master in the mouth.

The master sprung to his feet like one transfigured. I had never seen the man so beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty."

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means?" said he.

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr. Henry.

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the master.

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the master by the points. "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it very needful."

"You need insult me no more," said the master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth of the house."

"There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery," said the master.

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now here is a blot upon my life. At these words of mine the master turned his blade against my bosom; I saw the light run along the steel; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the master.

To my shame be it said, I was so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," said the master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this ——" making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring: a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I went with more than terror; but my companions, bareheaded like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bade me, and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall,

I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me — as you very well know — your child even who prefers me to yourself: how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, but my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till, of a sudden, the master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry!" said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now: you must be yourself."

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "oh!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had never remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood, he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he; and then, looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." I forced him to swallow it like a child; and, being still perished with the cold of the night, I followed his example.

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat — my old lord's seat by the chimney side — and was shaken with dry sobs.

Dismay came upon my soul; it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"There is some calamity happened," she cried, sitting up in bed.

"Madame," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"Madame," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrisdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she; and she looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and ——"

"And the master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you ——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh, madame!" cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madame," said I, "we are speaking of two men; one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours; has the other reproached you? To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always; has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing, — the hearing of a hired stranger, — that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madame, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?"

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Good God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself, "Great God! In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?" she cried. "I am made up; I can hear all."

"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault."

"Oh!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands,

"this man will drive me mad! Can you not put *me* out of your thoughts?"

"I think not once of you," I cried. "I think of none but my dear unhappy master."

"Ah!" she cried, with her hand to her heart, "is Henry dead?"

"Lower your voice," said I. "The other."

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind, and, I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said I, at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behoove to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added; "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word "shame" that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard; it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burden. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight," she whispered. "It was not ——" and she paused upon the word.

"It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke."

"Not now!" she cried.

"Madame," said I, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought from pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance."

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "My lord?"

"That shall be my part," said I.

"You will not speak to him as you have to me?" she asked.

"Madame," said I, "have you not some one else to think of? Leave my lord to me."

"Some one else?" she repeated.

"Your husband," said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word!" I said. "Go to him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him — it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, 'I know all;' if God gives you grace enough, say, 'Forgive me.'"

"God strengthen you, and make you merciful," said she. "I will go to my husband."

"Let me light you there," said I, taking up the candle.

"I will find my way in the dark," she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated, she downstairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons I was bidden enter.

He too sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed foot, and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."

"Oh, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed.

You know with what generosity he has always met your other — met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know — you must know — what he has suffered — what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of — is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts; twits him — pardon me, my lord! — twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raillery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know — for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this ——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. Oh, but he was your son, too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support, dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart."

"Your tears do you much honor and me much shame," says my lord, with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favorable

light; he has suffered under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible; there are dangerous virtues; virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him; I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak; you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

"No, no," said he, "two sons — I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter!" he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarreled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "Oh, my

lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer — think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door; oh, it stands open! Think of him, even as he thought of you. *Who is to tell the old man?* these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. "Here is too much speech!" said he. "Where was it?"

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him, he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried. And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he. "What is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The free traders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar: put these candles out. I will dress in the mean while; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way downstairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution. How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood stain in the midst; and a little further off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my

scalp, as I stood there staring; so strange was the sight, so dire the fears it wakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling, as I went, with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "You cannot have looked. Come back."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long — so long," said she. "Come; give me your hand."

We returned to the shrubbery hand in hand, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She spied the sword, picked it up, and, seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then, with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "It cannot be that he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I, and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she, "he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "Oh, you have not tried!"

"You have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity.

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madame," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night, who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies!"

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she.

I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword — a strange burden for that woman — she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry?" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. "The free traders," said he. "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him ——" said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

"I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him if not living?" he asked. "Oh, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed — as he came — without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal."

I saw he had fallen, like the rest of us, to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation: not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

"Are we to tell Mr. Henry?" I asked him.

"I will see," said he. "I am going first to visit him, then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider."

We went downstairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the

table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance, too, but methought a little cold; when he was come quite up, he held out both his hands and said: "My son!"

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "Oh, father," he cried, "you know I loved him; you know I loved him in the beginning; I could have died for him — you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. Oh, say you know that! Oh, say you can forgive me! Oh, father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns together!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man, and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him; and in a moment had fallen at her knees. "And oh, my lass," he cried, "you must forgive me, too! Not your husband — I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad; there was no harm in Henry Durie then; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him — it's the old bairn that played with you — oh, can ye never, never forgive him?"

Throughout all this my lord was like a cold kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us, he had said to me over his shoulder, "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself.

"We may leave him to his wife now," says he. "Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar."

Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelled the morning. At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea; and the air puffed at times against our faces, and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism; and passing further on toward the landing place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For first of all, where there was a pool across the

path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken; and down by the landing place, where the traders' boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let us go back now; we can do nothing in the dark."

As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night; and when we issued from the shelter of the trees, we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind, no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amazement. He set the crown upon it in the council we held on our return. The free traders had certainly secured the master, though whether dead or alive we were still left to our conjectures; the rain would, long before day, wipe out all marks of the transaction; by this we must profit: the master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night, it must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day; and to make all this plausible, it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber, and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him, as I said, with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's sake, hurried to his bed; there was still no sign of stir among the servants, and as I went up the tower stair, and entered the dead man's room, a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaus, two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The man had been going after all; he had but waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night, the seamen had perceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the

change and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind. This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insult of the night before: it was a parting shot, hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insult, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion: which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize: the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say; but as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was sweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and linen, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear; a book or two, and those of the best, Cæsar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied: these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead; but, since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case I was determined to have the means of some defense.

One after another I carried his portmanteaus to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked; went to my own room for my keys, and, returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaus there was a shagreen letter case, which I cut open with my knife; and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the man was at my mercy. Here was a vast deal of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days; and what was more to the purpose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers: a most damning series: such as to publish would be to wreck the master's honor and to set a price upon his life. I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents; I rubbed my hands, I sung aloud in my glee. Day found me at the pleasing task; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window — looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the

wind driving in the bay — and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near six months before we even knew for certain that the man survived; and it was years before I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill-gotten gain, some particulars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his mind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with a burst of passionate swearing, and incontinently fainted. They held some debate, but they were momently looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches: they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good nature to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on the passage over, and was set ashore a convalescent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to any one of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adversary, he fell. With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency; with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been vanquished by one whom he had so much insulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE MOGUL EMPIRE.

I. The Ruin of Aurangzeb.

By Sir W. W. HUNTER.

[Sir William Wilson Hunter was born near Hawick, Scotland, in 1840. Educated at the universities of Glasgow, Paris, and Bonn, he headed the Indian civil appointments of 1862; was prizeman at Calcutta University for proficiency in Sanskrit and Indian vernaculars; chief of public instruction during the Orissa famine of 1866, he wore himself out in relief work, was invalided home and there wrote the uniquely valuable "Annals of Rural Bengal" (continued later as "Orissa"), and "Dictionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia." Returning, he was Under-Secretary of India in 1870; in 1871 made Director-General of Statistics, he carried out in the decade to 1880 the Statistical Survey of India (taking the first Indian census in 1872), 128 vols., condensed 1881 into 14 vols., one a history of India written by him. In 1881 he was placed on the Legislative Council; in 1882 made president of the Education Commission, and raised the teaching work of India into a system of national education; he was also on the Finance Commission, and Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. In 1887 he completed his quarter-century in India and returned to England. He planned the "Rulers of India" series, and wrote the "Mayo" and "Dalhousie" in it, besides larger biographies of these two. He has also published "The Indian Mussulmans," "A System of Famine Warnings," "The Thackerays in India," etc.]

When Dr. Johnson wanted a modern example of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, he took the career of the Royal Swede. But during the same period that witnessed the brief glories of Charles the Twelfth in Europe, a more appalling tragedy of wrecked ambition was being enacted in the East. Within a year of Charles's birth in 1681, Aurangzeb, the last of the Great Mughals, set out with his grand army for Southern India. Within a year of Charles's fatal march to Russia in 1708, Aurangzeb's grand army lay shattered by a quarter of a century of victory and defeat; Aurangzeb himself was dying of old age and a broken heart; while his enemies feasted around his starving camp, and prayed heaven for long life to a sovereign in whose obstinacy and despair they placed their firmest hopes. The Indian emperor and the Swedish king were alike men of severe simplicity of life, of the highest personal courage, and of indomitable will. The memory of both is stained by great crimes. History can never forget that Charles broke an ambassador on the wheel, and that Aurangzeb imprisoned his father and murdered his brethren.

But here the analogy ends. As the Indian emperor fought and conquered in a wider arena, so was his character laid out on grander lines, and his catastrophe came on a mightier scale. He knew how to turn back the torrent of defeat, by commanding his elephant's legs to be chained to the ground in the thick of the battle, with a swift yet deliberate valor which Charles might have envied. He could spread the meshes of a homicidal intrigue, enjoying all the time the most lively consolations of religion; and he could pursue a state policy with humane repugnance to the necessary crimes, yet with an inflexible assent to them, which Richelieu would have admired. From the meteoric transit of Charles the Twelfth history learns little. The sturdy English satirist probably put that vainglorious career to its highest purpose when he used it "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." From the ruin of Aurangzeb the downfall of the Mughal Empire dates, and the history of modern India begins.

The house of Timur had brought with it to India the adventurous hardihood of the steppes, and the unsapped vitality of the Tartar tent. Babar, the founder of the Indian Mughal Empire in 1526, was the sixth in descent from Timur, and during six more generations his own dynasty proved prolific of strongly marked types. Each succeeding emperor, from father to son, was, for evil or for good, a genuine original man. In Babar himself, literally The Lion, the Mughal dynasty had produced its epic hero; in Humayun, its knight-errant and royal refugee; in Akbar, its consolidator and statesman; in Jahangir, its talented drunkard; and its magnificent palace-builder in Shah Jahan. It was now to bring forth in Aurangzeb a ruler whom hostile writers stigmatize as a cold-hearted usurper, and whom Muhammadan historians venerate as a saint.

Aurangzeb was born on the night of the 4th of November, 1618.

[His brothers and sisters described.]

In the midst of this ambitious and voluptuous imperial family, a very different character was silently being matured. Aurangzeb, the third brother, ardently devoted himself to study. In after-life he knew the Kuran by heart, and his memory was a storehouse of the literature, sacred and profane, of Islam. He had himself a facility for verse, and wrote a prose style at once easy and dignified, running up the complete literary gamut from pleasantry to pathos. His Persian Letters

to his Sons, thrown off in the camp, or on the march, or from a sick bed, have charmed Indian readers during two centuries, and still sell in the Punjab bazaars.

But in the case of Aurangzeb, poetry and literary graces merely formed the illuminated margin of a solid and somber learning. His tutor, a man of the old scholastic philosophy, led him deep into the ethical and grammatical subtleties which still form the too exclusive basis of an orthodox Muhammadan education. His whole nature was filled with the stern religion of Islam. Its pure adoration of one unseen God, its calm pauses for personal prayer five times each day, its crowded celebrations of public worship, and those exaltations of the soul which spring from fasting and high-strained meditation, formed the realities of existence to the youthful Aurangzeb. The outer world in which he moved, with its pageants and pleasures, was merely an irksome intrusion on his inner life. We shall presently see him wishing to turn hermit. His eldest brother scornfully nicknamed him The Saint.

To a young Muhammadan prince of this devout temper the outer world was at that time full of sadness. The heroic soldiers of the early empire, and their not less heroic wives, had given place to a vicious and delicate breed of grandees. The ancestors of Aurangzeb, who swooped down on India from the north, were ruddy men in boots. The courtiers among whom Aurangzeb grew up were pale persons in petticoats. Babar, the founder of the empire, had swum every river which he met with during thirty years of campaigning, including the Indus and the other great channels of the Punjab, and the mighty Ganges herself twice during a ride of 160 miles in two days. The luxurious lords around the youthful Aurangzeb wore skirts made of innumerable folds of the finest white muslin, and went to war in palanquins. On a royal march, when not on duty with the Emperor, they were carried, says an eye-witness, "stretched as on a bed, sleeping at ease till they reached their next tent, where they are sure to find an excellent dinner," a duplicate kitchen being sent on the night before.

A hereditary system of compromise with strange gods had eaten the heart out of the state religion. Aurangzeb's great-grandfather, Akbar, deliberately accepted that system of compromise as the basis of the empire. Akbar discerned that all previous Muhammadan rulers of India had been crushed between two opposite forces, — between fresh hordes of Mus-

sulman invaders from without, and the dense hostile masses of the Hindu population within. He conceived the design of creating a really national empire in India, by enlisting the support of the native races. He married, and he compelled his family to marry, the daughters of Hindu princes. He abolished the Infidel Tax on the Hindu population. He threw open the highest offices in the State, and the highest commands in the army, to Hindu leaders of men.

The response made to this policy of conciliation forms the most instructive episode in Indian history. One Hindu general subdued for Akbar the great provinces of Bengal and Orissa; and organized, as his finance minister, the revenue system of the Mughal Empire. Another Hindu general governed the Punjab. A third was hurried southwards two thousand miles from his command in Kabul, to put down a Muhammadan rising in districts not far from Calcutta. A Brahman bard led an imperial division in the field, and was Akbar's dearest friend, for whose death the Emperor twice went into mourning. While Hindu leaders thus commanded the armies and shaped the policy of the empire, Hindu revenue officers formed the backbone of its administration, and the Hindu military races supplied the flower of its troops. It was on this political confederation of interests, Mussulman and Hindu, that the Mughal Empire rested, so long as it endured.

Akbar had not, however, been content with a political confederation. He believed that if the empire was to last, it must be based on a religious coalition of the Indian races. He accordingly constructed a state religion, catholic enough, as he thought, to be acceptable to all his subjects. . . . Poets glorified the new faith; learned men translated the Hindu scriptures and the Christian gospel; Roman priests exhibited the birth of Jesus in waxwork, and introduced the doctrine of the Trinity. The orthodox Muhammadan beard was shaved; the devout Muhammadan salutation was discontinued; the Muhammadan confession of faith disappeared from the coinage; the Muhammadan calendar gave place to the Hindu. At length a formal declaration of apostasy was drawn up, renouncing the religion of Islam for the Divine Faith of the Emperor.

The Emperor was technically the elected head of the Muhammadan congregation, and God's vicegerent on earth. It was as if the Pope had called upon Christendom to renounce in set terms the religion of Christ. A Persian historian declares

that when these "effective letters of damnation," as he calls them, issued, "the heavens might have rent asunder and the earth opened her abyss." As a matter of fact, Akbar was a fairly successful religious founder. One or two grave men retired from his Court, and a local insurrection was easily quelled. But Akbar had no apostolic successor. His son, the talented drunkard, while he continued to exact the prostrations of the people, revived the externals of Islam at Court, and restored the Muhammadan confession of faith to the coin. Akbar's grandson, the palace-builder, abolished the prostrations. At the same time he cynically lent his countenance to the Hindu worship, took toll on its ceremonies, and paid a yearly allowance to the Hindu high-priest at Benares.

But neither the son nor the grandson of Akbar could stem the tide of immorality, which rolled on, with an ever-increasing volume, during three generations of contemptuous half-belief. One of Akbar's younger sons had drunk himself to death, smuggling in his liquor in the barrel of his fowling-piece when his supply of wine was cut off. The quarter of Delhi known as Shaitanpara, or Devilsville, dates from Akbar's reign. The tide of immorality brought with it the lees of superstition. Witches, wizards, diviners, professors of palmistry, and miracle-workers thronged the capital. "Here," says a French physician at the Mughal Court, "they tell a poor person his fortune for a halfpenny." A Portuguese outlaw sat as wisely on his bit of carpet as the rest, practicing astrology by means of an old mariner's compass and a couple of Romish prayer-books, whose pictured saints and virgins he used for the signs of the zodiac.

It was on such a world of immorality, superstition, and unbelief that the austere young Aurangzeb looked out with sad eyes. His silent reflections on the prosperous apostates around him must have been a somber monotone, perhaps with ominous passages in it, like that fierce refrain which breaks in upon the Easter evening psalm, "But in the name of the Lord, I will destroy them." A young prince in this mood was a rebuke to the palace, and might become a danger to the throne. No one could doubt his courage; indeed, he had slain a lion set free from the intervening nets usually employed in the royal chase. At the age of seventeen his father accordingly sent him to govern Southern India, where the Hindu Marathas and two independent Muhammadan kingdoms professing the Shia heresy might afford ample scope for his piety and valor.

The imperial army of the south, under his auspices, took many forts, and for a time effected a settlement of the country. But after eight years of viceregal splendor, Aurangzeb, at the age of twenty-five, resolved to quit the world, and to pass the rest of his life in seclusion and prayer. His father angrily put a stop to this project; recalled him to Court, stripped him of his military rank, and deprived him of his personal estate. But next year it was found expedient to employ Aurangzeb in the government of another province; and two years later he received the great military command of Balkh. On his arrival the enemy swarmed like locusts upon his camp. The attempt to beat them off lasted till the hour of evening prayer, when Aurangzeb calmly dismounted from his horse, kneeled down in the midst of the battle, and repeated the sacred ritual. The opposing general, awed by the religious confidence of the prince, called off his troops, saying that "to fight with such a man is to destroy oneself." After about seven years of wars and sieges in Afghanistan, Aurangzeb was again appointed Viceroy of Southern India.

In 1657 his eldest brother, firmly planted in the imperial Court, and watching with impatient eyes the failing health of the Emperor, determined to disarm his brethren. He procured orders to recall his youngest brother Murad from his viceroyalty on the western coast; and to strip Aurangzeb of his power in the south. These mandates found Aurangzeb besieging one of the two heretical Muhammadan capitals of Southern India. Several of the great nobles at once deserted him. He patched up a truce with the beleaguered city, and extorted a large sum of money from its boy-king. He had previously squeezed a great treasure from the other independent Muhammadan kingdom of the south. Thus armed, at the cost of the Shia heretics, with the sinews of war, he marched north to deliver his father, the Emperor, from the evil counsels of the Prince Imperial.

For the Emperor, now sixty-seven years of age, lay stricken with a terrible disease. The poor old palace-builder well knew the two essential conditions for retaining the Mughal throne — namely, to be perfectly pitiless to his kindred, and to be in perfect health himself. [He] had been a rebel prince. He left not one male alive of the house of Timur, so that he and his children might be the sole heirs of the empire. These children were now to prove his perdition. Amid the pangs of his excruciating disease his eldest son, Dara, grasped the central

government; while the next son, Prince Shuja, hurried north from his viceroyalty of Bengal to seize the imperial capital.

Prince Shuja was driven back. But there was a son advancing from the south whose steps could not be stayed. Aurangzeb had been forced by his eldest brother's intrigues to assume the defensive. It seems doubtful whether, at first, he aspired to the throne. His sole desire, he declared, was to rescue his father from evil counselors, and then to retire from the world. This longing for the religious life had led to his public degradation when a young prince: it asserted itself amid the splendors of his subsequent reign. At the present crisis it served him for a mask: as to whether it was genuine, his previous and later life, perhaps, entitle him to the benefit of a doubt. On one point he had firmly made up his mind: that the apostasy of his two elder brothers disqualified them for a Muhammadan throne. He accordingly resolved to join his youngest brother, whose viceroyalty lay on his way north; and who, although a drunkard in private life, was orthodox in his public belief.

A five years' war of succession followed. Each one of the four brethren knew that the stake for which he played was an empire or a grave. The eldest brother, Dara, defeated by Aurangzeb and betrayed into his hands, was condemned by the doctors of the law for his apostasy to Islam, and put to death as a renegade. The second brother, Shuja, was hunted out of his viceroyalty of Bengal into the swamps of Arakan, and outraged by the barbarian king with whom he had sought shelter. The last authentic glimpse we get of him is flying across a mountain into the woods, wounded on the head with a stone, and with only one faithful woman and three followers to share his end. The destiny of the youngest brother, Murad, with whom Aurangzeb had joined his forces, for some time hung in the balance. The tenderness with which Aurangzeb, on a memorable occasion, wiped the sweat and dust from his brother's face, was probably not altogether assumed. But the more Aurangzeb saw of the private habits of the young prince, the less worthy he seemed of the throne.

[He finally had Murad executed.]

Having thus disposed of his three brothers, Aurangzeb got rid of their sons by slow poisoning with laudanum, and shut up his aged father in his palace till he died.

Then was let loose on India that tremendously destructive

force, a puritan Muhammadan monarch. In 1658, in the same summer that witnessed the death of the puritan Protector of England, Aurangzeb, at the age of forty, seated himself on the throne of the Mughals. The narrative of his long reign of half a century is the history of a great reaction against the religious compromises of his predecessors, and against their policy of conciliation towards the native races. He set before himself three tasks: he resolved to reform the morals of the Court; to bring down the Hindus to their proper place as infidels; and to crush the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Southern India.

The luxurious lords soon found that they had got a very different master from the old palace-builder. Aurangzeb was an austere compound of the emperor, the soldier, and the saint; and he imposed a like austerity on all around him. Of a humble, silent demeanor, with a profound resignation to God's will in the height of success as in the depths of disaster, very plainly clothed, never sitting on a raised seat in private, nor using any vessel of silver or gold, he earned his daily food by manual labor. But he doubled the royal charities, and established free eating-houses for the sick and poor. Twice each day he took his seat in court to dispense justice. On Fridays he conducted the prayers of the common people in the great mosque. During the month of fast he spent six to nine hours a night in reading the Kuran to a select assembly of the faithful. He completed, when emperor, the task which he had begun as a boy, of learning the sacred book by heart; and he presented two copies of it to Mecca, beautifully written with his own hand. He maintained a body of learned men to compile a code of the Muhammadan law, at a cost exceeding £20,000 sterling.

The players and minstrels were silenced by royal proclamation. But they were settled on grants of land, if they would turn to a better life. The courtiers suddenly become men of prayer; the ladies of the seraglio took enthusiastically to reciting the Kuran. Only the poor dancers and singers made a struggle. They carried a bier with wailing under the window of the Emperor. On his Majesty's looking out and asking the purport of the funeral procession, they answered, that "Music was dead, and they were bearing forth her corpse." "Pray bury her deeply," replied the Emperor from the balcony, "so that henceforth she may make no more noise."

The measures taken against the Hindus seemed for a time

to promise equal success. Aurangzeb at once stopped the allowance to the Hindu high-priest at Benares. Some of the most sacred Hindu temples he leveled with the ground, erecting magnificent mosques out of their materials on the same sites. He personally took part in the work of proselytism. "His Majesty," says a Persian biographer, "himself teaches the holy confession to numerous infidels, and invests them with dresses of honor and other favors." He finally restored the Muhammadan calendar. He refused to receive offerings at the Hindu festivals, and he sacrificed a large revenue from Hindu shrines. He remitted eighty taxes on trade and religion, at a yearly loss of several millions sterling. The goods of the true believers, indeed, were for some time altogether exempted from duties; and were eventually charged only one half the rate paid by the Hindus.

These remissions of revenue compelled Aurangzeb to resort to new taxation. When his ministers remonstrated against giving up the Hindu pilgrim-tax, he sternly declined to share the profits of idolatry, and proposed a general tax on the infidels instead. That hated impost had been abolished by Akbar in the previous century — as part of his policy of conciliation towards the Hindus. Aurangzeb revived the poll-tax on infidels, in spite of the clamors of the Hindu population. They rent the air with lamentations under the palace windows. When he went forth in state on Friday, to lead the prayers of the faithful in the great mosque, he found the streets choked with petitioners. The Emperor paused for a moment for the suppliant crowd to open; then he commanded his elephants to advance, trampling the wretched people under foot. The detested impost was unsparingly enforced. If a Hindu of rank, writes a Persian historian, met a menial of the tax-office, "his countenance instantly changed." So low were the native races brought, that a proclamation was issued forbidding any Hindu to ride in a palanquin, or on an Arab horse, without a license from government.

While Aurangzeb dealt thus hardly with the Hindu population, his hand fell heavily on the Hindu princes. He vindictively remembered that the Hindu Rajputs had nearly won the throne for his eldest brother, and that their most distinguished chief had dared to remonstrate with himself. "If your Majesty," wrote the brave Hindu Raja of Jodhpur, "places any faith in books by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of the Mussul-

mans alone. In your temples to His name, the voice of prayer is raised ; in a house of images, where a bell is shaken, He is still the object of worship." Aurangzeb did not venture to quarrel with this great military prince. He sought his friendship, and employed him in the highest and most dangerous posts. But on his death the Emperor tried to seize his infant sons. The chivalrous blood of the Rajputs boiled over at this outrage on the widow and the orphan. They rose in rebellion ; one of Aurangzeb's own sons placed himself at their head, proclaimed himself emperor, and marched against his father with 70,000 men. A bitter war of religion followed. Aurangzeb, whose cause for a time seemed hopeless, spared not the Hindus. He burned their homesteads, cut down their fruit-trees, defiled their temples, and carried away cartloads of their gods to the capital. There he thrust the helpless images, with their faces downwards, below the steps of the great mosque, so that they should be hourly trampled under foot by the faithful. The Rajputs, on their side, despoiled the mosques, burned the Kuran, and insulted the prayer-readers. The war ended in a sullen submission of the Hindus ; but the Rajputs became thenceforth the destroyers, instead of the supporters, of the Mughal Empire.

Having thus brought low the infidel Hindus of the north, Aurangzeb turned his strength against the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Southern India. The conquest of the south had been the dream of the Mughal dynasty. During four generations, each emperor had labored, with more or less constancy, at the task. To the austere conscience of Aurangzeb it seemed not only an unalterable part of the imperial policy but an imperative religious duty. It grew into the fixed idea of his life. The best years of his young manhood, from seventeen to forty, he had spent as Viceroy of the South, against the heretic Shia kingdoms and the infidel Marathas. When the Viceroy of the South became Emperor of India, he placed a son in charge of the war. During the first twenty-three years of his reign Aurangzeb directed the operations from his distant northern capital. But at the age of sixty-three he realized that, if he was ever to conquer the south, he must lead his armies in person. Accordingly, in 1681, he set forth, now a white-bearded man, from his capital, never to return. The remaining twenty-six years of his life he spent on the march, or in the camp, until death released him, at the age of nearly ninety, from his long labor.

Already a great sense of isolation had chilled the Emperor's heart. "The art of reigning," he said, "is so delicate, that a king's jealousy should be awakened by his very shadow." His brothers and nephews had been slain, as a necessary condition of his accession to the throne. His own sons were now impatient of his long reign. One of them had openly rebelled; the conduct of another was so doubtful that the imperial guns had to be pointed against his division during a battle. The able Persian adventurers, who had formed the most trustworthy servants of the empire, were discountenanced by Aurangzeb as Shia heretics. The Hindus had been alienated as infidels. But one mighty force still remained at his command. Never had the troops of the empire been more regularly paid or better equipped, although at one time better disciplined. Aurangzeb knew that the army alone stood between him and the disloyalty of his sons, between him and the hatred of the native races. He now resolved to hurl its whole weight against the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Southern India.

The military array of the empire consisted of a regular army of about 400,000 men, and a provincial militia estimated as high as 4,400,000. The militia was made up of irregular levies, uncertain in number, incapable of concentration, and whose services could only be relied on for a short period. The regular army consisted partly of contingents, whose commanders received grants of territory, or magnificent allowances for their support, partly of troops paid direct from the imperial treasury. The policy of Akbar had been to recruit from three mutually hostile classes — the Suni Muhammadans of the empire, the Shia Muhammadans from beyond the north-western frontier, and the Hindu Rajputs. The Shia generals were conspicuous for their skill, the Rajput troops for their valor. On the eve of battle the Rajput warriors bade each other a cheerful farewell forever; not without reason, as in one of Aurangzeb's actions only six hundred Rajputs survived out of eight thousand.

The strength of the army lay in its cavalry, 200,000 strong. The infantry were a despised force, consisting of 15,000 picked men around the king's person, and a rabble of 200,000 to 300,000 foot soldiers and camp followers on the march.

The artillery consisted of a siege-train, throwing balls up to 96 and 112 pounds; a strong force of field-guns; 200 to 300 swivel-guns on camels; and ornamental batteries of light guns,

known as the stirrup-artillery. The war elephants were even more important than the artillery. Experienced generals reckoned one good elephant equal to a regiment of 500 cavalry ; or if properly supported by matchlockmen, at double that number.

A pitched battle commenced with a mutual cannonade. The guns were placed in front, sometimes linked together with chains of iron. Behind them were ranged the camel-artillery with swivel-guns, supported by the matchlockmen ; the elephants were kept as much as possible out of the first fire ; the cavalry poured in their arrows from either flank. The Emperor, on a lofty armor-plated elephant, towered conspicuous in the center ; princes of the blood or powerful chiefs commanded the right and left wings. But there was no proper staff to enable the Emperor to keep touch with the wings and the rear. After the cannonade had done its work of confusion, a tremendous cavalry charge took place ; the horse and elephants being pushed on in front and from either flank to break the adverse line of guns. In the hand-to-hand onset that followed, the center division and each wing fought on its own account ; and the commander-in-chief might consider himself fortunate if one of his wings did not go over to the enemy. If the Emperor descended from his elephant, even to pursue the beaten foe on horseback, his own troops might in a moment break away in panic, and the just won victory be turned into a defeat.

With all its disadvantages, the weight of this array was such that no power then in India could, in the long run, withstand it. Its weak point was not its order of battle, but the disorder of its march. There was no complete chain of subordination between the divisional commanders. A locust multitude of followers ate up the country for leagues on either side. The camp formed an immense city sometimes five miles in length, sometimes seven and a half miles in circumference. Dead beasts of burden poisoned the air. "I could never," writes Bernier, in words which his countryman Dupleix turned into action a century later, "see these soldiers, destitute of order, and moving with the irregularity of a herd of animals, without thinking how easily five and twenty thousand of our veterans from Flanders, under Condé or Turenne, would destroy an Indian army, however vast."

A Bundela officer in the grand army has left a journal of its operations. Aurangzeb found two distinct powers in

Southern India : first, the heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Golconda and Bijapur ; second, the fighting Hindu peasantry, known as the Marathas. In the previous century, while Akbar was conciliating the Hindu Rajputs of the north, the independent Muhammadan sovereigns of the south had tried a like policy toward the Hindu Marathas, with less success. During a hundred years, the Marathas had sometimes sided with the independent Muhammadan kingdoms against the imperial troops, sometimes with the imperial troops against the independent Muhammadan kingdoms ; exacting payment from both sides ; and gradually erecting themselves into a third party which held the balance of power in the south. After several years of fighting, Aurangzeb subdued the two Muhammadan kingdoms, and set himself to finally crush the Hindu Marathas. In 1690 their leader was captured ; but he scornfully rejected the Emperor's offer of pardon coupled with the condition of turning Mussulman. His eyes were burned in their sockets with a red-hot iron, and the tongue which had blasphemed the Prophet was cut out. The skin of his head, stuffed with straw, was insultingly exposed throughout the cities of Southern India.

These and similar atrocities nerved with an inextinguishable hatred the whole Maratha race. The guerrilla war of extermination which followed during the next seventeen years has scarcely a parallel in history. The Marathas first decoyed, then baffled, and finally slaughtered, the imperial troops. The chivalrous Rajputs of the north had stood up against the shock of the grand army and had been broken by it. The Hindu peasant confederacy of the south employed a very different strategy. They had no idea of bidding farewell to each other on the eve of a battle, or of dying next day on a pitched field. They declined altogether to fight unless they were sure to win ; and their word for victory meant "to plunder the enemy." Their clouds of horsemen, scantily clad, with only a folded blanket for a saddle, rode jeeringly round the imperial cavalry swathed in sword-proof wadding, or fainting under chain armor, and with difficulty spurring their heavily caparisoned steeds out of a prancing amble. If the imperial cavalry charged in force, they charged into thin air. If they pursued in detachments, they were speared man by man.

In the Mughal army the foot soldier was an object of contempt. The Maratha infantry were among the finest light

troops in the world. Skilled marksmen, and so agile as almost always to be able to choose their own ground, they laughed at the heavy cavalry of the Empire. The Marathas camped at pleasure around the grand army, cutting off supplies, dashing in upon its line of march, plundering the ammunition wagons at river crossings, and allowing the wearied imperialists no sleep by night attacks. If they did not pillage enough food from the royal convoys, every homestead was ready to furnish the millet and onions which was all they required. When encumbered with booty, or fatigued with fighting, they vanished into their hill forts ; and next morning fresh swarms hung upon the imperial line of march. The tropical heats and rains added to the miseries of the northern troops. One autumn a river overflowed the royal camp at midnight, sweeping away ten thousand men, with countless tents, horses, and bullocks. The destruction only ceased when the aged Emperor wrote a prayer on paper with his own hands, and cast it into the rising water.

During ten years Aurangzeb directed these disastrous operations, chiefly from a headquarters cantonment. But his headquarters had grown into an enormous assemblage, estimated by an Italian traveler at over a million persons. The Marathas were now plundering the imperial provinces to the north, and had blocked the line of communication with upper India. In 1698 the Emperor, lean, and stooping under the burden of eighty years, broke up his headquarters, and divided the remnants of his forces into two *corps d'armée*. One of them he sent under his best general to hold the Marathas in check in the open country. The other he led in person to besiege their cities and hill forts. The *corps d'armée* of the plains was beguiled into a fruitless chase from province to province ; fighting nineteen battles in six months. It marched and countermarched 3000 miles in one continuous campaign, until the elephants, horses, and camels were utterly worn out.

The Emperor's *corps d'armée* fared even worse. Forty years before, in the struggle for the throne, he had shared the bread of the common soldiers, slept on the bare ground, or reconnoitered, almost unattended, several leagues in front. The youthful spirit flamed up afresh in the aged monarch. He marched his troops in the height of the rainy season. Many of the nobles, having lost their horses, had to trudge through the mire on foot. Fort after fort fell before his despairing

onslaught; but each capture left his army more shattered and the forces of the enemy unimpaired. At last his so-called sieges dwindled into an attack on a fortified village of banditti, during which he was hemmed in within his own intrenchments. In 1703 the Marathas had surprised an imperial division on the banks of the Narbada, 21,000 strong, and massacred or driven it pellmell into the river, before the troopers could even saddle their horses. In 1705 the imperial elephants were carried off from their pasture ground outside the royal camp; the convoys from the north were intercepted; and grain rose to fivepence a pound in the army — a rate more than ten times the ordinary price, and scarcely reached even in the severest Indian famines when millions have died of starvation. The Marathas had before this begun to recover their forts. The Emperor collected the wreck of his army, and tried to negotiate a truce. But the insolent exultation of the enemy left him no hope. "They plundered at pleasure," says the Bundela officer, "every province of the south;" "not a single person durst venture out of the camp."

In 1706, a quarter of a century since the grand army had set forth from the northern capital, the Emperor began to sink under the accumulation of disasters. While he was shut up within his camp in the far south, the Marathas had organized a regular system of extorting one fourth of the imperial revenue from several of the provinces to the north. In the northwest the Hindu Rajputs were in arms. Still farther north, the warlike Jat Hindu peasantry were up in revolt, near the capital. Aurangzeb had no one to quell this general rising of the Hindu races. The Muhammadan generals, who had served him so well during his prime of life, now perceived that the end was near, and began to shift for themselves. Of his four surviving sons, he had imprisoned the eldest during six years; and finally released him only after eleven years of restraint. The next and most favored son so little trusted his father that, after one narrow escape, he never received a letter from the Emperor without turning pale. The third son had been, during eighteen years, a fugitive in Persia from his father's vengeance, wearying the Shah for an army with which to invade Hindustan. The fourth son had known what it was to be arrested on suspicion. The finances had sunk into such confusion that the Emperor did not dare to discuss them with his ministers. With one last effort, he retreated to Ahmadnagar; the Marathas

insulting the line of march, but standing aside to allow the litter of the Emperor to pass, in an awed silence.

The only escape left the worn-out Emperor was to die. "I came a stranger into the world," he wrote to one of his sons a few days before the end, "and a stranger I depart. I brought nothing with me, and, save my human infirmities, I carry nothing away. I have fears for my salvation, and of what torments may await me. Although I trust in God's mercy, yet terror will not quit me. But, come what may, I have launched my bark on the waves. Farewell, farewell, farewell!" The fingers of the dying monarch kept mechanically telling his beads till the last moment. He expired on the 21st of February, 1707, in the ninety-first year of his age, and the fifty-first of his reign, according to the Muhammadan calendar; or two years less by our reckoning of time. "Carry this creature of dust to the nearest burying-place," he said, "and lay it in the earth without any useless coffin." His will restricted his funeral expenses to ten shillings, which he saved from the sale of work done with his own hands. Ninety odd pounds that he had earned by copying the Kuran, he left to the poor. His followers buried him beside the tomb of a famous saint, near the deserted capital of Daulatabad.

Never since the Assyrian summer night when the Roman Emperor Julian lay dying of the javelin wound in his side, had an imperial policy of reaction ended in so complete a catastrophe. The Roman empire was destined to centuries of further suffering before it passed through death into new forms of life. The history of Aurangzeb's successors is a swifter record of ruin. The Hindu military races closed in upon the Mughal empire; its Muhammadan viceroys carved out for themselves independent kingdoms from its dismembered provinces. A series of puppet monarchs were set up and pulled down; seven devastating hosts poured into India through the northern passes; a new set of invaders who would take no denial landed from the sea. Less than a century after Aurangzeb's death, Lord Lake, on his entry into Delhi, was shown a feeble old captive of the Hindu Marathas, blinded, poverty-stricken, and half imbecile, sitting under a tattered canopy, whom he compassionately saluted as the Mughal emperor. A new rule succeeded in India; a rule under which the too rapid reforms of Akbar, and the too obstinate reaction of Aurangzeb, are alike impossible.

II. Clive, the Black Hole, and Plassey.

By LORD MACAULAY.

During the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe, a succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded places, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenseless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier, — the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skillful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western seacoast of India poured forth yet a more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile viceroyalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettledrums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighborhood of the

hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominous blackmail. The camp fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar, and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless driveler among the later Carlovingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honor. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad. . . .

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capricious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme, at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth, of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam.

The situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. If it was convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so: he was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as an hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was in fact dissolved, and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindostan.

In the year 1748, died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtile and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India; this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates.

A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly ; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own followers ; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan ; and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries and *Te Deum* sung in the churches. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies ; and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mahommedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and, in the pageant which followed, took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Sahib. He was intrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroys of Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It was rumored that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honor or emolument could be obtained from the government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which,

in the short space of four years, an European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vainglorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung and the elevation of Mirzapha, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it rose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognize Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahommed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colors flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valor and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot,

the capital of the Carnatic, and the favorite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoys, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy ; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reënforcements from the neighborhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reënforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix dispatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the

guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defense under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a bookkeeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defense, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honor to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, color, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defense of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man

in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a

fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened by forced marches to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognized the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been intrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken, a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the

City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be razed to the ground. . . .

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline. . . .

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighborhood had sprung up a large and busy native town. . . .

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody

ever dared to reason with him, and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good-will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offense punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of the Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the

insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The airholes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers, in the meantime, held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and

permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

[An expedition — 900 picked English infantry and 1500 Sepoys! — was sent against the Nabob's vast dominions. Clive headed the land forces, Admiral Watson the naval. A treaty, with compensation for property losses, was extorted from the Nabob. Further punishment was thought impracticable in fear of the French, set loose by the Seven Years' War.]

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the

French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India, or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Near five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished ; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the meantime, his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects, soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mahommedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation ; but Clive's voice was given in favor of the conspirators, and his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose

Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. . . . Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfill his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate: and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broke up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard, through the whole night,

the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. . . .

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise, the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practiced eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few fieldpieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

CONFESSIONS.

By JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: A French author; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. He was early thrown upon his own resources and acquired by his own exertions a desultory education, meanwhile earning his living in various ways, and spending not a little time in travel. He was given first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon for a memorial upon the question "Has the Progress of Sciences and Arts contributed to corrupt or to purify Morals" (1749). This, almost his first attempt at literary work, won for him immediate fame, but had the effect of making him misanthropic and melancholy. Among his subsequent works are: "The Village Soothsayer" (1753), an opera which brought him a pension from the king; "Narcissus" (1753); "Letter on French Music" (1753); "On the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Mankind" (1755); "On Political Economy" (1758); "Letters to Voltaire"; "A Project of Perpetual Peace" (1761); "The Social Contract" (1762); "Émile" (1762); "To the Archbishop of Paris" (1763); "The Departure of Silvie" (1763); "Letters from the Mountain" (1764); "Dictionary of Music" (1767); "Letters on his Exile" (1770); "Émile and Sophie" (1780); "Consolations of my Life" (1781); "Government of Poland" (1782); and "Confessions" (1782–1790).]

EARLY YEARS.

AFTER deliberating a long time on the bent of my natural inclinations, they resolved to dispose of me in a manner the most repugnant to them. I was sent to Monsieur Masseron, the city registrar, to learn (according to the expression of my uncle Bernard) the thriving occupation of a *grapignan*. This appellation was inconceivably displeasing to me, and I promised myself but little satisfaction in the prospect of heaping up money by a mean employment. The assiduity and subjection required completed my disgust, and I never set foot in the office without feeling a kind of horror, which every day gained fresh strength. Monsieur Masseron, who was not better pleased with my abilities than I was with the employment, treated me with disdain, incessantly upbraiding me with being a fool and blockhead, not forgetting to repeat that my uncle had assured him I had "knowledge, knowledge," though he could not find that I knew anything; that he had promised to furnish him with a sprightly boy, but had, in truth, sent him an ass. To conclude, I was ignominiously turned out of the registry, as being a stupid fellow, being pronounced a fool by all Monsieur Masseron's clerks, and fit only to handle a file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver; and I had

been so completely humiliated by the contempt of the registrar that I submitted without a murmur. My master, whose name was Monsieur Ducommon, was a young man of a very violent and boorish character, who contrived in a short time to tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to stupefy a disposition naturally sprightly, and reduce my feelings, as well as my condition, to an absolute state of servitude. I forgot my Latin, history, and antiquities ; I could hardly recollect whether such people as Romans ever existed. The vilest inclinations, the basest actions, succeeded my amiable amusements, and even obliterated the very remembrance of them, I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great propensity to degenerate, else the declension could not have followed with such ease and rapidity.

The trade itself did not displease me. I had a lively taste for drawing. There was nothing displeasing in the exercise of the graver ; and as it required no extraordinary abilities to attain perfection as a watch-case engraver, I hoped to arrive at it. Perhaps I should have accomplished my design, if unreasonable restraint, added to the brutality of my master, had not rendered my business disgusting. I wasted his time, and employed myself in engraving medals which served me and my companions as a kind of insignia for a new-invented order of chivalry ; and though this differed very little from my usual employ, I considered it as a relaxation. Unfortunately, my master caught me at this contraband labor, and a severe beating was the consequence.

My master's tyranny rendered insupportable that labor I should otherwise have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally despised, such as falsehood, idleness, and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer demonstration of the difference between filial dependence and abject slavery than the remembrance of the change produced in me at that period. Naturally shy and timid, effrontery was far from my nature ; but hitherto I had enjoyed a reasonable liberty ; this I suddenly lost. I was enterprising at my father's, free at Monsieur Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's ; but with my master I became fearful, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accustomed to live with my superiors on terms of perfect equality, to be witness of no pleasures I could not command, to see no dish I was not to partake of, or be sensible of a desire I might not express ; to be able to bring every wish of my heart to my lips — judge

what must become of me in a house where I was scarce allowed to speak, was forced to quit the table before the meal was half ended, and the room when I had nothing particular to do there; was incessantly confined to my work; pleasures for others, privations only for me; while the liberty that my master and his journeymen enjoyed served only to increase the weight of my subjection. When disputes happened to arise, though conscious that I understood the subject better than any of them, I dared not offer my opinion; in a word, everything I saw became an object of desire, only because I was not permitted to enjoy anything. Farewell gayety, ease, those happy turns of expression which formerly even made my faults escape correction! I recollect a circumstance that happened at my father's, which even now makes me smile. Being for some fault ordered to bed without my supper, as I was passing through the kitchen, with my poor morsel of bread in my hand, I saw the meat turning on the spit; my father and the rest were round the fire; I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had gone through this ceremony, leering with a wishful eye at the roast meat, which looked so inviting and smelt so savory, I could not abstain from making that a bow likewise, adding in a pitiful tone, "Good-by, roast meat!" This unpremeditated pleasantry put them in such good humor that I was permitted to stay and partake of it. Perhaps the same thing might have produced a similar effect at my master's, but such a thought could never have occurred to me, or, if it had, I should not have had courage to express it.

Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal —a propensity I never felt the least idea of before, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it. Desire and inability united naturally lead to this vice, which is the reason pilfering is so common among footmen and apprentices, though the latter, as they grow up, and find themselves in a situation where everything is at their command, lose this shameful propensity. As I never experienced this advantage, I never enjoyed the benefit.

Good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose residence in the neighborhood had a garden at a considerable distance from the house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob his mother of the most early production of her garden, and by the sale of it procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford himself; but, not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, of which I did not comprehend the meaning, he proposed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment struck him. At first I would not listen to the proposal; but he persisted in his solicitations, and, as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. Accordingly, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the Molard, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for, being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Monsieur Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and shared with a companion of his; for, though I had procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe Monsieur Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but — what I should have been still more sensible of — a hearty beating; for the miscreant who received the whole benefit would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since, being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery turn to some account, helping myself to everything within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of send-

ing young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting seems well calculated to make them greedy as well as roguish. Erelong I became both, and generally came off very well — very ill when I was caught.

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which, by a lattice at a considerable height, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the Garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit — tried if it would reach them — it was too short — I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting — darted at them several times without success, but at length was transported to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice — was going to seize it, when (who can express my grief and astonishment?) I found it would not pass through — it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated — compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction — when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage; but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two indiscreet witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day, a fine opportunity offering, I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; mount up; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey — unfortunately the dragon did not sleep. The pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and looking up exclaims, "Bravo!" The pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous; it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave,

I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his. That preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensuous, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and, unless my heart be unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite. For this reason I did not long confine myself to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and, if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me greatly. My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent that they were always employed in his service; but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins, and other money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am convinced that this dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and the gallows. Had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and in truth they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for.

But, again I say, I had no covetous longings to repress. A sheet of fine drawing paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream. This unreasonable caprice is connected with one of the singularities of my character, and has so far influenced my conduct that it requires a particular explanation.

My passions are extremely violent; while under their influence nothing can equal my impetuosity; I am an absolute stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum; rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid, no shame can stop, no danger intimidate me. Beyond the object in view the whole world is not worth a thought; this is the enthusiasm of a moment; the next, perhaps, I am plunged in a state of annihilation. Take me in my moments of tranquillity, I am indolence and timidity itself; a word to speak, the least trifle to perform, appear an intolerable labor; everything alarms and terrifies me; the very buzzing of a fly will make me shudder; I am so subdued by fear and shame that I would gladly shield myself from mortal view. When obliged to exert myself, I am ignorant what to do; when forced to speak, I am at a loss for words; and if any one looks at me I am instantly out of countenance. If animated with my subject, I express my thoughts with ease, but in ordinary conversations I can say nothing — absolutely nothing; and the obligation to speak renders them insupportable.

I may add that none of my predominant inclinations center in those pleasures which are to be purchased: money empoisons my delights; I must have them unadulterated. I love those of the table, for instance, but cannot endure the restraints of good company or the intemperance of taverns; I can enjoy them only with a friend, for alone it is equally impossible: my imagination is then so occupied with other things that I find no pleasure in eating. If the warmth of my blood calls for the society of the fair sex, my heart calls still more earnestly for pure love. Women who are to be purchased have no charms for me. It is the same with all other enjoyments: if not truly disinterested, they are insipid; in a word, I am fond of those things which are only estimable to minds formed for the peculiar enjoyment of them.

I never thought money so desirable as it is usually imagined. If you would enjoy, you must transform it; and this transformation is frequently attended with inconvenience: you must bargain, purchase, pay dear, be badly served, and often duped. If I want anything, I wish to have it good of its kind; for money I am given what is bad. I ask for an egg, am assured it is new laid — I find it stale; fruit in perfection — 'tis absolutely green; a damsel — she has some defect. I love good wine, but where shall I get it? Not at my wine merchant's — he will poison me at a certainty. I wish to be well treated; how shall I com-

pass my design? I would make friends, send messages, write letters, come, go, wait, and in the end must be frequently deceived. Money is the perpetual source of uneasiness; I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times, both during and since my apprenticeship, have I gone out to purchase some delicacy. I approach the pastry cook's, perceive some women at the counter, and imagine they are laughing at the little epicure. I pass a fruit shop, see some fine pears, their appearance tempts me; but then two or three young people are near, a man I am acquainted with is standing at the door, a girl is approaching — perhaps our own servant; I take all that pass for persons I have some knowledge of, and my near sight contributes to deceive me: I am everywhere intimidated, restrained by some obstacle, my desire grows with my hesitancy; and at length, with money in my pocket, I return as I went, for want of resolution to purchase what I longed for.

I should enter into the most insipid details were I to relate the trouble, shame, repugnance, and inconvenience of all kinds which I have experienced in parting with my money, whether in my own person, or by the agency of others; as I proceed the reader will get acquainted with my disposition, and perceive all this without my troubling him with the recital.

This once comprehended, one of my seeming contradictions will be easily accounted for, and the most sordid avarice reconciled with the greatest contempt of money. It is a movable which I consider of so little value that, when destitute of it, I never wish to acquire any; and when I have a sum I keep it by me, for want of knowing how to dispose of it to my satisfaction; but let an agreeable and convenient opportunity present itself, and I empty my purse in a moment. Not that I would have the reader imagine I am extravagant from a motive of ostentation — the characteristic of misers, — quite the reverse; it was ever in subservience to my pleasures, and, instead of glorying in expense, I endeavor to conceal it. I so well perceive that money is not made to answer my purposes, that I am almost ashamed to have any, and, still more, to make use of it. Had I ever possessed a moderate independence, I am convinced I should have had no propensity to become avaricious. I should have required no more, and cheerfully lived up to my income; but my precarious situation keeps me in fear. I love liberty, and I loathe constraint, dependence, subjection. As long as my

purse contains money it secures my independence, and exempts me from the trouble of seeking other money, a trouble of which I have always had a perfect horror ; and the dread of seeing the end of my independence makes me unwilling to part with my means. The money that we possess is the instrument of liberty, that which we lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery. Thence it is that I hold fast to aught that I have, and yet covet nothing more.

My disinterestedness, then, is only idleness ; the pleasure of possessing is not in my estimation worth the trouble of acquiring : my dissipation is only another form of idleness ; when we have an opportunity of disbursing pleasantly, we should make the best possible use of it. I am less tempted by money than by other objects, because between the moment of possessing the money and that of using it to obtain the desired object there is always an interval, however short ; whereas to possess the thing is to enjoy it. I see a thing, and it tempts me ; but if I see only the means of acquiring it, I am not tempted. Therefore it is that I have been a pilferer, and am so even now, in the way of mere trifles to which I take a fancy, and which I find it easier to take than to ask for ; but I never in my life recollect having taken a liard from any one, except about fifteen years ago, when I stole seven livres and ten sous. The story is worth recounting, as it exhibits a marvelous concurrence of effrontery and stupidity that I should scarcely credit, did it relate to any but myself.

It was in Paris ; I was walking with Monsieur de Francueil at the Palais-Royal, at five o'clock in the afternoon ; he pulled out his watch, looked at it, and said to me, "Suppose we go to the Opera?" "With all my heart." We go ; he takes two tickets, gives me one, and enters before me with the other ; I follow, find the door crowded, and, looking in, see every one standing ; judging, therefore, that Monsieur de Francueil might suppose me concealed by the company, I go out, ask for my counterfoil, and getting the money returned, leave the house, without considering that by the time I had reached the outer door every one would be seated, and Monsieur de Francueil might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing could be more opposite to my natural inclination than this proceeding, I note it to show that there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions : this was not stealing the money, it was stealing the

use for which it was destined: the less it was a robbery, the more was it an infamy.

I should never end these details were I to describe all the gradations through which I passed, during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a knave. Though I entered into most of the vices of my situation, I had no relish for its pleasures: the amusements of my companions were displeasing, and when too much restraint had made my business wearisome, I had nothing to amuse me. This renewed my taste for reading, which had long been neglected. I thus committed a fresh offense: books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional punishment, while inclination, strengthened by constraint, became an unconquerable passion. La Tribu, a woman who owned a well-known lending library, furnished me with all kinds: good or bad, I perused them with avidity, and without discrimination. I read in the workshop; I read while going on errands; I read in odd corners, sometimes for hours together; my head was turned with reading, it absorbed me wholly. My master watched me, surprised me, chastised me, took away my books. How many of these were torn, burnt, flung out of the window! How many of La Tribu's volumes lost their fellows! When I had not wherewith to pay her, I brought her my linen, my suits of clothes; the three sous that I received every Sunday were duly handed to her.

It will be said, "At length, then, money became necessary." True; but this happened at a time when reading had deprived me both of resolution and activity: totally occupied by this new inclination, I only wished to read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my peculiarities; a mere nothing frequently calls me off from what I appear most attached to; I give in to the new idea; it becomes a passion, and immediately every former desire is forgotten. My heart beat with impatience to run over the new book I carried in my pocket; the first moment I was alone, I seized the opportunity to draw it out, and thought no longer of rummaging my master's closet. I cannot believe that I would have pilfered, even had my expenses been more costly. La Tribu gave me credit, and, when once I had the book in my possession, I thought no more of the trifle I was to pay for it. As money came it naturally passed to this woman; and when she chanced to be pressing, nothing was so conveniently at hand as my own effects; to steal in advance required foresight, and robbing to pay was no temptation.

The frequent reproaches and blows I received, together with my private and ill-chosen studies, rendered me reserved, unsociable, and almost deranged my reason. Though my taste had not preserved me from silly, unmeaning books, by good fortune I was a stranger to licentious or obscene ones: not that La Tribu (who was very accommodating) made any scruple of lending these; on the contrary, to enhance their worth, she spoke of them with an air of mystery which produced an effect she had not foreseen, for both shame and disgust made me constantly refuse them. Chance so well seconded my bashful disposition that I was past the age of thirty before I saw any of those dangerous compositions, to which a fine lady of fashion has no other objection than that they must be read with one hand.

In less than a year I had exhausted La Tribu's scanty library, and was unhappy for want of further amusement. My reading, though frequently ill chosen, had worn off my childish follies, and brought back my heart to nobler sentiments than my condition had inspired; meantime, disgusted with all within my reach, and hopeless of attaining aught else, my present situation appeared miserable. My passions began to acquire strength, I felt their influence, without knowing to what object they would conduct me. I was as far from guessing the truth as if I had been sexless, and, though past the age of boyhood, could not see beyond. At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my increasing emotions, and, indeed, saved me from myself; it was, to contemplate those situations, in the books I had read, which produced the most striking effect on my mind — to recall, combine, and apply them to myself in such a manner as to become one of the personages my recollection presented, and be continually in those fancied circumstances which were most agreeable to my inclinations; in a word, by contriving to place myself in these fictitious situations, the idea of my real one was in a great measure obliterated. This fondness for imaginary objects, and the facility with which I could gain possession of them, completed my disgust for everything around me, and fixed that inclination for solitude which has ever since been predominant. We shall have more than once occasion to remark the odd effects of a disposition misanthropic and melancholy in appearance, but which proceed, in fact, from a heart too affectionate, too ardent, which, for want of society with similar dispositions, is constrained to content itself with

fictions. It is sufficient, at present, to have traced the origin of a propensity which has modified my passions, and, restraining them within bounds, has rendered me idle in action, though too ardent in desire.

Relations with Mme. d'Houdetot.

The return of spring had increased my fond delirium, and in my erotic transports I had composed for the last parts of "Julie" several letters, wherein evident marks of the rapture in which I wrote them are found. Amongst others, I may quote those from the Élysée, and the excursion upon the lake, which, if my memory does not deceive me, are at the end of the fourth part. Whoever, in reading these letters, does not feel his heart soften and melt into the tenderness by which they were dictated, ought to lay down the book: nature has refused him the means of judging of sentiment.

Precisely at the same time I received a second unforeseen visit from Madame d'Houdetot. In the absence of her husband, who was captain of the gendarmerie, and of her lover, who was also in the service, she had come to Eaubonne, in the midst of the Valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a pretty house, and thence she made a new excursion to the Hermitage. She came on horseback, and dressed in men's clothes. Although I am not very fond of this kind of masquerade, I was struck with the romantic appearance she made, and for once it was with love. As this was the first and only time in all my life, and the consequences will forever render it terrible to my remembrance, I must take permission to enter into some particulars on the subject.

Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot was nearly thirty years of age, and not handsome; her face was marked by the smallpox, her complexion was coarse, she was short-sighted, and her eyes were rather round; nevertheless she had a youthful air, and her physiognomy, possessing vivacity and sweetness, was attractive. She had an abundance of long black hair, which hung down in natural curls much below her waist; her figure was neatly formed, and she was at once awkward and graceful in her movements; her wit was natural and pleasing; gayety, heedlessness, and ingenuousness were happily combined; she abounded in charming sallies, which were so little

Madame d'Houdetôt

Photogravure from an old print

premeditated that they sometimes escaped her lips in spite of herself. She possessed several agreeable talents, played the harpsichord, danced well, and wrote pleasing poetry. Her character was angelic; this was founded upon a sweetness of mind, and, except prudence and fortitude, contained in it every virtue. She was besides so much to be depended upon in all intercourse, so faithful in society, that even her enemies were not under the necessity of concealing from her their secrets. I mean by her enemies the men, or rather the women, by whom she was not beloved — for as to herself, she had not a heart capable of hatred; and I am of opinion that this conformity with mine greatly contributed towards inspiring me with a passion for her. In confidential interviews of the most intimate friendship I never heard her speak ill of persons who were absent, not even of her sister-in-law. She could neither conceal her thoughts from any one nor disguise any of her sentiments; and I am persuaded that she spoke of her lover to her husband as she spoke of him to her friends and acquaintance, and to all the world. What proved, beyond all manner of doubt, the purity and sincerity of her nature was that, being subject to very extraordinary absences of mind, and the most laughable mistakes, she was often guilty of some very imprudent ones with respect to herself, but never in the least offensive to any other.

She had been married very young and against her inclinations to Comte d'Houdetot, a man of fashion, and a good officer, but a man who loved play and intrigue, who was not very lovable, and whom she never loved. She found in Monsieur de Saint-Lambert all the merit of her husband, with more agreeable qualities of mind, wit, virtue, and talents. If anything in the manners of the time can be pardoned, it is surely an attachment which duration renders more pure, to which its effects do honor, and which becomes cemented by reciprocal esteem.

It was a little from inclination, as I am disposed to think, but much more to please Saint-Lambert, that she came to see me. He had requested her to do it; and there was no reason to believe that the friendship which began to be established between us would render this society agreeable to all three. She knew I was acquainted with their relation, and, as she could speak to me without restraint, it was natural she should find

my conversation agreeable. She came; I saw her; I was intoxicated with love without an object; this intoxication fascinated my eyes; the object fixed itself upon her; I saw my Julie in Madame d'Houdetot, and I soon saw nothing but Madame d'Houdetot, but with all the perfections with which I had just adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my delirium she spoke to me of Saint-Lambert with the fondness of a passionate lover. Contagious force of love! while listening to her and finding myself near her, I was seized with a delicious trembling which I had never experienced before when near to any person whatsoever. She spoke, and I felt myself affected. I thought I was only interested by her sentiments, when I perceived I possessed those which were similar. I drank freely of the poisoned cup, of which I yet tasted nothing more than the sweetness. Finally, imperceptibly to us both, she inspired me for herself with all that she expressed for her lover. Alas! it was very late in life; and cruel was it to consume with a passion, not less violent than unfortunate, for a woman whose heart was already filled with love for another.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt when in her company, I did not at first perceive what had happened to me; it was not until after her departure that, wishing to think of Julie, I was struck with surprise at being unable to think of anything but Madame d'Houdetot. Then were my eyes opened: I felt my misfortune and lamented what had happened, but I did not foresee the consequences.

I hesitated a long time on the manner in which I should conduct myself towards her, as if real love left one sufficient reason to deliberate and act accordingly. I had not yet determined upon this when she unexpectedly returned and found me unprovided. Then I was instructed. Shame, the companion of evil, rendered me dumb and made me tremble in her presence. I dared neither to open my mouth nor to raise my eyes. I was in an inexpressible confusion, which it was impossible she should not perceive. I resolved to confess to her my state of mind, and leave her to guess the cause: this was telling her in terms sufficiently clear.

Had I been young and lovable, and Madame d'Houdetot afterwards weak, I should here blame her conduct; but this was not the case, and I am obliged to applaud and admire it. The resolution she took was equally prudent and generous.

She could not suddenly break with me without giving her reasons for it to Saint-Lambert, who himself had desired her to come and see me; this would have exposed two friends to a rupture, and perhaps a public one, which she wished to avoid. She had for me esteem and good wishes: she pitied my folly without encouraging it, and endeavored to restore me to reason. She was glad to preserve to her lover and herself a friend for whom she had some respect, and she spoke of nothing with more pleasure than the intimate and agreeable society we might form between us three when I should become reasonable. She did not always confine herself to these friendly exhortations, and in case of need did not spare me more severe reproaches, which I had richly deserved.

I spared myself still less. The moment I was alone I began to recover. I was more calm after my declaration: love known to the person by whom it is inspired becomes more supportable. The forcible manner in which I reproached myself with mine ought to have cured me of it, had the thing been possible. What powerful motives did I not call to my aid to stifle it! My morals, sentiments, and principles, the shame, the treachery, and crime of abusing what was confided to friendship, and in fine the ridiculousness of burning, at my age, with extravagant passion for an object whose heart was preëngaged, and who could neither afford me any return nor the least hope; moreover, with a passion which, far from having anything to gain by constancy, daily became less sufferable.

Who would imagine that this last consideration, which ought to have added weight to all the others, was that whereby I eluded them? What scruple, thought I, ought I to make of a folly prejudicial to nobody but myself? Am I, then, a young gentleman of whom Madame d'Houdetot ought to be afraid? Would not it be said satirically, in answer to my presumptuous remorse, that my gallantry, manner, and style of dress must seduce her? Poor Jean-Jacques, love on at thy ease, with a good conscience, and be not afraid that thy sighs will be prejudicial to Saint-Lambert!

It has been seen that I never was enterprising, not even in my youth. Thinking so was according to my turn of mind; it flattered my passion. This was sufficient to induce me to abandon myself to it without reserve, and to laugh even at the impertinent scruple that I thought I had made from vanity rather

than from reason. This is a great lesson for virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly : it finds means to surprise them by masking itself with some sophism, and not unfrequently some virtue.

Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure ; and I entreat the reader to observe in what manner my passion followed my nature, at length to plunge me into an abyss. In the first place, it assumed an air of humility to encourage me ; and to render me intrepid it carried this humility even to mistrust. Madame d'Houdetot, incessantly putting me in mind of my duty, without once for a single moment flattering my folly, treated me, on the other hand, with the greatest kindness, and adopted towards me the tone of the most tender friendship. This friendship would, I protest, have satisfied my wishes, had I thought it sincere ; but, finding it too pronounced to be real, I took it into my head that love, so ill suited to my age and appearance, had rendered me contemptible in the eyes of Madame d'Houdetot, that this young flighty creature only wished to divert herself with me and my superannuated passion, that she had communicated this to Saint-Lambert, and that the indignation caused by my breach of friendship having made her lover enter into her views, they were agreed to turn my head and then to laugh at me. This folly, which at twenty-six years of age had made me guilty of extravagant behavior with Madame de Larnage, whom I did not know, would have been pardonable in me at forty-five with Madame d'Houdetot, had not I known that she and her lover were persons of too generous a disposition to indulge in such a barbarous amusement.

Madame d'Houdetot continued her visits, which I delayed not to return. She, as well as myself, was fond of walking, and we took long walks in an enchanting country. Satisfied with loving and daring to say I loved, I should have been in the most agreeable situation had not my extravagance spoiled all its charm. She could not at first comprehend the foolish pettishness with which I received her attentions, but my heart, incapable of concealing what passed in it, did not long leave her ignorant of my suspicions. She endeavored to laugh at them ; but this expedient did not succeed : transports of rage would have been the consequence, and she changed her tone. Her compassionate gentleness was invincible. She made me re-

proaches which penetrated my heart; she expressed an inquietude at my unjust fears, of which I took advantage. I required proofs of her being in earnest. She perceived there were no other means of relieving me of my apprehensions. I became pressing: the step was delicate. It is astonishing, and perhaps without example, that a woman, having suffered herself to be brought to terms, should have got herself off so well. She refused me nothing the most tender friendship could grant; she granted me nothing that rendered her unfaithful; and I had the mortification of seeing that the disorder into which her most trifling favors had thrown all my senses had not lighted up the least spark in hers.

I have somewhere said that nothing should be granted to the senses when we wish to refuse them anything. To prove how false this maxim was relative to Madame d'Houdetot, and how far she was right in depending upon her own strength of mind, it would be necessary to enter into the detail of our long and frequent conversations, and follow them, in all their liveliness, during the four months we passed together in an intimacy almost without example between two friends of different sexes who contain themselves within the bounds which we never exceeded. Ah! if I had lived so long without feeling the power of real love, my heart and senses abundantly paid the arrears. What, therefore, are the transports we feel with the object of our affections by whom we are beloved, if even an unshared passion can inspire such as I felt!

But I am wrong in calling it an unshared love; that which I felt was so in some measure: love was equal on both sides, but not reciprocal. We were both intoxicated with the passion — she for her lover, and I for herself; our sighs and delicious tears were mingled together. Tender confidants of the secrets of each other, there was so great a similarity in our sentiments that it was impossible they should not find some common point of union; and yet in the midst of this delicious intoxication she never forgot herself for a moment; and I solemnly protest that if ever, led away by my senses, I may have attempted to render her unfaithful, I was never really desirous of succeeding. The very vehemence of my passion restrained it within bounds. The duty of self-denial had elevated my soul. The luster of every virtue adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart; to have soiled the divine image would have been

to destroy it. I might have committed the crime : it has been a hundred times committed in my heart ; but to dishonor my Sophie ! Ah ! was this ever possible ? No ! I have told her a hundred times it was not. Had I had it in my power to satisfy my desires, had she consented to commit herself to my discretion, I should, except in a few moments of delirium, have refused to be happy at such a price. I loved her too well to wish to possess her.

The distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne is almost a league ; in my frequent excursions to it I sometimes slept there. One evening, after having supped together, we went to walk in the garden under a brilliant moon. At the bottom of the garden was a considerable copse, through which we passed on our way to a pretty grove ornamented with a cascade, of which I had given her the idea, and she had procured it to be executed accordingly. Eternal remembrance of innocence and enjoyment ! It was in this grove that, seated by her side upon a bank of turf under an acacia in full bloom, I found for the emotions of my heart a language worthy of them. It was the first and only time in my life ; but I was sublime, if everything amiable and seductive with which the most tender and ardent love can inspire the heart of man can be so called. What intoxicating tears did I shed upon her knees ! how many did I make her shed unwillingly ! At length in an involuntary transport she exclaimed : "No, never was a man so amiable, nor ever was there lover who loved like you ! But your friend Saint-Lambert hears us, and my heart is incapable of loving twice." I sighed and was silent. I embraced her — what an embrace ! But this was all. She had lived alone for the last six months — that is, absent from her lover and her husband ; I had seen her almost every day during three months, and Love never failed to make a third. We had supped *tête-à-tête*, we were alone, in a grove by moonlight, and after two hours of the most lively and tender conversation, at midnight she left this grove, and the arms of her lover, as morally and physically pure as she had entered it. Reader, weigh all these circumstances ; I will add no more.

Do not, however, imagine that in this situation my passions left me as undisturbed as I was with Thérèse and Mamma. I have already observed that I was at this time inspired not only with love, but with love in all its energy and all its fury. I

will not describe either the agitations, tremblings, palpitations, convulsionary emotions, or faintings of the heart, I continually experienced; these may be judged of by the effect her image alone made upon me. I have observed the distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne was considerable. I went by the hills of Andilly, which are delightful; I mused, as I walked, on her whom I was going to see, the affectionate reception she would give me, and upon the kiss which awaited me at my arrival. This single, this fatal kiss, even before I received it, inflamed my blood to such a degree as to affect my head; my eyes were dazzled, my knees trembled, and were unable to support me; I was obliged to stop and sit down; my whole frame was in inconceivable disorder, and I was upon the point of fainting. Knowing the danger, I endeavored in setting out to divert my attention from the object, and think of something else. I had not proceeded twenty steps before the same recollection, and all its consequences, assailed me in such a manner that it was impossible to avoid them; and in spite of all my efforts I do not believe that I ever made this excursion alone with impunity. I arrived at Eaubonne weak, exhausted, and scarcely able to support myself. The moment I saw her everything was repaired; all I felt in her presence was the importunity of an inexhaustible and useless ardor. Upon the road to Eaubonne there was a pleasant terrace called Mont Olympe, at which we sometimes met. I was first to arrive; it was proper that I should wait for her; but how dear this waiting cost me! To divert my attention, I endeavored to write with my pencil notes which I could have written with the purest drops of my blood; I never could finish one that was legible. When she found one of these in the niche upon which we had agreed, all she could learn from the contents was the deplorable state in which I was when I wrote it. This state, and its continuation during three months of irritation and self-denial, so exhausted me that it was several years before I recovered from it; and at the end of these it left me an ailment which I shall carry with me, or which will carry me, to the grave. Such was the sole enjoyment of a man of the most inflammable constitution, but, at the same time, perhaps one of the most timid mortals that nature ever produced. Such were the last happy days that were meted out to me upon earth.

THE SELF-ANALYSIS OF A PARASITE.

By DENIS DIDEROT.

(From "Rameau's Nephew.")

[Denis Diderot, French encyclopedist and philosophical writer, was born, a master cutter's son, at Langres, October 5, 1713. With a passion for books and study, he quitted the law and settled in Paris, where he supported himself by teaching, translating, and general literary work. His "Pensées Philosophiques" (1746) was burned by the Parliament of Paris, while he suffered three months' imprisonment at Vincennes for a work entitled "A Letter on the Blind" (1749). But he is now chiefly remembered as the projector and co-editor with D'Alembert of the famous "Encyclopédie," a repository of the results of scientific research in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first volume was issued in 1751, and although publication was several times suspended by the government, the vast undertaking was carried to a successful conclusion twenty years later. Diderot received financial support from Catherine II., and went to St. Petersburg (1773–1774) to thank his imperial benefactress. He died at Paris, July, 1784. Besides articles in the "Encyclopédie" on history, philosophy, and mechanical arts, he wrote plays, letters, art criticisms, and several stories, among which may be mentioned "The Nun," "Jacques the Fatalist," and "Rameau's Nephew." Diderot is regarded as the chief of the skeptical school of encyclopedists; and it is asserted that he was a professed atheist.]

He — Singular beings, you are!

I — 'Tis you who are beings much to be pitied, if you cannot imagine that one rises above one's lot, and that it is impossible to be unhappy under the shelter of good actions.

He — That is a kind of felicity with which I should find it hard to familiarize myself, for we do not often come across it. But, then, according to you, we should be good.

I — To be happy, assuredly.

He — Yet I see an infinity of honest people who are not happy, and an infinity of people who are happy without being honest.

I — You think so.

He — And is it not for having had common sense and frankness for a moment, that I don't know where to go for a supper to-night?

I — Nay, it is for not having had it always; it is because you did not perceive in good time that one ought first and foremost to provide a resource independent of servitude.

He — Independent or not, the resource I had provided is at any rate the most comfortable.

I — And the least sure and least decent.

He — But the most conformable to my character of sloth, madman, and good for naught.

I — Just so.

He — And since I can secure my happiness by vices which are natural to me, which I have acquired without labor, which I preserve without effort, which go well with the manners of my nation, which are to the taste of those who protect me, and are more in harmony with their small private necessities than virtues which would weary them by being a standing accusation against them from morning to night, why, it would be very singular for me to go and torment myself like a lost spirit, for the sake of making myself into somebody other than I am, to put on a character foreign to my own, and qualities which I will admit to be highly estimable, in order to avoid discussion, but which it would cost me a great deal to acquire, and a great deal to practice, and would lead to nothing, or possibly to worse than nothing, through the continual satire of the rich among whom beggars like me have to seek their subsistence. We praise virtue, but we hate it, and shun it, and know very well that it freezes the marrow of our bones — and in this world one must have one's feet warm. And then all that would infallibly fill me with ill humor; for why do we so constantly see religious people so harsh, so querulous, so unsociable? 'Tis because they have imposed a task upon themselves which is not natural to them. They suffer, and when people suffer, they make others suffer too. That is not my game, nor that of my protectors either; I have to be gay, supple, amusing, comical. Virtue makes itself respected, and respect is inconvenient; virtue insists on being admired, and admiration is not amusing. I have to do with people who are bored, and I must make them laugh. Now it is absurdity and madness which make people laugh, so mad and absurd I must be; and even if nature had not made me so, the simplest plan would still be to feign it. Happily, I have no need to play hypocrite; there are so many already of all colors, without reckoning those who play hypocrite with themselves. . . . If your friend Rameau were to apply himself to show his contempt for fortune, and women, and good cheer, and idleness, and to begin to Catonize, what would he be but a hypocrite? Rameau must be what he is — a lucky rascal among rascals swollen with riches, and not a mighty paragon of virtue, or even a virtuous man, eating his dry crust of bread, either alone, or by the side of a pack of beg-

gars. And, to cut it short, I do not get on with your felicity, or with the happiness of a few visionaries like yourself.

I — I see, my friend, that you do not even know what it is, and that you are not even made to understand it.

He — So much the better, I declare; so much the better. It would make me burst with hunger and weariness, and, maybe, with remorse.

I — Very well, then, the only advice I have to give you, is to find your way back as quickly as you can into the house from which your impudence drove you out.

He — And to do what you do not disapprove absolutely, and yet is a little repugnant to me relatively?

I — What a singularity!

He — Nothing singular in it at all; I wish to be abject, but I wish to be so without constraint. I do not object to descend from my dignity. . . . You laugh?

I — Yes, your dignity makes me laugh.

He — Everybody has his own dignity. I do not object to come down from mine, but it must be in my own way, and not at the bidding of others. Must they be able to say to me, Crawl — and behold me, forced to crawl? That is the worm's way, and it is mine; we both of us follow it — the worm and I — when they leave us alone, but we turn when they tread on our tails. They have trodden on my tail, and I mean to turn. And then you have no idea of the creature we are talking about. Imagine a sour and melancholy person, eaten up by vapors, wrapped twice or thrice round in his dressing gown, discontented with himself, and discontented with every one else; out of whom you hardly wring a smile, if you put your body and soul out of joint in a hundred different ways; who examines with a cold considering eye the droll grimaces of my face, and those of my mind, which are droller still. I may torment myself to attain the highest sublime of the lunatic asylum, nothing comes of it. Will he laugh, or will he not? That is what I am obliged to keep saying to myself in the midst of my contortions; and you may judge how damaging this uncertainty is to one's talent. My hypochondriac, with his head buried in a nightcap that covers his eyes, has the air of an immovable pagod, with a string tied to its chin, and going down under his chair. You wait for the string to be pulled, and it is not pulled; or if by chance the jaws open, it is only to articulate some word that shows he has not seen you, and that all your

drolleries have been thrown away. This word is the answer to some question which you put to him four days before; the word spoken, the mastoid muscle contracts, and the jaw sticks.

[Then he set himself to imitate his man. He placed himself on a chair, his head fixed, his hat coming over his eyebrows, his eyes half shut, his arms hanging down, moving his jaw up and down like an automaton:] Gloomy, obscure, oracular as destiny itself — such is our patron.

At the other side of the room is a prude who plays at importance, to whom one could bring one's self to say that she is pretty, because she is pretty, though she has a blemish or two upon her face. *Item*, she is more spiteful, more conceited, and more silly than a goose. *Item*, she insists on having wit. *Item*, you have to persuade her that you believe she has more of it than anybody else in the world. *Item*, she knows nothing, and she has a turn for settling everything out of hand. *Item*, you must applaud her decisions with feet and hands, jump for joy, and scream with admiration: "How fine that is, how delicate, well said, subtly seen, singularly felt! Where do women get that? Without study, by mere force of instinct, and pure light of nature! That is really like a miracle! And then they want us to believe that experience, study, reflection, education, have anything to do with the matter! . . ." And other fooleries to match, and tears and tears of joy; ten times a day to kneel down, one knee bent in front of the other, the other leg drawn back, the arms extended towards the goddess, to seek one's desire in her eyes, to hang on her lips, to wait for her command, and then start off like a flash of lightning. Where is the man who would subject himself to play such a part, if it is not the wretch who finds there two or three times a week the wherewithal to still the tribulation of his inner parts?

I — I should never have thought you were so fastidious.

He — I am not. In the beginning I watched the others, and I did as they did, even rather better, because I am more frankly impudent, a better comedian, hungrier, and better off for lungs. I descend apparently in a direct line from the famous Stentor.

[And to give me a just idea of the force of his organ, he set off laughing, with violence enough to break the windows of the coffeehouse, and to interrupt the chess players.]

I — But what is the good of this talent?

He — You cannot guess?

I — No; I am rather slow.

He — Suppose the debate opened, and victory uncertain; I get up, and, displaying my thunder, I say: "That is as mademoiselle asserts. . . . That is worth calling a judgment. There is genius in the expression." But one must not always approve in the same manner; one would be monotonous, and seem insincere, and become insipid. You only escape that by judgment and resource; you must know how to prepare and place your major and most peremptory tones, to seize the occasion and the moment. When, for instance, there is a difference in feeling, and the debate has risen to its last degree of violence, and you have ceased to listen to one another, and all speak at the same time, you ought to have your place at the corner of the room which is farthest removed from the field of battle, to have prepared the way for your explosion by a long silence, and then suddenly to fall like a thunderclap over the very midst of the combatants. Nobody possesses this art as I do. But where I am truly surprising is in the opposite way — I have low tones that I accompany with a smile, and an infinite variety of approving tricks of face; nose, lips, brow, eyes, all make play; I have a suppleness of reins, a manner of twisting the spine, of shrugging the shoulders, extending the fingers, inclining the head, closing the eyes, and throwing myself into a state of stupefaction, as if I had heard a divine angelic voice come down from heaven; that is what flatters. I do not know whether you seize rightly all the energy of that last attitude. I did not invent it, but nobody has ever surpassed me in its execution. Behold, behold!

I — Truly, it is unique.

He — Think you there is a woman's brain that could stand that?

I — It must be admitted that you have carried the talent of playing the madman, and of self-debasement, as far as it can possibly be carried.

He — Try as hard as they will, they will never touch me — not the best of them. Palissot, for instance, will never be more than a good learner. But if this part is amusing at first, and if you have some relish in inwardly mocking at the folly of the people whom you are intoxicating, in the long run that ceases to be exciting, and then after a certain number of discoveries one is obliged to repeat one's self. Wit and art have

their limits. 'Tis only God Almighty and some rare geniuses, for whom the career widens as they advance.

I— With this precious enthusiasm for fine things, and this facility of genius of yours, is it possible that you have invented nothing?

He — Pardon me; for instance, that admiring attitude of the back, of which I spoke to you; I regard it as my own, though envy may contest my claim. I dare say it has been employed before: but who has felt how convenient it was for laughing in one's sleeve at the ass for whom one was dying of admiration! I have more than a hundred ways of opening fire on a girl under the very eyes of her mother, without the latter suspecting a jot of it; yes, and even of making her an accomplice. I had hardly begun my career before I disdained all the vulgar fashions of slipping a *billet-doux;* I have ten ways of having them taken from me, and out of the number I venture to flatter myself there are some that are new. I possess in an especial degree the gift of encouraging a timid young man; I have secured success for some who had neither wit nor good looks. If all that was written down, I fancy people would concede me some genius.

I— And would do you singular honor.

He — I don't doubt it.

I— In your place, I would put those famous methods on paper. It would be a pity for them to be lost.

He — It is true; but you could never suppose how little I think of method and precepts. He who needs a protocol will never go far. Your genius reads little, experiments much, and teaches himself. Look at Cæsar, Turenne, Vauban, the Marquise de Tencin, her brother the cardinal, and the cardinal's secretary, the Abbé Trublet, and Bouret! Who is it that has given lessons to Bouret? Nobody; 'tis nature that forms these rare men.

I— Well, but you might do this in your lost hours, when the anguish of your empty stomach, or the weariness of your stomach overloaded, banishes slumber.

He — I'll think of it. It is better to write great things than to execute small ones. Then the soul rises on wings, the imagination is kindled; whereas it shrivels in amazement at the applause which the absurd public lavishes so perversely on that mincing creature of a Dangeville, who plays so flatly, who walks the stage nearly bent double, who stares affectedly and

incessantly into the eyes of every one she talks to, and who takes her grimaces for finesse, and her little strut for grace; or on that emphatic Clairon, who becomes more studied, more pretentious, more elaborately heavy, than I can tell you. That imbecile of a pit claps hands to the echo, and never sees that we are a mere worsted ball of daintinesses ('Tis true the ball grows a trifle big, but what does it matter?), that we have the finest skin, the finest eyes, the prettiest bill; little feeling inside, in truth; a step that is not exactly light, but which for all that is not as awkward as they say. As for sentiment, on the other hand, there is not one of these stage dames whom we cannot cap.

I — What do you mean by all that? Is it irony or truth?

He — The worst of it is that this deuced sentiment is all internal, and not a glimpse of it appears outside; but I who am now talking to you, I know, and know well, that she has it. If it is not that, you should see, if a fit of ill humor comes on, how we treat the valets, how the waiting maids are cuffed and trounced, what kicks await our good friend, if he fails in an atom of that respect which is our due. 'Tis a little demon, I tell you, full of sentiment and dignity. Ah, you don't quite know where you are, eh?

I — I confess I can hardly make out whether you are speaking in good faith or in malice. I am a plain man. Be kind enough to be a little more outspoken, and to leave your art behind for once.

He — What is it? why it is what we retail before our little patroness about the Dangeville or the Clairon, mixed up here and there with a word or two to put you on the scent. I will allow you to take me for a good for nothing, but not for a fool; and 'tis only a fool, or a man eaten up with conceit, who could say such a parcel of impertinences seriously.

I — But how do people ever bring themselves to say them?

He — It is not done all at once, but little by little you come to it. *Ingenii largitor venter.*

I — Then hunger must press you very hard.

He — That may be; yet strong as you may think them, be sure that those to whom they are addressed are much more accustomed to listen to them than we are to hazard them.

I — Is there anybody who has courage to be of your opinion?

He — What do you mean by anybody? It is the sentiment and language of the whole of society.

I — Those of you who are not great rascals must be great fools.

He — Fools! I assure you there is only one, and that is he who feasts us to cheat him.

I — But how can people allow themselves to be cheated in such gross fashion? For surely the superiority of the Dangeville and the Clairon is a settled thing.

He — We swallow until we are full to the throat any lie that flatters us, and take drop by drop a truth that is bitter to us. And then we have the air of being so profoundly penetrated, so true.

I — Yet you must once, at any rate, have sinned against the principles of art, and let slip, by an oversight, some of those bitter truths that wound; for, in spite of the wretched, abject, vile, abominable part you play, I believe you have at bottom some delicacy of soul.

He — I! not the least in the world. Deuce take me if I know what I am! In a general way, I have a mind as round as a ball, and a character fresh as a water willow. Never false, little interest as I have in being true; never true, little interest as I have in being false. I say things just as they come into my head; sensible things, then so much the better; impertinent things, then people take no notice. I let my natural frankness have full play. I never in all my life gave a thought, either beforehand, what to say, or while I was saying it, or after I had said it. And so I offend nobody.

I — Still that did happen with the worthy people among whom you used to live, and who were so kind to you. . . . You will not find as good a house every day; but they, for one madman who falls short, will find a hundred to take his place.

He — A hundred madmen like me, sir philosopher; they are not so common, I can tell you! Flat fools — yes. People are harder to please in folly than in talent or virtue. I am a rarity in my own kind, a great rarity. Now that they have me no longer, what are they doing? They find time as heavy as if they were dogs. I am an inexhaustible bagful of impertinences. Every minute I had some fantastic notion that made them laugh till they cried; I was a whole Bedlam in myself.

I — Well, at any rate you had bed and board, coat and breeches, shoes, and a pistole a month.

He — That is the profit side of the account; you say not a word of the cost of it all. First, if there was a whisper of a new piece (no matter how bad the weather), one had to ransack

all the garrets in Paris, until one had found the author; then to get a reading of the play, and adroitly to insinuate that there was a part in it which would be rendered in a superior manner by a certain person of my acquaintance. — "And by whom, if you please?" — "By whom? a pretty question! There are graces, finesse, elegance." — "Ah, you mean Mademoiselle Dangeville? Perhaps you know her?" — "Yes, a little; but 'tis not she." — "Who is it, then?" — I whispered the name very low. "She?" — "Yes, she," I repeated with some shame, for sometimes I do feel a touch of shame; and at this name you should have seen how long the poet's face grew, if indeed he did not burst out laughing in my face. Still, whether he would or not, I was bound to take my man to dine; and he, being naturally afraid of pledging himself, drew back, and tried to say "No, thank you." You should have seen how I was treated, if I did not succeed in my negotiation! I was a blockhead, a fool, a rascal; I was not good for a single thing; I was not worth the glass of water which they gave me to drink. It was still worse at their performance, when I had to go intrepidly amid the cries of a public that has a good judgment of its own, whatever may be said about it, and make my solitary clap of the hand audible, draw every eye to me, and sometimes save the actress from hisses, and hear people murmur around me — "He is one of the valets in disguise belonging to the man who . . . Will that knave be quiet?" They do not know what brings a man to that; they think it is stupidity, but there is one motive that excuses anything.

I — Even the infraction of the civil laws.

He — At length, however, I became known, and people used to say: "Oh, it is Rameau!" My resource was to throw out some words of irony to save my solitary applause from ridicule, by making them interpret it in an opposite sense.

Now agree that one must have a mighty interest to make one thus brave the assembled public, and that each of these pieces of hard labor was worth more than a paltry crown. And then at home there was a pack of dogs to tend, and cats for which I was responsible. I was only too happy if Micou favored me with a stroke of his claw that tore my cuff or my wrist. Criquette is liable to colic; 'tis I who have to rub her. In old days mademoiselle used to have the vapors; to-day, it is her nerves. She is beginning to grow a little stout; you should hear the fine tales they make out of this.

I — You do not belong to people of this sort, at any rate?

He — Why not?

I — Because it is indecent to throw ridicule on one's benefactors.

He — But is it not worse still to take advantage of one's benefits to degrade the receiver of them?

I — But if the receiver of them were not vile in himself, nothing would give the benefactor the chance.

He — But if the personages were not ridiculous in themselves they would not make subjects for good tales. And then, is it my fault if they mix with rascaldom? Is it my fault if, after mixing themselves up with rascaldom, they are betrayed and made fools of? When people resolve to live with people like us, if they have common sense, there is an infinite quantity of blackness for which they must make up their minds. When they take us, do they not know us for what we are, for the most interested, vile, and perfidious of souls? Then if they know us, all is well. There is a tacit compact that they shall treat us well, and that sooner or later we shall treat them ill in return for the good that they have done us. Does not such an agreement subsist between a man and his monkey or his parrot? . . . If you take a young provincial to the menagerie at Versailles, and he takes it into his head for a freak to push his hands between the bars of the cage of the tiger or the panther, whose fault is it? It is all written in the silent compact, and so much the worse for the man who forgets or ignores it. How I could justify by this universal and sacred compact the people whom you accuse of wickedness, whereas it is in truth yourselves whom you ought to accuse of folly. . . . But while we excute the just decrees of Providence on folly, you who paint us as we are, you execute its just decrees on us. What would you think of us, if we claimed, with our shameless manners, to enjoy public consideration? That we are out of our senses. And those who look for decent behavior from people who are born vicious and with vile and bad characters — are they in their senses? Everything has its true wages in this world. There are two Public Prosecutors, one at your door, chastising offenses against society; nature is the other. Nature knows all the vices that escape the laws. Give yourself up to debauchery, and you will end with dropsy; if you are crapulous, your lungs will find you out; if you open your door to ragamuffins, and live in their company, you will be betrayed, laughed at, despised. The shortest way is to resign one's self to the

equity of these judgments, and to say to one's self: That is as it should be; to shake one's ears and turn over a new leaf, or else to remain what one is, but on the conditions aforesaid. . . .

I — You cannot doubt what judgment I pass on such a character as yours?

He — Not at all; I am in your eyes an abject and most despicable creature; and I am sometimes the same in my own eyes, though not often: I more frequently congratulate myself on my vices than blame myself for them; you are more constant in your contempt.

I — True; but why show me all your turpitude?

He — First, because you already know a good deal of it, and I saw that there was more to gain than to lose, by confessing the rest.

I — How so, if you please?

He — It is important in some lines of business to reach sublimity; it is especially so in evil. People spit upon a small rogue, but they cannot refuse a kind of consideration to a great criminal; his courage amazes you, his atrocity makes you shudder. In all things, what people prize is unity of character.

I — But this estimable unity of character you have not quite got: I find you from time to time vacillating in your principles; it is uncertain whether you get your wickedness from nature or study, and whether study has brought you as far as possible.

He — I agree with you, but I have done my best. Have I not had the modesty to recognize persons more perfect in my own line than myself? Have I not spoken to you of Bouret with the deepest admiration? Bouret is the first person in the world for me.

I — But after Bouret you come?

He — No.

I — Palissot, then?

He — Palissot, but not Palissot alone.

I — And who is worthy to share the second rank with him?

He — The Renegade of Avignon.

I — I never heard of the Renegade of Avignon, but he must be an astonishing man.

He — He is so, indeed.

I — The history of great personages has always interested me.

He — I can well believe it. This hero lived in the house

of a good and worthy descendant of Abraham, promised to be father of the faithful in number equal to the stars in the heavens.

I — In the house of a Jew?

He — In the house of a Jew. He had at first surprised pity, then good will, then entire confidence, for that is how it always happens: we count so strongly on our kindness, that we seldom hide our secrets from anybody on whom we have heaped benefits. How should there not be ingrates in the world, when we expose this man to the temptation of being ungrateful with impunity? That is a just reflection which our Jew failed to make. He confided to the renegade that he could not conscientiously eat pork. You will see the advantage that a fertile wit knew how to get from such a confession. Some months passed, during which our renegade redoubled his attentions; when he believed his Jew thoroughly touched, thoroughly captivated, thoroughly convinced that he had no better friend among all the tribes of Israel . . . now admire the circumspection of the man! He is in no hurry; he lets the pear ripen before he shakes the branch; too much haste might have ruined his design. It is because greatness of character usually results from the natural balance between several opposite qualities.

I — Pray leave your reflections, and go straight on with your story.

He — That is impossible. There are days when I cannot help reflecting; 'tis a malady that must be allowed to run its course. Where was I?

I — At the intimacy that had been established between the Jew and the renegade.

He — Then the pear was ripe. . . . But you are not listening; what are you dreaming about?

I — I am thinking of the curious inequality in your tone, now so high, now so low.

He — How can a man made of vices be one and the same? . . . He reaches his friend's house one night, with an air of violent perturbation, with broken accents, a face as pale as death, and trembling in every limb. "What is the matter with you?" — "We are ruined." — "Ruined, how?" — "Ruined, I tell you, beyond all help." — "Explain." — "One moment, until I have recovered from my fright." — "Come, then, recover yourself," says the Jew. . . . "A traitor has informed against us before the Holy Inquisition, you as a Jew, me as a renegade, an infamous renegade. . . ." Mark how the traitor does not

blush to use the most odious expressions. It needs more courage than you may suppose to call one's self by one's right name; you do not know what an effort it costs to come to that.

I — No, I dare say not. But "the infamous renegade ——"

He — He is false, but his falsity is adroit enough. The Jew takes fright, tears his beard, rolls on the ground, sees the officers at his door, sees himself clad in the *Sanbenito*, sees his *auto-da-fé* all made ready. "My friend," he cries, "my good, tender friend, my only friend, what is to be done?"

"What is to be done? Why, show ourselves, affect the greatest security, go about our business just as we usually do. The procedure of the tribunal is secret but slow; we must take advantage of its delays to sell all you have. I will hire a boat, or I will have it hired by a third person — that will be best; in it we will deposit your fortune, for it is your fortune that they are most anxious to get at; and then we will go, you and I, and seek under another sky the freedom of serving our God, and following in security the law of Abraham and our own consciences. The important point in our present dangerous situation is to do nothing imprudent."

No sooner said than done. The vessel is hired, victualed, and manned, the Jew's fortune put on board; on the morrow, at dawn, they are to sail, they are free to sup gayly and to sleep in all security; on the morrow they escape their prosecutors. In the night, the renegade gets up, despoils the Jew of his portfolio, his purse, his jewels, goes on board, and sails away. And you think that this is all? Good: you are not awake to it. Now when they told me the story, I divined at once what I have not told you, in order to try your sagacity. You were quite right to be an honest man; you would never have made more than a fifth-rate scoundrel. Up to this point the renegade is only that; he is a contemptible rascal whom nobody would consent to resemble. The sublimity of his wickedness is this, that he was himself the informer against his good friend the Israelite, of whom the Inquisition took hold when he awoke the next morning, and of whom a few days later they made a famous bonfire. And it was in this way that the renegade became the tranquil possessor of the fortune of the accursed descendant of those who crucified our Lord.

I — I do not know which of the two is most horrible to me — the vileness of your renegade, or the tone in which you speak of it.

He — And that is what I said: the atrocity of the action carries you beyond contempt, and hence my sincerity. I wished you to know to what a degree I excelled in my art, to extort from you the admission that I was at least original in my abasement, to rank me in your mind on the line of the great good for-naughts, and to hail me henceforth — *Vivat Mascarillus, fourbum imperator!*

EXPERIENCES OF CANDIDE.

By VOLTAIRE.

(From "Candide; or, Optimism.")

[François Marie Arouet, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717–1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are: "Œdipus" (1718), "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden" (1730), "Philosophical Letters" (1732), "Century of Louis XIV." (1751), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Republican Ideas" (1762), "The Bible at Last Explained" (1766), and the "Essay on Manners."]

One evening that Candide, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners who lodged at the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the color of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Hold yourself in readiness to go along with us; be sure you do not fail." Upon this, turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Miss Cunegund could have given greater joy and surprise. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, "Cunegund!" said he, "Cunegund has come with you, doubtless! Where, where is she? Carry me to her

this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence." "Cunegund is not here," answered Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople." "Good heavens, at Constantinople! But no matter if she were in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone." "Soft and fair," said Cacambo, "stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say anything more to you. I am a slave, and my master waits for me: I must go and attend him at table. But mum! say not a word; only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surprised to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confused, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers, who were come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over he drew near to his master, and whispered him in the ear, "Sire, your majesty may go when you please; the ship is ready;" and so saying he left the room. The guests, surprised at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word, when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, "Sire, your majesty's post chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready." The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, "Sire, if your majesty will be advised by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place; I will go and get everything ready," and instantly disappeared.

Candide and Martin then took it for granted that this was some of the diversions of the Carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, "Your majesty may set off when you please;" saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different style to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candide. "Troth, sir," said he, "they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither, and we may both of us chance to be sent to jail this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so adieu." The servants being

all gone, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candide broke it by saying, "Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke, upon my word; why, how came you all to be kings? For my part I own frankly that neither my friend Martin here nor myself have any claim to royalty."

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian: "I am not joking in the least. My name is Achmet III. I was grand seignior for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat by Achmet spoke next, and said: "My name is Ivan. I was once Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The third said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favor. I have fought in defense of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown into their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself; and my grandfather and I are come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fourth spoke thus: "I am the King of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of Providence, in the same manner as Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I am King of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings put together were ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. "Gen-

tlemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true; but I am, however, a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw in a common jail in London, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the Carnival."

The other five kings listened to this speech with great attention; it excited their compassion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candide gave him a diamond worth just an hundred times that sum. "Who can this private person be?" said the five princes to one another, "who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?"

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the Carnival at Venice. Candide took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.

The trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship, that was to carry Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candide and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candide said to Martin: "You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund. My dear Martin, I must insist on it that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best." "I wish it may be so," said Martin. "But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn." "This is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be

dethroned; and as for our having the honor to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident not deserving our attention."

As soon as Candide set his foot on board the vessel he flew to his old friend and valet, Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. "Well," said he, "what news of Miss Cunegund? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have doubtless purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign named Ragotsky, whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly." "Ugly or handsome," said Candide, "I am a man of honor; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition when I sent five or six millions to her by you?" "Lord bless me," said Cacambo, "was I not obliged to give two millions to Seignior Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Fagueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? And then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? And then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants to the prince I have told you of, and I myself am slave to the dethroned Sultan." "What a chain of shocking accidents!" exclaimed Candide. "But after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though, she is grown so very ugly."

Then turning to Martin, "What think you, friend?" said he; "whose condition is most to be pitied, the Emperor Achmet's, the Emperor Ivan's, King Charles Edward's, or mine?" "Faith, I cannot resolve your question," said Martin, "unless I had been in the breasts of you all." "Ah!" cried Candide, "were Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once." "I know not," said Martin, "in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings.

All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet." "Why, that may be," answered Candide.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and the first thing Candide did was to pay a very high ransom for Cacambo; then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley in order to search for his Cunegund on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bastinado. Candide, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy Baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion. He examined them more attentively than before. "In troth," said he, turning to Martin, "if I had not seen my Master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the Baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men."

No sooner had Candide uttered the names of the Baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bastinado. "Hold, hold," cried Candide, "I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons." "Good heavens! it is Candide," said one of the men. "Candide!" cried the other. "Do I dream?" said Candide, "or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my Lord Baron, whom I killed? and that my Master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?"

"It is I! it is I!" cried they both together. "What, is this your great philosopher?" said Martin. "My dear sir," said Candide to the master of the galley, "how much do you ask for the ransom of the Baron of Thundertentronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?" "Why then, Christian cur," replied the Turkish captain, "since these two

dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir; carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately. No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund." The captain, upon Candide's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars so effectually that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide bestowed a thousand embraces on the Baron and Pangloss. "And so then, my dear Baron, I did not kill you? And you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging? But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley?" "And is it true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," said Cacambo. "And do I once again behold my dear Candide?" said Pangloss. Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them. They embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to port. Candide instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time by Father Abraham that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands than he paid it down for the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears. The former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. "But is it possible," said he, "that my sister should be in Turkey?" "Nothing is more possible," answered Cacambo, "for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince." Candide sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them. And then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.

"Pardon," said Candide to the Baron; "once more let me entreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body." "Say no more about it," replied the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I must own. But as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had

been cured of the wound you gave me by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found bathing in company with a young Turk. A cadi ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I do not believe there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a scullion to a Transylvanian prince who had taken refuge among the Turks."

"But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss?" said Candide. "It is true," answered Pangloss, "you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent that they found it impossible to light the fire, so they e'en hanged me because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy Inquisition was a subdeacon, and knew how to burn people very well; but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled downstairs. His wife, hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, 'My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a priest

to come and drive the evil spirit out.' I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, 'Have mercy on me!' At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me: and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lackey to a Knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

"One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old imam and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with the most respectful bow. I was so long in delivering it that the imam began to be angry, and perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the Cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the very galley and to the very same bench with the Baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended that he had been worse used than myself. We were continually whipped, and received twenty lashes a day with a bastinado, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide to them, "when you were hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think that everything in this world happens for the best?" "I have always abided by my first opinion," answered Pangloss; "for, after all, I am a philosopher, and it would not become me to retract my sentiments, especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong, and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a *plenum* and the *materia subtilis*."

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world, on causes

and effects, on moral and physical evil, on free will and necessity, and on the consolation that may be felt by a person when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there were Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some tablecloths on a line to dry.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candide, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sunburnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face, and arms all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favorable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candide of his promise in so peremptory a manner that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her. He then acquainted the Baron that he was going to marry his sister. "I will never suffer," said the Baron, "my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part; no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire." Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. "Thou foolish fellow," said Candide, "have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ransom and thy sister's too, who was a scullion and is very ugly, and yet condescend to marry her; and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again." "Thou mayest kill me again," said the Baron, "but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living."

Candide had in truth no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund pressed him so warmly that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine

memorial, by which he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candide with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the Baron into the sea; Cacambo decided that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys, after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the Father General at Rome. This advice was found to be very good: the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister. The business was executed for a little money; and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine that after undergoing so many disasters, Candide married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that a person is equally ill situated everywhere; he took things with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mytilene, and Erzeroum; and other cadis, bashaws, and effendis were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the Sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, "I would be glad to know which is worst: to be the negro pirates', to have pieces of one's flesh cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley; and, in short, to experience

all the miseries through which every one of us has passed, or to remain here doing nothing?" "This," said Candide, "is a grand question."

This discourse gave birth to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candide did not absolutely agree to this, yet he did not determine anything on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that everything went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which more than ever confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss, which was the arrival of Pacquette and Brother Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarreled again, been thrown into prison; had made their escape, and at last Brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. "I foresaw very well," says Martin to Candide, "that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than Brother Giroflée and Pacquette." "Ah!" says Pangloss to Pacquette, "it is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world?" This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighborhood lived a very famous dervish who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult. Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: "Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed."

"Why do you trouble your head about it?" said the dervish; "is it any business of yours?" "But my reverend father," says Candide, "there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth." "What signifies it," says the dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not?" "What must then be done?" says

Pangloss. "Be silent," answers the dervish. "I flattered myself," replied Pangloss, "to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a preëstablished harmony." At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation news was spread abroad that two viziers of the bench and the mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who was lately strangled. "I cannot tell," answered the good old man; "I never knew the name of any mufti or vizier breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end, and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is doing at Constantinople. I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands." After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio nuts, and Mocha coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly have a vast estate," said Candide to the Turk, who replied, "I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children, and our labor keeps off from us three great evils — idleness, vice, and want."

Candide as he was returning home made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. "This good old man," said Martin, "appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup." "Human grandeur," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers;

for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; King Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athalia by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV." "Neither need you tell me," said Candide, "that we must take care of our garden." "You are in the right," said Pangloss; "for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; and this proves that man was not born to be idle." "Work, then, without disputing," said Martin. "It is the only way to render life supportable."

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design, and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry work, Pacquette embroidered, the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to Brother Giroflée, but did some service. He was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man.

Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide: "There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not traveled over America on foot, had you not run the Baron through the body, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."

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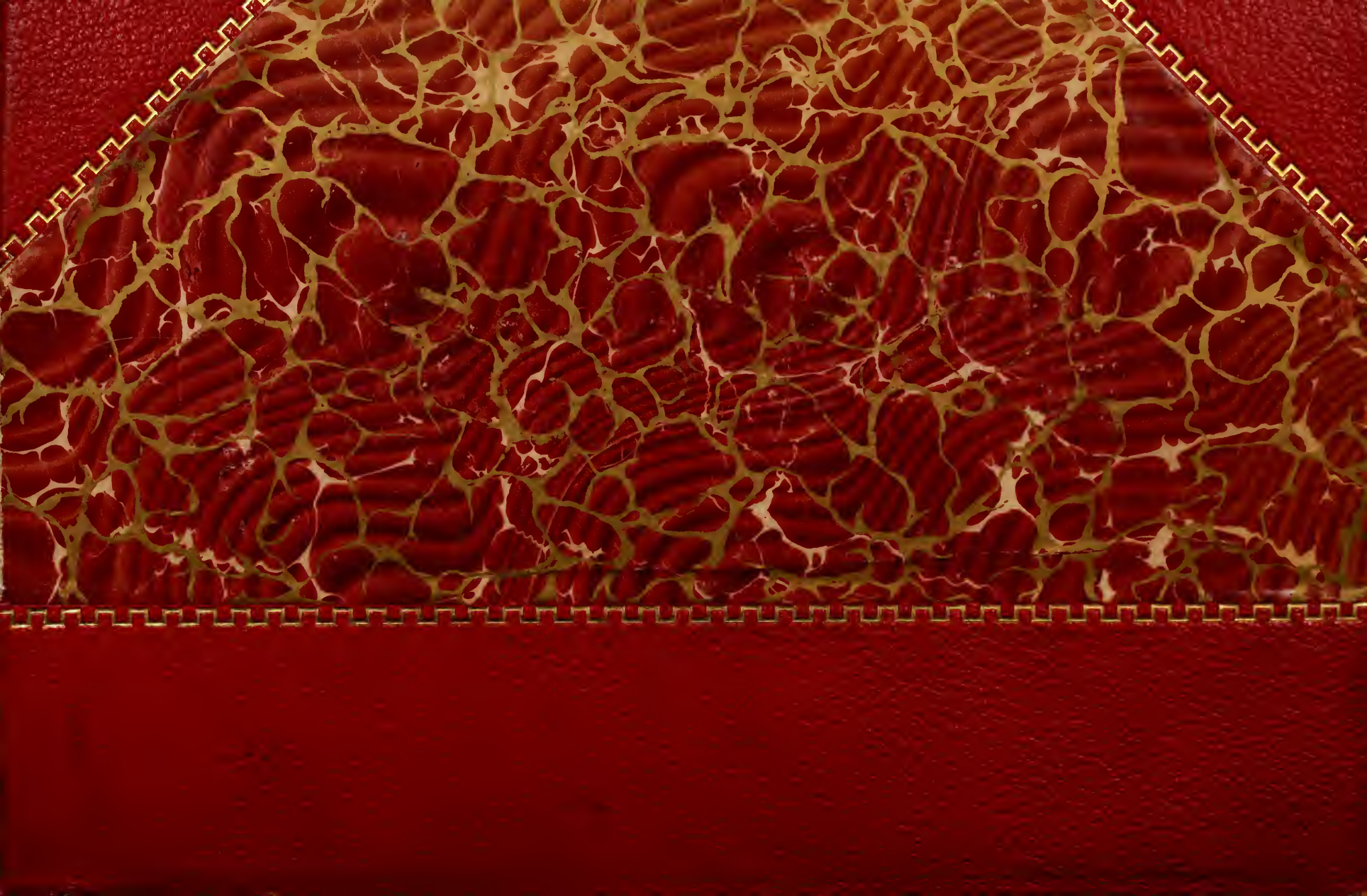
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